

THE  
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1859.

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- ART. I.—1. *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. &c. Edinburgh and London: W. and R. Chambers.
2. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1858.
3. *Scotland and the Scotch.* By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co.
4. *A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.* Originally edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. New Edition. Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1854.
5. *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.* By THOMAS AIRD. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1857.

THE above works are a sample, and a sample only, of a large class of publications issued by our friends in Scotland; which, whether they consist of solid investigation into antiquity, or pleasant description of sights of travel, or tales and anecdotes illustrative of national character and habits, might with propriety be classed under the comprehensive title of '*Les Ecossais peints par eux-mêmes.*' And ever since Sir Walter Scott made known the riches of his native land, these books, when emanating from writers of such ability as the authors in the above brief list, are sure of a kindly welcome southward of the Tweed and the Cheviots, as well as in the northern capital.

And yet, notwithstanding the possession of so much information, and the increased intercourse between the two countries, we are not aware of any attempt on the part of an English writer to form a fair estimate of Scotland and her people. The Scotchman is indeed, in some sense, known to all the world; and two very distinguished men across the Channel

have published critiques of the Scottish school of metaphysics. The 'Philosophie Ecossaise' of M. Victor Cousin (which has reached a third edition) alludes to at least some general characteristics of the nation; and M. Charles de Rémusat, in an able article<sup>1</sup> on the same subject, has gone into fuller details with considerable success and felicity of touch. It is true, indeed, that English pens and tongues have been employed at times in portraying Scottish character. No sooner had James the 'Sixth and First,' as we have heard him called in Scotland, taken possession of his English throne, than a satirist, as Mr. Chambers shows us, made rhyming jests upon his followers. At a later date, the town rang with the sarcasms of Churchill, when, as Lord Macaulay has told us in his lively manner, the premiership of the Earl of Bute made men wish that the Duke of Cumberland had been even more unmerciful than he proved himself after the battle of Culloden. Again, our fathers have seen upon the stage Sir Archie MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant: and slightly modified descendants of these gentry may, probably, be traced in some English novels of our own day. But caricatures, being usually based upon half-truths, are not portraits: they bring out blemishes in a strong light, and throw into the shade all compensating excellencies. Another kind of sketch, but almost equally unfair, is furnished by the panegyrists who have been summoned from the South to occupy for a season the rectorial chair in the University of Glasgow, or in the Marischal College at Aberdeen. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps hardly desirable, that noble lords and honourable gentlemen should try the temper of their youthful constituents by commingling with well-deserved eulogies a sprinkling of less palatable, though not less wholesome, censures.

It would be highly presumptuous in us were we to pretend that we can hang upon these volumes a criticism which should supply the *lacuna* thus existing in our literature, and lay before our readers anything like a general characterization of North Britain. It may, however, be possible to indicate certain lines of thought, which shall at least suggest to others some topics which deserve consideration. And if, in the endeavour to point features of distinction, moral, social, and intellectual, between the two portions of Great Britain, we mingle blame with praise, and touch upon defects as well as merits, it will be found that the dispraise can generally be confirmed from Scottish lips, frequently even stated in their very words. And for any who may feel aggrieved, we would call to remembrance the text, so

<sup>1</sup> 'L'Ecosse depuis la Fin du XVII<sup>e</sup>. Siècle' (*Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 Avril, 1856.)



happily cited in a well-known passage by Lord Bacon, 'Fidelia vulnera amantis, sed dolosa oscula malignantis.'

And on one point, at least, we are happy to think that there will be no dispute. Whatever be the relative claims of other countries of Europe, or of other parts of Britain, none will deny to Scotland the possession of a lavish and varied measure of that gift from the hand of God himself, which an eloquent Italian has so justly called the 'divine beauty of created things.' Sung by poets, limned by painters, yearly visited by thousand tourists, her charms have not been over praised. It is, in very truth, a glorious land. The continental tourist may indeed have seen some marvels of nature which cannot be reproduced for him in Scotland. The unearthly vision of the Bernese or Savoyard Alps, the sunny softness of those olive and chestnut-clad mountains which slope down to the lakes of Northern Italy; these we have not, and cannot have, in Caledonia. But looking at the four portions of the British Isles,—England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland,—the Scot may fairly, we think, claim to be the denizen of what is, upon the whole, the most marvellously and variously beautiful. Particular points may unquestionably be fairly matched. We have heard of a judge, of good repute, selecting Bantry Bay in Ireland as unsurpassable by any piece of scenery in the three kingdoms. Southey and Wordsworth (too much attached to their homes to be fair judges) may have preferred the Lake District of England; and Snowdonia has her own glories, which no lover of nature can presume to estimate lightly. But on the entire case, as lawyers would say, the verdict must, we repeat, in our judgment, be for Scotland. Far be it from us to pretend to the knowledge of one tithe of her sights of fairness, grandeur, and romance of outward guise and inward association; yet enough we do know to be penetrated with a deep and fervent admiration. How easily might a Scot paraphrase a great part of the famous appeal to Italy in the Georgics? *His* mother country, too, can show her illustrious cities, reared at no slight cost of toil, with citadels crowning the summits of precipitous rocks, and noble rivers gliding beneath their ancient walls; she, too, can boast of her twofold waters—the Northern Sea on one side, and the mighty Atlantic on the other. Still more easily could she challenge, with Loch Lomond and Loch Long (or, indeed, perhaps even better with 'still St. Mary's Lake' and Loch Awe) the beauties of form displayed by Como and the wilder waters of the Lago di Garda.

'Tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :  
Tot congesta manū præruptis oppida saxis :

Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.  
 An mare, quod suprà memorem : quodque alluit infrà ?  
 Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime : teque  
 Fluctibus et fremitù, assurgens, Benace, marino ?'

Nor, indeed, need the parallel be confined to merely material objects. The hardy Highlander, the stern Borderer, might once have been taken to represent the Ligurian and the Volsci ; her noble families,—Lindsays, Douglasses, Gordons, and many more,—might stand for Scipios and Camilli ; and Scottish feeling would, at the present moment, incline to find a Cæsar in Lord Clyde, saving the empire from the revolt of the (no longer unwarlike) Indian.

'Hæc genus acre virùm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,  
 Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos  
 Extulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,  
 Scipiadæ duos bello ; et te, maxime Cæsar,  
 Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris  
 Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.'

Of the climate of Scotland it is impossible to speak so favourably as of the scenery. 'Climate,' says Miss Sinclair, 'is our 'weak side, which all who are censoriously disposed may attack 'with impunity.' It is not that Scotland is so much colder than England ; on the contrary, the winter temperature on the western coast is milder ; in the isles extraordinarily so. Rothesay bears the reputation of being a sort of northern Madeira. Fuschias and myrtles flourish in the open air throughout the winter, and the neighbouring gardens of Lord Bute, at Mount Stuart, display exotics such as few English gardens can exhibit save under the protection of a hothouse. But the amount of rain and of raw and chilling atmosphere on the west, the fogs and bitter east winds on the east, the want of geniality in the spring, all tend to produce a feeling of depression, which is very trying to persons who are in any way invalids or unacclimatized.

Yet even such a climate is not without some compensating charms arising from its very severities. D'Azeglio, in the passage of his 'Ettore Fieramosca,' already referred to, pities the poor inhabitants of the North, declaring that he who has not spent an hour at early dawn on the sea-shore of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies does not yet know, in its fullest extent, 'la divina bellezza delle cose create.' Assuredly (as the writer can testify), to sail into Naples' Bay at sunrise is an event in one's life not easily to be forgotten. Nevertheless, before acting upon the suggestion of the proverb, 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori,' an artistic taste, like that of D'Azeglio, might witness some sights in Scotland of a tendency to mitigate his compassion. Even clouds and mists have

their own peculiar beauty. How much of the attractiveness of many of Turner's finest pictures depends upon the truthfulness with which he has rendered that mysterious semi-transparent veil which often hangs so gracefully over Highland peak and glen; the very indistinctness now stimulating the imagination of the beholder, now giving way to a revelation not unworthy of fancy's most poetic dream. And what shall be said of the *Aurora Borealis*? or, again, of a less fitful and uncertain marvel, those long days which know of no real nights, when, as has happened to the actual page now before the reader, the pen can safely pursue its path until the hour of ten without the aid of artificial light—when the sun's place, just below the horizon, and no more, is distinctly perceptible at midnight, and before three in the morning restores the radiance of the perfect day.

We need not, indeed, pretend, as Tacitus and Juvenal appear to have supposed,<sup>1</sup> that this is the normal condition of the North British day; nor indeed should we desire it. But, for its season, that midnight brightness in the northern sky is something indescribable and unimaginable to those who have never witnessed it. No wonder that it suggests itself to poets as an emblem of the resurrection of the just: even Tertullian, in the famous passage wherein he speaks of the testimony of nature to the doctrine, might have added some fresh image had he been writing in Caledonia instead of Africa.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell upon these external features of scenery or of climate, excepting in so far as they affect national character. That they have affected it very deeply there can be little doubt. For instance, a mountainous country, though often an object of deep attachment to its natives, is seldom able to provide for their sustenance, far less to open a road to fortune. Hence, as we all know, the Arcadian mercenaries of old, the Swiss guards of continental potentates in modern times, and the Dugald Dalgetty school of Scotland. Hence that much satirized tendency in Scotland to dismiss her sons to seek a career in other countries. In well-known words,

‘She sends her children forth,  
Some East, some West, some—ev’rywhere but North.’

And yet it is, we believe, a mistake to imagine that any considerable proportion of her population would remain in foreign

<sup>1</sup> A curious instance of what may be called a half-truth. Tacitus, who had no doubt heard from his father-in-law, Agricola, of the long Scottish twilight, never seems to have suspected that the length of the days about the time of the summer solstice involved a corresponding brevity in the depth of winter. His statement is of a most generic character: ‘*Dierum spatia ultra nostri orbis mensuram, et nox clara et extremâ parte Britannie brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine internoscas.*’ (Agricola, cap. xii.) Precisely similar is Juvenal’s allusion, in his second Satire, to the ‘*Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.*’

climes, or even in England, if their own country offered prizes at all comparable to those to be found elsewhere. 'I mean,' said a respectable small tradesman to an acquaintance of ours, 'to send my son to Oxford. You see, sir, in Scotland he cannot 'well rise to be more than a lord of the Court of Session, whereas 'in England there is the Chancellorship and the Archbishoprics.' But, certainly, the retired Indian functionary returns, for the most part, not merely to Scotland, but, if possible, to his own peculiar district, even though it should be among the least favoured by nature in respect of beauty or richness of soil: localism being (as we may have occasion to show) a marked feature in Scottish, as it is in Spanish, patriotism. It is highly characteristic also to find the national love of all that is ancient coming out, even in the studies of the geologist; to hear the late Hugh Miller (democrat as he was in politics) exultingly asserting that the chains of the Alps, and of the mighty Himalayas itself, are but youthful in comparison of the antiquity of certain formations on the west of Scotland. Nor is it less in accordance with the national tone to find the same writer, in his 'First Impressions of England,' remarking on the sameness of Anglian geology, as contrasted with the variety exhibited by North Britain, and playfully asking how men could have been found to fight for a country where it would be almost impossible to find their way home after the battle, excepting by the aid of the milestones. A simile this which will be more than pardoned, nay, heartily sympathized with, by any who may know what it is to compare a residence in the English midland counties with one embracing a view of Arthur's Seat, or the Western Isles, either within or without the Mull of Cantyre.

Nor is Scotland deficient, either in town or country, in that connexion of locality with events which so powerfully affects the human imagination. Sir E. B. Lytton has said a word in favour of London (in 'My Novel'), as being not destitute of poetry to those who know how to look for it aright; but a majority would, we suspect, side with the late Mr. Raikes in assigning a far higher place in this respect to Paris. And without discussing how far the 'fair city' of Perth, or castled Stirling, or, above all, Edinburgh (so grand in position and use of that position, so rich in all historic reminiscences), may also excel most cities of South Britain, we may here illustrate the point, so far as regards rural districts, by a quotation from the well-known letters of that lively Scotch lady, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, where she is criticising the Yorkshire scene-painting of Scott's 'Rokeby,' as distinguished from that of his earlier poems: 'There cannot be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's 'theory of the necessary connexion between scenery and senti-

'ment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the Thames; our own countryman, Thompson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned that wakes one poetical recollection? Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland.'

Again, that the besetting sin of drunkenness is more seductive and prevalent in northern than in southern climes is no new assertion; though it must be owned, that some would represent this feature as one specially attributable to race rather than to climate,—Teutonic blood bearing a sad pre-eminence.

Thus, in a letter of A.D. 747, from a famous Anglo-Saxon missionary, S. Boniface, to an Archbishop of Canterbury, Cuthbert, we find the writer asserting that the vice of inebriety was so common that even bishops fell into it, and enticed other men thereto: an evil, he adds, peculiar to heathens and our own nation; not committed by Frank or Gaul, Greek or Lombard. ('Hoc enim malum speciale est paganorum et nostræ gentis; hoc nec Franci, nec Galli, nec Longobardi, nec Græci faciunt.'<sup>1</sup>)

But before we proceed further into the details of national character, it is well that we enunciate some general principles, lest our subsequent remarks upon particular features be misinterpreted. What standard do men adopt, what expectations do they frame, when they sit in judgment upon the character of a nation?

Too often, we fear, the standard is a purely ideal one; just, no doubt, upon abstract principles, but most unjust, as well as unphilosophic and uncharitable, when tacitly erected into a test of the qualities of one people as compared with those of other lands. Men think and speak as if they expected to find the existence of certain conspicuous virtues, unalloyed by the contiguity of particular failings on which those very virtues often nearly border. Of course, goodness need not be thus sullied. We can image to ourselves a country where independence should never degenerate into rudeness, nor carefulness

<sup>1</sup> Letter appended to the late Professor Hussey's excellent edition of '*Bedæ Historia Ecclesiastica*.' (Oxon. 1846, p. 353.)

into meanness; where loyalty should never be servile, nor ambition choose crooked paths as a road to honour; where the nobles should be high-spirited and self-respecting, but never exclusive and proud of birth; where merchants should be active and honourable, but never over-keen in practice nor proud of wealth; where the poor should be intelligent without self-conceit or wilfulness; strict, without any shade of hypocrisy; disinclined to beg, yet devoid of all taint of haughtiness.

Yes; we may imagine such a land; but we shall not find it in this work-day world. Such a people would be a nation of saints, and that nation is as yet unknown. Individual men may, indeed, be happy specimens of that noblest and best independence which is conjoined with true humility; of self-respect, which is unexact and free from superciliousness; of the endowments of birth, or wealth, or genius, sobered by the ever-present conviction that all these things are as a life-interest only, entailing greater responsibilities upon the possessors. But amongst masses of men we must ever expect to find the very presence of particular virtues involving some degree of the adjacent foibles; and the faults in turn not easily eradicable without the loss of some excellence that was closely allied to it or intertwined. 'Obstinacy,' said Edmund Burke, in a famous speech on American taxation; 'obstinacy is certainly a great vice, and in the changeful state of political affairs, it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness—are closely allied to this disagreeable quality of which you [the House of Commons] have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it.'

And if to any nation the appeal not to judge hastily might, with peculiar propriety, be made, that nation assuredly the English. We are not ourselves a people who show to advantage on the first blush; our tourists on the Continent of Europe do not (as a rule) win golden opinions; the real worth and honour, to say nothing of religious feeling, are not exhibited openly and unmistakeably, even when most truly existent. Neither are we, as a nation, considered to display any remarkable qualifications for the formation of a judgment upon other countries. Englishmen are accused of being a set of mere sight-seers, who do not even seek, for the most part, to effect any entrance into good society, but derive their notions of Italy and Belgium, France and Germany, from cab-drivers and landlords, and the chance passengers in the railway-carriage and the diligence. Certainly, the accounts furnished by those who have resided for



a longer period, for example, in Italy, are generally more favourable than those of the passing hasty traveller, as may be seen from the writings of Shelley, Sir F. Palgrave, and others. And even our laugh at the foibles of other nations might be tempered by the recollection of our own; though it must be admitted that the good humour with which an English public endures satiric representations of its own minor defects might be held up as an example for imitation to neighbours, both in higher and in lower latitudes.

One more cognate statement of a general principle, and we shall be ready to plunge *in medias res*. There is, of course, much in Scotland that is common to British nature—much that is common to human nature in general. Were it not for the presence of such universal characteristics, Aristotle and Shakespeare could never have mapped out the territory of humanity with such wonderful success. But there is also much that usually, and almost inevitably, arises in a smaller community which stands in close alliance with a larger one. When a nation, numbering only some three millions and a half of souls, is under the same government as a neighbouring country with more than fifteen millions, the more populous country being at the same time (more than proportionably) richer, there will be a tendency in the smaller body to hold together, as the only chance of retaining influence, and to be extremely sensitive to the criticism of the larger country, and, half-insensibly, to adopt much of its habits and general culture.

And now to come at length to details. The first point on which we propose to touch is that of the intense roughness of manner displayed by the lower classes of Scotch Lowlanders. We put this in the first place, not only as being, perhaps, the most obvious and marked distinction between the two sides of the border, but because it is probably the one characteristic which, beyond all others, makes a prolonged residence in Scotland so intolerable to many Englishmen, and to still more Englishwomen.

We say a prolonged residence; for this trial will, in many cases, be but little felt by the summer-tourist. Such a one, enjoying his holiday, in good temper with himself and the world at large, keeping to what may be termed the Anglicised parts of Scotland, and seeing chiefly those to whom his class is a livelihood, will probably be surprised at the outcry upon this head. But let him retire to some district where English habits are comparatively unknown, and exchange his vacation-inspired glee for the soberness of regular occupation; and if he has been accustomed to the kind of attention which even the most unpre-



tending gentleman obtains in an English village, he will soon be sensible of a constant succession of minor jars, and learn to appreciate the full force of Horace Walpole's apostrophe, 'All hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how much smother do 'ye make the road of it!'

Now, that this roughness is a fact, we shall venture to assume. Proof, if requisite, could be found in abundance; but none is needed. Scotch ladies who have spent a few years in England, Ireland, or France, will probably speak more strongly than any one. We pass, then, from the fact, firstly, to its causes; and, secondly, to the way in which, we humbly conceive, an English resident should meet it.

And as to cause, we look upon this roughness as being in great part a matter of race. That some great distinction exists between the mass of the Teutonic race, as opposed to those of Latin origin, is evident from the most superficial glance. That difference struck Tacitus of old; that difference exhibited itself in its most marked form at the epoch of the Reformation, which (as a rule, though not an invariable one) the Teuton accepted, and the Roman stock as utterly rejected. But among the virtues of the Germanic races, which are many, inborn courtesy, and fine tact in the perception of the causes of offence, can scarcely be said to occupy a conspicuous place. An observant traveller who enters Germany from the side of France, or from 'il bel paese, dove 'l sì suona,' can hardly fail to mark the contrast. If any doubt exist, we may appeal to the experience of poor Heinrich Heine, who will be admitted as a competent witness on such a point, whatever be thought of his sentiments on politics or religion. When that eccentric poet, having made Germany too hot to hold him, had taken up his residence in Paris, his first impressions are thus put on record by himself: 'Politeness and good-humour were written on every countenance. If any one inadvertently jostled me without asking my pardon, I could safely wager that it was one of my countrymen; and if any fair one displayed a grim and sour expression, I was sure that she had drunk vinegar, or could read Klopstock in the original.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Les Aveux d'un Poète. (*Revue des deux Mondes*, tome vii. p. 1,175, A.D. 1854.)

It may be objected that the Normans, 'the patricians of the world' (as Sir E. B. Lytton calls them), are, after all, Teutons. We reply, firstly, that there are exceptions to all rules; and, secondly, that we never questioned the capability of some branches of this race for attaining refinement by intermixture with other nations. 'The Normans,' says Lord Macaulay, 'rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement which they found in the country where they settled.' An illustration in our own day may be suggested by the following extract from a description of Lower Canada. 'The politeness, courtesy, and hospitality of the French Canadians are worthy of the highest admiration. . . . The courteous

But the Englishman, it will be replied, is not of Latinised race, any more than the Scotchman. That is true; but it does not follow that the Lowland Scotchman has not remained a more pure type of the Saxon—less changed by fusion with any foreign elements—less altered by other influences, to which we may advert hereafter. And if it be maintained (as it is by high authorities) that the English north of the Trent are substantially of the same race as that of the Scottish Lowlands, it must also be admitted that the Yorkshireman is a rougher being, less deferential to superiors, than the Devonian.

Thus much as regards what is probably the main source of this peculiarity. Now as to the mode in which an English resident should reason and act concerning it. When he has witnessed the manner in which the Scotch give and take among themselves (the very boys at Edinburgh knocking one another about in a manner we have never seen in an English city), he is half inclined to doubt whether he may not be compelled, in self defence, to employ similar weapons—to meet roughness with roughness, defiance with defiance, and ignore the precept which teaches that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'

And yet such a course of conduct would be not only morally indefensible, but likewise a decided blunder. If some lack of civilization be apparent among the lower classes in Scotland, yet it must be remembered that the very unconsciousness, which makes their tuition in these matters more difficult, does at the same time render the fault far less grievous, and should induce on our part a more charitable view. The same act of rudeness which in England might be a just cause of offence ought not to be hastily considered such in Scotland; because a very little investigation will, in the great majority of cases, show us that the perpetrator had no idea of the annoyance that he was causing. Not unfrequently, while you are still indignant at the supposed insult, he will offer, in the innocence of his heart, some casual act of attention. Many there are, no doubt (for the Scotch are ever in extremes), who display remarkable quickness of perception, and felicity in every turn of speech. But those who do fail, fail utterly, and inflict, as we have intimated, wounds on all sides, without the faintest consciousness of what they are doing. Some two sessions since, Lord Lyndhurst observed, in the Upper House, that even the Lord Chief Justice seemed unaware of the severity of his own language in speaking, and that the same noble author had recently sent to him

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demeanour of this race has greatly modified the natural roughness of some old country-folk, who have grown up in daily intercourse with them, and to this influence is attributed the charm of Lower Canadian society.' ('Lectures on Canada,' by Rollo Campbell, Esq., of Montreal-Greenock. 1857.)

(Lord Lyndhurst) a volume of his 'Lives,' in which the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst was very sharply handled. It is rare, indeed, to find this lack of sensibility extending to the higher ranks in Scotland, who generally display the most finished tact and courtesy; but it may constantly be witnessed in the uneducated, or among those who are the architects of their own fortune. Even in their very compliments, the lower Scotch often say precisely the very thing that is least acceptable to the recipient. But it is not, we repeat, fair or charitable to consider unintentional affronts or misdirected compliments in the light of intended insults or ironic sarcasm. Let not the Englishman in Scotland believe that the undoffed hat, the curt reply, the apparent assumption of equality, all spring from deliberate effrontery, and are wholly beyond the reach of southern influence. In part they are the custom of the country, in part they arise from ignorance, and from the great width of the gulf that exists between the upper and the lower classes. If you are not distinctly, by title or estate, a member of the higher orders, or plainly admitted to fraternize with them, you are almost universally assumed to be one of the many. Nevertheless, they are accessible in due time to more favourable impressions; they are people of reasoning habits, not of mere impulse; the severest censure they can pass on an action (short of its being criminal) is that 'it was irrational.' And true self-respect, which is neither timid nor haughty, will in time have its own weight. Among the many anomalies of Scotch character is a tendency to appreciate refinement and gentleness, even on the part of those who seem, at the first glance, not to be cognizant of the very existence of such qualities. In England, the outward manifestation is so much a matter of habit that it cannot always be relied upon. We remember a case where a midland-county rector, who was a father to his flock, had, after a succession of kind acts, supplied money to a labouring family in his parish, in order that they might emigrate to America. Among the earliest communications from the *paterfamilias* to his friends was one which expatiated on the delights of living in a country where a man need not wear out the brim of his hat by touching it to persons who claimed to be his betters. The true Scot is very reticent, even more so than the Englishman, and though he is slow to exhibit gratitude for favours by words, yet strives to the utmost of his power to repay all kindnesses by actions. And if we could hope to affect the conduct of any English person whose lot is cast among the Scotch, our strenuous advice would be, to have faith in the existence of a fund of better qualities under the outward appearance of whatever seems, at first sight, strange, or even repulsive,

and to persevere in the cultivation of all friendly relations, in full assurance of the ultimate advent of a mutual co-understanding, and often of a hearty goodwill. You above all, ye fair brides, who have been won from English hearths, to become mistresses of mansions beyond the Cheviots, do not faint at the seeming bleakness of the social atmosphere around you. Do not believe that the welcome which greeted your first entrance to your new home was a mere unmeaning shout; pardon for a season the absence of the kind of deference to which you have been accustomed; and do not beseech your lord, by the love he bears you, to spend as much time as possible far away from so peculiar a race. In time you will reap your reward. That maiden, whose look seems somewhat downcast, whose speech is scanty, and so seldom interspersed with the expected 'Ma'am,' whose manner may seem to you to hint a profound belief in co-equality of station, may prove something far different. Above all, if it fall to her lot to be visited by any form of sorrow, of which it is not in her power to talk freely to associates in her own class, *then*, if you show how a Southron can sympathize, the effect is magical indeed. For the Scotch, though they bear trouble with much dignity, and in an uncomplaining spirit, are perhaps, from that very circumstance, somewhat hard to one another. They do not look for much pity, and in turn they are chary of it; the more delicately-strung fibres of the human heart find no ready solace when they have been rudely jarred; and therefore, when that unexpected succour arrives, it is prized in proportion to its rarity. True, no profusion of thanks will flow, no blessings will be loudly invoked; but never, while life lasts, will the remembrance of that kindness perish. No trouble will be deemed too much, no sacrifice too great; in the hour of sickness, of trial of your own, there will be displayed an amount of attention, of forethought, of anticipation of all your wants, that will force you to confess that nowhere upon earth is gratitude more deep, nowhere fidelity more durable and true.

The first shock occasioned by the absence of outward marks of respect frequently makes an Englishman inclined to preserve silence, when he might have a chat with a Scotch laundress, or gardener, or person of similar station. The loss is great. If, instead of retiring into himself, and making the Caledonians believe that the English are more reserved and taciturn (not to say haughty) than themselves, he will boldly break the ice, and converse with such, he will be surprised at the intelligence manifested, the knowledge, especially of the history of Scotland, the logical sequence of the remarks, and the vigour of expression. He may not indeed meet with an embodiment of Mr.

C. Reade's somewhat idealized 'Christie Johnstone;' but it will often suggest to him that the colouring of the novelist is laid upon a substratum of fact. Still more frequently will he be reminded of traits, favourable or unfavourable, which he has read of in Sir Walter Scott: Meg Dodds, and Morse Headrigg, and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moniplies, and Jeanie Deans still live, not on paper merely, but in the actual world, despite all the changeful influences of the nineteenth century. The Scotch are conservative of character; perhaps most races of any vigour are so. The Greek is still a lover of knowledge, the active and sometimes the over-acute trader. Napoleon found in the modern Spaniard the *Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre*, and endowed with that marvellous power of standing sieges, which Livy had celebrated of old. The truthfulness and independence of Germania was contrasted by the pen of Tacitus with the servility of the spirit of Rome under the empire. With respect to Scotland, the voice of the stranger has usually culled out the least pleasing traits; but it is difficult to repress a smile at their reproduction. 'These people,' said a young Oxonian to a lady in 1857, 'may be great philosophers, but they are uncommonly rude.' 'They are,' writes Froissart, about A.D. 1400, 'naturally fierce and unpolished; in Scotland there is little or no politeness.' Churchill, under George III., in 1763, pours forth his bitter and envenomed satire; and thus, in well-known lines, describes the interlocutors of his poem:—

'Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question springs  
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,  
Shepherds of Scottish lineage born and bred.

Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose,  
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;  
Where, from their youth inured to winter skies,  
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.'

But Servetus, Calvin's unfortunate victim, anticipates Churchill.<sup>1</sup> 'They are most friendly (he is writing in 1533) 'to the French, most hostile to the King of England. Men of 'quick temperament (*subita ingenia*), fierce, and eager for revenge. Brave in war, most patient of hunger, cold, and watching; of well-made form, but *somewhat negligently attired*; by nature envious, and despisers of the rest of mankind; they set forth rather too prominently their claims to high birth, and even in the extremest poverty claim royal descent (*ostentant plus nimio nobilitatem suam et in summâ etiam egestate suam*

<sup>1</sup> Cited by Sir James Mackintosh (Ethical Philosophy) in a note to his critique upon Hutcheson.

'*genus ad regiam stirpem referunt*'), and moreover amuse themselves with dialectical subtleties.'

We have known English gentlemen, who have become accustomed to the strong sense displayed in the conversation of the lower orders in Scotland, somewhat spoiled for the talk of the English rural labourer. There can, indeed, be no doubt on which side lie the powers of expression. Both are fond of long words, but with this important difference, that the Scot, in nine cases out of ten, employs them with perfect correctness, while the Englishman, in almost similar proportions, misuses them. We subjoin a few examples, which we *know* to be genuine. 'Very wrong of her not to write; keeping her husband in such a *dispende*.' 'I never tried to learn astronomy; it's such an *obtuse* science.' 'Here, sir, are the parish accounts; on one side is what we've received, on the other what we have *disbusted*.' These are from respectable English people, of farmers' families. We turn to Scotland. 'I hope my dog knows you,' said the owner of a mastiff to one of a staff of gardeners who had been rather alarmed at the animal's size and voice. 'I'm *no* afraid,' was the reply; 'she was frolicsome at first, and intimidated some of them.' Another, a tailor, suggested to a gentleman a plan for the improvement of a cloth-covered door; and, having executed the alteration, asked for approbation, saying, 'Mr. —, please come and look at it; I don't think it's at all detrimental to the dignity of the door.'

The Scotch are fond of general propositions, and seem naturally to throw incidental remarks into that shape. Many will remember Sidney Smith's account (if not *vero*, at any rate *ben trovato*) of the lady at the Edinburgh ball, discoursing to her partner: 'Ah! my lord, what you say may be *verra* true of love in the *abstract*, but,' &c. In like manner, a man who rather shrunk from the contact with a large dog passing by him, and was assured by the quadruped's mistress of its perfect harmlessness, replied, in the writer's hearing, '*Yaas, yaas*, but a sense of self-preservation makes one *heesitate*.' They sometimes give a curt reply, not in a spirit of incivility, but from non-perception of the point aimed at by the inquirer. We have stood by while a gentleman asked a gardener how in the world he contrived to raise so many *double* stocks from his seed. A long description of the means employed was looked for; but the sole reply was, 'Oh! I just write to Mr. Broon.'

Their matter-of-fact temperament exhibits itself in curious forms. In all other lands that we know of, 'Good day,' or 'Good night,' is a mere salutation, an expression of good-will, which is reciprocated in the same terms. Such will be the reception, for instance, accorded to '*Bon soir*' in France, '*Felice notte*' in Italy, or



'*Noos dah*' in Wales. But, in Scotland, the 'Good night' is replied to, at least by the rural habitant, with 'It is:' you are supposed to have made the assertion that the night is a fine one; and the correctness of that assertion is confirmed. Nevertheless, your friend likes this interchange of sentiment; and if (a too common case) the day be rainy, you have only, as you pass, to ejaculate the word 'Soft;' to which he will reply with a nod, 'Soft;' and the ceremony of mutual salutation is complete.

The Scotch accentuation is often strange to an English ear. It admits, of course, of many local varieties. Dean Ramsay gives, as illustrations of the two extremes, the Angus (or slow and broad), the Aberdeen (or quick and sharp), '*buuts and shoon*,' '*beets and sheen*.' Without professing to admire such specimens, we must be allowed to think a modified Scotch accent often extremely pretty, while even its least pleasing changes are far less offensive than the broad Yorkshire or the Somersetshire dialect. And, really, how many minor foibles one ought to pardon in a people who never wound our ears by the misplacing of a single aspirate, never insert it when unneeded, nor omit it when it is due.

As we have said so much about Scotch roughness, it is only fair to add that their gentry, in turn, often complain of the conduct of English tourists, especially, it is believed, those from manufacturing towns, whose pertinacity in intruding into private grounds, and staring in at windows of private residences, is often very conspicuous. This is sometimes done by persons who would not act similarly in England, but who appear to imagine that on a journey, and amongst wild scenery, there is something rather grand in the exhibition of superiority to conventionalities and etiquette. It should also be added, that whatever civilities a Scotchman *does* offer, and they are not few when that crust of reserve is once broken, are decidedly more free than the attentions of Englishmen in the same class, from any *arrière pensée* of pecuniary reward.

We can hardly speak too highly of the admirable manner in which the Scotch subdue their mother earth. Amidst the rich pastures of the Lothians, and still more wonderfully in less fertile districts, their skill and perseverance deserve the triumph which they win. Often have we watched the farmer and his men toiling at fields whose angle of elevation and rocky substrata would reduce a midland-county tenant in England to despair. Touching the more ornamental process of gardening, it is enough to remind our readers that, for more than a century past, the head-gardener of English nobles and gentry has been continually found to be of northern origin.

Other points, though many must of necessity be passed in



silence, will be touched upon, when we arrive at the consideration of the state of morality and education in Scotland. But it would be most unjust to conclude this imperfect and fragmentary account of the social characteristics without adverting to the noble independence displayed by the Scottish rural poor, under the pressure of want. We are well aware that all parts of England are not alike in this respect; but, in a general way, the Scotch seem, to us, far less willing to beg than the natives of South Britain. We remember staying in a West-Anglian district, where machinery had seriously affected the gains of the poor. Now, that under the first operation of such a crisis they should appeal to their wealthier neighbours was natural and reasonable enough; but unfortunately (as our host, a man of kindness as well as wisdom, remarked to us) their self-respect was lost in the process, and they became, every Christmas, regular petitioners for aid. Such a result could hardly, we believe, have ensued in any portion of the Scottish lowlands. The impossibility of offering remuneration for a favour descends, as we have already intimated, to a much lower social level than in England. Thus, for example, Hugh Miller,<sup>1</sup> in narrating the unsuccessful endeavours of a minister to procure some petrifications for Sir G. Mackenzie, of Coul, adds quite simply, 'the minister, in the extremity of the case, applied to my uncles, though with some little unwillingness, as it was known that no remuneration for their trouble could be offered to them. My uncles were, however, delighted with the commission; it was all for the benefit of science; and providing themselves with torches and a hammer, they set out for the caves.' Now 'my uncles' were respectively a cartwright and a mason.

Money offered without service rendered is often simply declined. We have walked through a set of haymakers on a thirsty day, and held out some small coinage as an indirect means of lightening the toil. English or Irish labourers would not have hesitated: in Scotland we met with a respectful refusal. Often too, when some favour has been done, the proffered remuneration is objected to, as being too large, and only half accepted. Strangely enough, the same man would sometimes rather overcharge in the way of ordinary business. The smaller tradesmen are inclined to err in this way, in Scotland,—as, indeed, where are they not? On the other hand, the civility, intelligence, and promptitude displayed by the large firms in the principal Scottish cities are above all praise.

And here we are tempted to confirm the results of our own observation by the testimony of others. The praise shall be

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<sup>1</sup> 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' p. 70.

from an English, the dispraise from a Scottish pen. 'The leading national faults,' writes Mr. Aird, 'are a want of courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best affections; suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of strangers, and of such as differ from them in their set opinions and modes of living; disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency.' 'The Scotch,' says the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' 'are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get at the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain!'

In turning from the lower to the higher classes of Scotland, it is impossible not to be struck with the rapid process of what may be termed Anglization, which has taken place during the last half century. The increased facility of intercourse is one main cause of this change. Railways are rapidly destroying the peculiarities of remote districts. Poetic minds, witness Messrs. Kingsley, Ruskin, Tennyson, not unnaturally lament this tendency towards uniformity. But religion and philosophy must be content to accept it as a fact which is beyond all human control, and therefore a part of the Providential dispensation of the age in which our lot is cast. Such an admission does not, of course, necessitate the conclusion that the change is in all respects, or even mainly, for the better; we believe it to have both aspects; but, while sympathising with those regrets, yet incline to the more hopeful view:—

αἰλιον, αἰλιον εἰπέ, — τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

Gone, and gone for ever, is the day when a Scotch lady of birth and station could say, as Dean Ramsay tells us, 'I did na ken ye were i' the toun.' Descending in the scale of society, and probably disappearing, is that rich and racy language in which Burns, and Leyden, and Allan Cunningham have sung, and of which Professor Wilson exhibited the remarkable powers in his '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' The youthful maiden of gentle birth, and her brother, are now educated in England, or by English teachers; or perhaps imbibe the Southern accent from a mother's lips. Marriage has done very much in this process of assimilation. Of the fair wearers of Scottish coronets, more than one-third (among the reigning peeresses) have been brought from England, and the remainder includes some few from Ireland or the Continent. Nor does even the statement of this large proportion impart a correct idea of the influence of the southern blood. For while (speaking roughly) the nobles who have only Scottish titles marry in their own country, those who have seats in the House of Lords, either as representative peers, or by

virtue of British titles, run the risk of fascination from Southern beauties who meet their gaze in the great metropolis. Now the latter nobles are, as a class, the more wealthy and powerful, though not necessarily the more ancient; and some opinion of the danger they incur may be formed from the fact, that of all the duchesses in Scotland, one only, we believe, is Scotch.

It is obvious that such intermarriage must greatly affect the national character. The young laird, or noble, with an English wife and English mother, visiting among relatives on both sides of the border, cannot possibly, by habits any more than by blood, be the same as the son of unmixed Scotch descent. That this change has, in many respects, a very beneficial aspect appears to us unquestionable. Nevertheless, so rare upon earth is anything like unchequered advantage, that we can thoroughly enter into the feelings of Scottish gentlemen, when they mention two points wherein the gain is partially balanced. It is a bright and conspicuous feature in the noble houses of Scotland, that they extend their care and interest to the cadets of their race in a manner that is all but unknown in England. 'While the late Lady — was alive,' said a friend to the writer, 'she was to all the nieces and cousins like the ring to a bunch of keys. The new peeress is English; very winning and lady-like, but she does not enter into such feelings.' Nor will we contest the justice of a certain partiality in favour of Scottish ladies on the ground that even if, as some have thought, inferior in beauty, they display more *verve* and originality of sentiment, more marked individuality, than the great majority of their Southron sisters.

But the most singular and patent distinction between the English and the Scotch nobility is the wide-spread nomenclature of the latter as contrasted with the limited circulation of the former. Let us take some six or eight of the noblest and most historic names of England,—as, for instance, Neville, Courtenay, Howard, Grey, Percy, Stanley, Talbot, Seymour. None of these names could dream of competing in point of numbers with the far-famed appellations of Smith, Jones, and Robinson; and though we might undoubtedly meet with scions of these distinguished races in very humble stations, yet we certainly should not expect to come across them at every turn; to be buying our cheese and butter of a Neville, lodge at an inn kept by a Courtenay, deal with a Howard as our chemist, and number a Grey and Percy among our servants. And yet, what would be a parallel to this literally happens in every moderate-sized town in Scotland. Your grocer is a Stewart, your landlord a Macdonald, your postmaster a Sinclair, your draper a Graham or a Campbell, your boatman a Lindsay, and so forth.

Not less strange to an English ear is the extreme localism of the names of the leading gentry of many districts. We may assume that the deputy-lieutenants of counties are fair representatives of that class. In Lanarkshire there are three Hamiltons, three Lockharts, three Campbells; in Argyllshire (out of a list of some forty), three Camerons and twelve Campbells; the twenty-eight of Banffshire include five Duffs and an equal array of Gordons; in Caithness, the house of Sinclair occupies eight places out of three-and-twenty; and the clan Mackenzie bears nearly the same proportion to the smaller total of Cromarty. The Dumfriesshire list exhibits five Johnstons and seven Maxwells: Ogilvy is strong in Forfar; Baillie and Fraser, with Grant and Mackintosh, in Inverness. Stewart predominates in Wigtonshire; Mackenzie again takes the lead in Rosshire, being more than a fourth part of the entire number. Our English readers will at once see the impossibility of constructing any corresponding catalogue of the names of the landed gentry in the counties of the South.

The truth is, that there are but few names in Scotland. Antiquaries of great celebrity assign as one cause of this peculiarity the admitted fact, that it used to be common for individuals, and even for an entire clan that was *broken* (as it was termed) by the loss of an acknowledged chieftain, to seek for admission into another and more powerful clan, of which they adopted the name. But even this shows one of those differences in the form<sup>1</sup> which aristocratic feeling adopts in different countries; for it would hardly, we imagine, in any age have been deemed a compliment by an English noble family for inferiors to assume their surname.

Our first impression, on looking over the Scottish peerage, is that its nobility is far more ancient than the English; and that a much larger proportion of the English titles have died out. A close examination of the facts will tend in some degree to diminish the force of this impression; yet not, we think, in such wise as to render it other than substantially correct. The abating circumstances are, firstly, the consideration that, by the Act of Union in the reign of Queen Anne, the sovereign lost the power of creating any more peers of Scotland. Since that time many Scotchmen have been raised to the peerage of Great Britain, but no names have been added to the 'Union List' of A.D. 1707, save only such as have proved claims to dormant

<sup>1</sup> A curious exemplification of this difference may be seen in the famous *Memoires* of the Duc de Saint Simon (tome 2, chaps. xxi, xxv.). No courts could well be more particular on subjects of etiquette and precedence than those of Versailles, under Louis XIV., and Madrid under Philip V. Yet how opposite, in many features, were their respective modes of exhibiting their sentiments.

titles: consequently, there cannot be a peer of Scotland whose patent of *noblesse* is of less than 150 years standing, and oblivion or ignorance of this fact may mislead the mere registrar of statistics, who should compare the average antiquity of any twenty or thirty peerages of the respective divisions of Great Britain. The greater strictness of the Scotch law of entail may also have had its influence, both in preserving to the title the ancestral lands, and, consequently, the means of support, and likewise in rendering it worth while for distant heirs to lay claim to honours which would not involve the successful pursuer in mere unrequited expenditure.

Then, again, the Scottish patents have been far more frequently extended beyond the direct line of heirs male. The importance of this proviso may be estimated by the consideration that the oldest English barony (De Ros), and the oldest English dukedom (Norfolk), would both have been in danger of being blotted out from our national *Libro d'Oro*, had not the former been transmissible through the female line, and the latter through collateral branches. But this latter feature, though it in some measure serves to account for the fact, does not alter it. The peerage roll of Scotia, though reduced by extinctions to little more than one half of its number in 1707, yet certainly exhibits not only a more ancient, but also a more historic list of names than that of England, one more associated too, for the most part, with their place of sojourn. That history is, indeed, in many respects far from favourable. The Norman origin of at least one-half of the ennobled houses appears to have led to a degree of sympathy with England, which but too often resulted in unfaithfulness to the land of their adoption. And it must, we fear, be said, that in no other country would Mary Queen of Scots have met, even in spite of her morality, with such unchivalrous and unmanly treatment. Of course, against this we should have set the gallant band from four great houses who gathered round Robert the Bruce; and the unconquerable hearts who laid down their lives for the cause of the Covenant, or of Royalty, or again for an exiled dynasty in the conflicts of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries; or that devoted ring of earlier days, who perished around their sovereign's standard on the fatal field of Flodden. And, in truth, the history of the Scotch nobility is perhaps only one of the many exemplifications of a leading idea of which we shall have occasion to speak, namely, the intensity of all thought and action, alike for evil and for good, in Scotland.

But the fact of antiquity remains; and of its influence upon the human mind there can be no question; that influence being often (as Sir F. Palgrave justly remarks) most attested by those who denounce and oppose it the most vehemently. There is,

indeed, a greatness which achieves position *per saltum*; the historic position of a Cardinal Wolsey throws into the shade the butcher's stall from which he sprung; and Napoleon Buonaparte may proclaim that his patent of nobility dates from the night of Montenotte. Yet even Napoleon could at another time regret that his dynasty was too young, and utter the well-known wish, '*Ah! si j'étais mon petit-fils.*' The results of time are indeed incommunicable. There was a day when the head of the Plantagenets was the simple forester Torquatus, and the Bourbons, now the oldest royal house in Europe, are described by Dante as a race

Per cui la Francia e novellamente retta,

and declared to have descended, like Wolsey, from a butcher. But such reflections, though well calculated to expose the absurdity of those who would wish to close the Golden Book, now that their own names are inscribed therein, or who talk of *parvenus* peers, as if their own ancestors had not once been considered such, cannot alter the existing dispensation of things, cannot take away antiquity of race from those to whom God has given it, nor impart it to those who have it not. And this fact is certainly more constantly brought before one in Scotland than in any other portion of Great Britain. Your friend — cannot meet you to-day; he is bound to be present at the funeral of the Earl of —, the fourteenth of his line. You meet Baroress —, a peeress in her own right, and you find that her ladyship is the eighteenth in the list. Even the names least known in England are often among the most ancient and conspicuous in Scottish, though not in British, history. It is so again with numbers of the untitled landed gentry. An English reader, on opening the title-page of the 'History of Literature in Ancient Greece,' may expect to see the author's name announced as he was then generally known in England, viz. Colonel Mure, M.P. Somewhat to his surprise he finds simply 'William Mure, of Caldwell.' But a residence in Scotland would soon teach him that the simpler appellation is by far the grander.

The Mures of Caldwell are immediately descended from Sir 'Reginald More, or Mure, of Abercorn, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, who appears in that office in the year 1329, 'the first of the reign of David II.'<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Mure was married to her cousin, Robert, Earl of Strathern, Steward of Scotland, who, in A.D. 1371, succeeded to the throne as

<sup>1</sup> Caldwell Papers, p. 3 (Maitland Club publications), Glasgow, 1854. Mr. Carlyle in his *Cromwell*, if we recollect aright, calls this lady Elizabeth Mure of Caldwell. This is practically true, but not literally so; the Mures were then of Rowallan.



Robert II. Thus she became the mother of the whole blood-royal of that race, and, therefore (by the female line), of our present gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria.

But there is another reason (already alluded to) beside strictness of entails, or capacious patents, for the long continuance of Scottish families; and it is one which reflects the highest credit upon national character. It is this, that respect and attention which heads of Scottish houses, far more than ever do their English neighbours, pay to the cadets of the family. The feeling which prompts the scion of an English noble house to say, 'Lord —— was very low, his father was only an attorney,' when the person spoken of has inherited an ancient title from a distant relative, is all but unknown in Scotland. Lord Lindsay, if we recollect aright, seems fully disposed, in his admirable 'Lives of the Lindsays,' to recognise the claims of some farmers in the Lothians to a descent from that justly popular and time-honoured stock. And surely such a sentiment is far more truly aristocratic, in the very best sense of the term, than an ignoble contempt for distant connexions, because they are no longer in flourishing circumstances. The thorough recognition of persons living in poverty and retirement, but of good birth and manners, has often struck us very much, as well as the fearless self-respect with which the condition is faced and acquiesced in on the side of the recipient. Often may scenes be witnessed, such as one of the most graceful of French tale-writers, M. Octave Feuillet, has introduced into his latest story, where a lady thus circumstanced avows: '*Je ne suis pas loin de croire que Dieu a voulu réduire quelques uns d'entre nous à une vie étroite, afin que ce siècle grossier, matériel, affamé d'or, ait toujours sous les yeux, dans nos personnes, un genre de mérite, de dignité, d'éclat, où l'or et la matière n'entrent pour rien,—que rien ne puisse acheter,—qui ne soit pas à vendre! Telle est, mon cousin, suivant toute apparence, la justification providentielle de votre fortune et de la mienne.*'

And having said thus much about the higher and the lower classes in Scotland, it is high time to add something concerning the relations between them. These, to an English eye, appear to the last degree anomalous and paradoxical. It would not be difficult to maintain with plausibility either side of the question, 'Whether the superiors in station have more or less influence over their inferiors than the corresponding classes in England?' With respect to ordinary outward signs there could, indeed, be no dispute. A Scotch noble, walking in his own park, does not meet with the amount of outward demonstrations of respect from his own tenantry, which the English peasant commonly bestows even on a stranger having the aspect of a gentleman. The wife of a



country vicar in England receives more of the merely external marks of deference than a peeress in Scotland. And there are certainly many things which occur to an English gentleman as a matter of course, which could not be attempted in North Britain, without exciting much astonishment, ill-will, and possibly something like open revolt. Thus, for instance, an English gentleman who has received some provocation at the hands of a villager, will occasionally threaten to remove his custom from its shops, unless the perpetrator be discovered. Such a step would rarely, if ever, be thought of in Scotland. In like manner, many a great lady on the north side of the Tweed will abstain from playing a chorus from Handel on her piano on Sunday, lest it should offend her Presbyterian servants.

Speaking generally, the gulf between the higher and lower classes is much greater in Scotland. There appears to be a want of a refined middle class, capable of associating with the great without making pretensions to their state. There is likewise, we think, a lack of those sports which are common to very different ranks of society. Golf and curling may occasionally bring into contact the peasant and the baronet, the peer and his tenantry; but there is little hunting, and cricket is an exotic, which can hardly be said to have taken root as a national pastime. Now following the hounds is, in rural England, as popular with the farmers as with the dukes. The veriest hinds, for example, complain, as we once heard in a midland county village, that the famous 'Pytchley Hunt' had only met there twice that season. And the apparent surprise expressed by the late Hugh Miller, on seeing Lord Lyttelton and his sons at cricket with the tenantry, shows how novel was such a sight to his eyes. But far more calculated, we believe, to create a feeling of distance, has been the difference of religion between the two orders of society.

And yet he who should hence arrive at the conclusion, that the lower classes in Scotland cared but little for their superiors, would be utterly mistaken. Although prepared to resist interference (as the entire history of the Free Kirk shows) in certain departments of thought and action—although well-nigh utterly severed from their influence in those mercantile cities which are the seats of the *nouveaux riches*, it yet remains true, that the mass of the Scotch look up to the great houses as their natural leaders, with a respect for their rank, and a homage to their historic traditions, that are all but unknown in South Britain. The width of the gulf to which we have referred is not sought to be lessened, but is openly proclaimed. An illustration of this statement may be derived from the following portion of a speech made at a village feast in honour of the marriage of the

heir-presumptive of a noble family:—‘We know that when the Danes attacked this country, six hundred years ago, the M.s held the lands of N. which they now hold; that a knight of their house fought at Bannockburn; that another M. was one of that charmed circle that fell around their king at the fatal field of Flodden, one of those “flowers of the forest” that Scotland still mourns; that when the two countries were united and became Great Britain, an M. was one of those who signed the Articles of Union. And though, happily, Scotland is now at rest, and has no danger from without to fear, yet if ever her liberties should be attacked, we shall look to the M.s of N., as of old; we will rally round their ancient house; we shall be found to have an M. to lead us.’

A different class of men from either of those hitherto noticed will be brought before us, if we attempt, as we now propose, to consider the intellectual position of Scotland. That position must, we are convinced, be allowed to be a very high one. It is true, as Hugh Miller is the first to remind us, that in the power of throwing up those rare and vigorous plants which tower conspicuously among the nations, Scotland is not to be named with England. Scotland has produced no Shakespeare, no Bacon, no Milton, no Newton. But such deficiency does not militate against the truth of our assertion. It may be questioned whether more than three countries of modern Christendom—namely, Italy, Germany, and England—have reared above one or two men of the very highest order of genius. France certainly has not; and yet the claim of France to a high standing in the realm of intellect remains unquestioned and unquestionable. And when (if we may change our metaphor) the great stars of the intellectual firmament are for the moment eliminated, it is impossible not to be struck with the brilliance and variety of Scottish luminaries which occupy the very nearest place to those of the first magnitude. England, it must be remembered, has a population exceeding that of Scotland in a more than fourfold ratio (fifteen millions to three and a half has been already named as the present proportion; and in former times the ratio has, we suspect, been still more in favour of the Southron). Consequently, for every man of science, every poet and *litterateur*, sent forth by Scotland, England ought, if these matters could be arranged by a per centage, to produce some four or five. Such a statement of the case may at least serve to intimate that Caledonia has contributed, and continues to contribute, at least her full share to the British stock of mental wealth.

We shall not here be expected to give a catalogue of Scottish

worthies in the departments of science or literature. Their names may be easily gathered from such a publication as that which stands fourth upon our list. But it certainly ought to be borne in mind how very largely the splendour of the British name has been enhanced by the world-wide celebrity of many of these distinguished men. What name in modern literature is more thoroughly European than that of Sir Walter Scott? And while the Clyde sends forth to every sea those splendid steamers, which add so largely to the wealth and fame of Glasgow, there is something strangely potent in the association of a great name with the noble scenery which is commanded by the spectator from the quays of Greenock. From that, his birthplace, overlooking the fine forms of those Argyllshire highlands—overlooking the multitudinous vessels (the indirect fruits of his discovery) that ply beneath—stands a statue of the great inventor of the steam-engine, James Watt. Then, again, if Britain is to be saved from that reproach of incapacity for metaphysical speculation, which France and Germany are so prone to charge upon her, it is to the metaphysicians of Scotland that she must look for her defence. Both in the middle ages, when Scotch tutors of logic and the mental sciences were sought upon the Continent; and again, from the time of Hutcheson to that of Reid, whom M. Cousin terms the true Socrates of his age, the Scotch Universities have sent forth a succession of moral and metaphysical philosophers. At the present moment, the most rising metaphysician in England, Mr. Mansel, of Oxford, avowedly draws his inspiration from that profound thinker whom Scotland has but lately lost, Sir William Hamilton. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that the metaphysicians of the Scotch school have rendered real service to our common country, and more especially to that portion which reared them. To speak here of one advantage only, it is a great thing to have a standing protest against that lowering view of knowledge, which is ever on the watch for immediate tangible results. The study of the mental sciences is eminently calculated to enact the part of such a witness; and if England should still remain blind to the merits of the Scotch philosophy, France, the old ally of Scotland in arms, is ready to join with her in the field of letters. Victor Cousin, while bearing such high testimony to the home achievements of Hutcheson, Smith, and Reid, declares that to the last-named France owes her own eminent metaphysician, Royer Collard; and pays moreover to the memory of Hamilton a tribute hardly less enthusiastic than that delivered by Mr. Mansel in Oxford:—‘ Sir William Hamilton unissait en lui deux dons bien rares, et qui jusqu’ici ne s’étaient jamais rencontrés à ce degré dans une même personne :

' la penetration profonde d'un métaphysicien du premier ordre et  
' l'inépuisable érudition d'un savant de profession. . . . La mort  
' toute récente de M. Hamilton est une calamité qui ne s'arrête  
' pas aux bornes de sa patrie; elle sera longtemps et vivement  
' ressentie par tous ceux, qui d'un bout du monde à l'autre ont  
' consacré leur vie à l'étude de la philosophie et de son histoire.'<sup>1</sup>

In scholarship Scotland has less pretensions. Even her able school of metaphysics, said Sir W. Hamilton, 'is essentially destitute of a learned foundation.' And despite the remarkable exception of Buchanan, and some other good Latinists of his date, the number of Scottish scholars, not educated at English or foreign Universities,<sup>2</sup> is extremely small. They have indeed achieved great things at Cambridge, and still greater at Oxford; but even there soundness rather than elegance has often been the basis of the triumph, and mastery over logic and history rather than over the niceties of the language of Greece or Rome. Perhaps the sense of beauty in this, as in other ways, is somewhat dull in this northern clime. They have not much sympathy with the protest of an English poet:—

' Vain knowledge this, unprofitable skill,  
So may you think and truly would you say,  
But that the mind thus curiously train'd  
In the pure beauty of Hellenic art,  
And grandeur elegant of gorgeous Rome,  
Becomes to beauty feelingly awake,  
Nice to perceive, glad to believe and love  
Whate'er of beautiful abides in forms,  
Hues, sounds, emotions of the moral heart,  
Feeling a universal harmony  
Of all good things seen, or surpassing sense.'<sup>3</sup>

If, on the one hand, Oxford owes much of her re-awakened zeal for mental philosophy to Scotland, nothing, on the other

<sup>1</sup> Philosophie Écossaise. Avertissement de 3ième Edit.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Mure studied in Germany. Professor Ramsay, the author of the excellent accounts of the Latin poets in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, is a Cantabrigian.

<sup>3</sup> On the death of Henry Nelson Coleridge. 'Hartley Coleridge's Poems,' vol. II. p. 167.

It is a curious question how far the tendency to a turgid rhetorical style among Scottish speakers and writers might be checked by such training as Hartley Coleridge here alludes to. Of course, we do not forget that such men as Erskine and Hugh Miller, each models of purity in their kind, were not classically trained. But we cannot argue from such geniuses; though it is curious, by the way, that both had fed their taste from the channels of English poetry, of which they knew great quantities by heart. We incline to think, with the author of a very masterly Lecture on 'Latin Literature,' Mr. J. C. Shairp, Assistant Professor at S. Andrews, that greater familiarity with classical standards might do good service in this matter. Both Mr. Shairp and the *Scotsman* acknowledge, or rather proclaim the fact. Want of space forbids us to do battle with Sir A. Alison, who approves of translation from Greek and Latin into English, but not of the counter-process.

hand, has been more remarkable than the success in after-life of many Scotchmen, who have found their intellectual tastes alternately thwarted and encouraged by the course of study prescribed in Oxford. The list of Scoto-Oxonian first-class men, though necessarily very limited, contains the names of Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Colquhoun, Sir William Hamilton, the present Bishop of London, Sir Alexander Grant, and (if he be not too much Anglicized for such a position) Mr. Gladstone. And numbers more, who have not thus striven for honours, have come back to their homes with a life-long impress derived from English academic studies.

Mathematics, as we might expect, have flourished greatly in North Britain. We must not make our pages a catalogue of names, or it would be possible to fill up a large space by chronicling the achievements of Napier, Maclaurin, Simpson, Playfair, and many other illustrious votaries of *μάθησις*.

And for the very reason that they are so famous, we forbear to dwell upon the world-wide and well-merited celebrity of the heroes of Scottish literature. Rather (and that not in any invidious spirit, but because it is a point deserving some consideration) shall we dwell upon what seems to us its main defect, namely, the absence of all mysticism. Eminent Scotchmen would be perhaps inclined to reply that this is anything but a defect; that, on the contrary, it is a virtue. Mysticism, they would urge, is the bane alike of religion and of literature. Now, we are very far from being blind to its dangers. It is well that Lord Lindsay should denounce its abuse from a religious point of view in his *Progression by Antagonism*. It is well that professor Aytoun should hold up to ridicule the falsely attuned rhapsodies of Mr. Bailey's *Festus*. But here, as ever, is it true that *abusus non tollit usum*. Mysticism is a fact in human nature, and those who ignore or despise it must take the consequences. An element which is common to Buddhism, Brahmanism, Parseeism, to Catholic theology, to Protestant theology, must possess a deep hold upon the human heart.

Now, the entire range of Scottish literature can scarcely, we believe, present a sample of anything weird and mystical.<sup>1</sup> Not from Scotland must we look for anything resembling the deep symbolism of the *Divina Commedia*, the dreamings of a Hamlet, the spell of the Ancient Mariner, the wild song of Thalaba. Scotland has no Spenser, no Wordsworth, no Shelley, no Robert nor Elizabeth Browning. Not from any Scottish poet,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Macdonald's 'Within and Without' and 'Phantastes' are exceptions which help to establish the general rule.

though praised by one of their choir, flow such lines as these:—

'But soon there breath'd a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made;  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

'It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.'

Great as were the differences between the early Edinburgh reviewers and their political antagonist, Sir Walter Scott, the absence of mysticism was (we agree with Mr. Bagehot<sup>1</sup>) a feature common to both the rival schools. Perhaps if there had been a Gaelic literature, the case would have stood differently; and it is also possible that the heavy hand of Calvinism may have had some part in crushing any rising tendencies of development in this direction. But such causes are not, in our humble judgment, sufficient to account for this peculiarity, which we are inclined to regard as an innate characteristic of the nation.

Of the learned professions, two at least, Law and Medicine,<sup>2</sup> have long flourished in Scotland. A character in one of the comedies of Aristophanes, to whom Athens is pointed out in a map, exclaims, 'That cannot be Athens, for I do not see the law-courts;' and the remark might well be transferred to the modern Athens of Caledonia. 'Lawyers they are born,' says Walter Scott; 'indeed every country gentleman is bred one.' And all will remember the determination of the worthy farmer in Guy Mannering to carry his case before the judges, despite all that his counsel may urge to the contrary. An English solicitor of much celebrity once informed us, that he always doubted the innocence of an accused person who should threaten his accuser with legal proceedings for false imprisonment and the like. A doubt thus suggested we believe to be natural and well-founded in England, but we should as certainly object to its being entertained in Scotland. Recourse to law seems in North Britain to be the primal and most obvious idea. The very boys in a rural district think of it. 'You shall go to M—— (naming the county town and implying the county magistrates) for this,' cried some village lads to some young friends of ours, who had inflicted a slight and most merited chastisement for a very insolent affront. While we are speaking of law, it must not be forgotten that, besides the great jurists, such as Lord Stair and others, who have flourished in their native realm, Scotland has exported a whole mass of legal ability into

<sup>1</sup> 'Estimates of certain Englishmen and Scotchmen.'

<sup>2</sup> 'St. Ronan's Well.'



England. Hers is the able, though unscrupulous, Wedderburn, better known perhaps as Lord Chancellor Loughborough, 'one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the 'House of Commons;' hers one of those eminent and select judges who not only expound and administer, but actually create, the law—Lord Mansfield; hers too the *facile princeps* of forensic eloquence—Lord Erskine.

The differences between Scotch and English law are considerable. Speaking generally, that of Scotland retains the closer affinity to the old Roman law. The points which strike one most palpably are the absence of any distinctive courts of law and of equity; the existence of a public prosecutor (the Procurator Fiscal); the decision by a majority of the jury; the admission of a third verdict, namely, 'Not Proven,' as a *mezzo termine* between 'Guilty' and 'Not guilty'; the disuse of the coroner's inquests; the number of suits decided without the aid of a jury; and the difference in the law of Entail, which, though much modified of late years, remains more strict than that of England; and the weighty divergence in the matter of wedlock and legitimization. These differences were discussed with much temper and moderation in the 'Edinburgh Review' about a year since. Without here re-opening the question, we may own to a preference for Scotch law in some respects, more especially in a possession of a public prosecutor, an institution commonly recognised, if we mistake not, in Continental Europe, and which not only saves some important causes from being passed by in silence, but also relieves the public from many vexatious trials by the refusal of the Fiscal to bring forward absurd and trifling cases.

Before we allude to another learned profession, that of medicine, it may be well to say a passing word upon the Scottish Universities. It is probable that at the commencement of the present century the intellectual life of these institutions was, upon the whole, more vigorous than that of their then lethargic but re-awakening sisters on the Isis and the Cam. But the tide has turned: the galaxy of literary talent which illuminated Edinburgh has paled, perhaps positively, but certainly by comparison. Competitive examinations for Indian cadetships have transferred those prizes to the youths of England and of Ireland; and this practical proof of inferiority has lent vigour to the cry for academical reform in Scotland, which had previously been raised with less effect.

But in the school of Æsculapius, Scotland still holds her own. In the contests for medical offices, her *alumni* are not defeated. The country of Abernethy and Sir Charles Bell, and hundreds more such, still continues to rear worthy successors, still attracts



pupils from the whole of Europe, nay from the four quarters of the globe. The fame of such men as Professors Christison or Simpson belongs to the civilized world at large. The praises of both may be read in a recently published French '*Biographie des Contemporains*.' And for one at least we can answer. Those who, in that hospitable home in Queen Street, Edinburgh, have enjoyed opportunities of observing the hard and often, we fear, overtasked existence of Dr. Simpson—who have witnessed the attention to patients as considerate as it is able, and which is bestowed on numbers from whom he will accept no remuneration but their life-long gratitude; the consistent and rare impartiality which neither wealth nor rank in anywise disturb,—may form some idea of what Scotland can produce in the way of scientific genius in conjunction with the loftiest generosity and philanthropy.

Of physical science in general it has already been intimated that Scotland contributes, to say the very least, her full share to the sum of discoveries made in Great Britain.

In art, Scotland is, perhaps, less triumphant. It is true that the Edinburgh exhibitions of painting and sculpture are now reflecting high credit upon their motherland; but these triumphs are of comparatively recent date. The most accomplished of the R. A.s, and our most religious painter, and whose fame is European, Mr. Dyce, is a Scotchman.

The anti-æsthetic genius of Presbyterianism has done much to cramp the development of taste. There is scarcely an architect north of the Tweed to be placed even into approximation to Scott, Butterfield, Barry, and other English artists.<sup>1</sup> And again, in music, the lack of organs in the Kirk has left an entire void in the department filled by Purcell, Orlando Gibbon, and the cathedral composers of England. And even over the great beauty and character of some of the national airs there is thrown that shade which must ever be cast over the results of doing evil in the hope that good may come. 'It is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies" (designed to ridicule the Popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns; "Maggy Lauder" was another; "John Anderson my Jo" was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine.'<sup>2</sup> These tunes have, indeed, in many

<sup>1</sup> We do not, however, wish to overlook the merits of Mr. Henderson's buildings at Trinity College, Glenalmond, nor the excellence of some of the new spires reared by members of the Free Kirk at Glasgow and elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> Percy's '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.' Series II. Book II. No. II.

cases been re-wedded to innocent and graceful words; but the sad fact of their desecration cannot be undone. But still there remains a vast number of 'eminently beautiful airs, which are free, we believe, from all such taint; and it must be pronounced that this is a domain of beauty, in which Scotland maintains an easy superiority over the utter poverty of England. To return, however, to the general characteristics of the Scottish intellect. With all its high and varied gifts, it must, we think, be pronounced to be somewhat deficient in the highest forms of imagination. And so interwoven are the powers of the mind, that such a defect not only prevents the development of that mystic element to which we have alluded, but even (as Lord Lindsay seems to hold) in some degree hampers the loftiest attainments of the reason. Hence we presume the *gravamen* of the charge brought against the Scottish school of philosophy, by one of its ablest foreign critics and even eulogists, M. Victor Cousin. 'It is with systems as with men; the best are the least imperfect, and the excellence of the Scottish school does not prevent its having deficiencies. Satisfied with common sense, it rests there, and never feels the desire of penetrating the depths of the truth. Possessing the true method, it carefully eschews hypothesis; but it too often lacks spirit and power, and stops short before reaching and attaining the end of the course. Circumspect (and with good right), it is sometimes, like reason itself, rather pusillanimous. Its glory is, to have revived and practised the experimental method; but it has not sufficiently borne in mind that from experience, fertilised by induction and calculation, Newton drew the system of the universe. It has too often been contented with a mass of observations; it has confined itself to the collecting of tried and solid materials, without attempting to build the edifice.'<sup>1</sup> Somewhat akin to this is a remark of Edward Irving's to Dr. Chalmers, when the latter was complaining of the obscurity of the utterances of Coleridge, and confessing that he, personally, liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. 'Ha!' said Irving, 'you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part I love to see an idea looming through the mist.'<sup>2</sup>

These characteristics in some measure serve to guide us in the approach to the mooted question,—whether or not wit can be said to exist in Scotland. The Scotch point, on the one hand, to such names as those of Arbuthnot, Smollett, Burns, Galt, Wilson, and Walter Scott, and ask whether these are or are not men of wit. *E contra* stands the well-known assertion

<sup>1</sup> Philos. Ecossaise.

<sup>2</sup> 'Life of Chalmers,' by Dr. Hanna. Vol. III. p. 160.

of Sydney Smith, for many years a resident in Edinburgh, that 'it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;' and the somewhat similar verdict of Charles Lamb.

It must, we fear, be admitted by impartial judges, that the indictment preferred by these distinguished humourists is not wholly devoid of truth. To adduce brilliant exceptions is not a sufficient reply to an attack which is directed against the rank and file. Even Dean Ramsay, in this respect *patriæ propugnator acerrimus*, admits that a large proportion of the good stories current in Scotland bears reference 'to lairds and lairds who are drunk' (that is to say, to men who have amused others, while only half-conscious of the merriment afforded), and that, in many other instances, the humour lies in the *Scottishness* of the thought and expression, and not in any actual wit on the part of the speaker. Those who have lived much in Scotland will probably remember numberless instances of a hearty laugh subsequent being produced by remarks which were not in the least intended to awaken it.

Amongst all but the highest and most cultured, observations oft spoken in irony are usually taken *au grand sérieux*. Even the common English exclamation, 'You don't mean it?' is regarded as a direct impeachment of the speaker's veracity, and is met by the rejoinder, uttered with slow and impressive emphasis; 'But I *do* mean it, Mr. —,' or, 'If—I hadn't—meant it,—I shouldn't—have said it.'

If this matter-of-fact tendency be inimical to a certain play of the fancy, it is obvious that we must not commonly expect in Scotland those forms of wit which depend upon a light quick touch; we must not look for that allusive kind of facetiousness which we find in Sheridan, and of which our French neighbours (witness Talleyrand and Madame de Girardin) are so fond. Nevertheless, we agree with the Dean of Edinburgh in thinking that his countrymen do possess a real fund of a certain dry satiric humour. That critical faculty which is seen, with all its merits and defects, in the writings of Lord Jeffrey, exists in a less developed form in the nation at large. Hence arises a great quickness in detecting, and taking advantage of, any mistake on the part of another.

A somewhat hackneyed anecdote may serve to illustrate our meaning. Sometime, not very long after the battle of Culloden, a captain in an English regiment was invited to dine at the house of a laird, who was notoriously Jacobite. The captain, half doubtful respecting the prudence of accepting the invitation, asked the opinion of his superior officer. He was recommended by all means to go, but to take the greatest care that he was not

entrapped into any act of disloyalty towards King George II. All passed pleasantly enough until the appearance of the dessert, when the master proposed, as the first toast, 'Our *rightful* King!' 'That's *not* King George,' hastily shouted the captain. 'Troth, sir, and I'm verra muckle of your opinion,' was the quiet, but irresistible rejoinder.

We believe this to be a fair specimen of the kind of humour to which we have alluded. It is, as we have intimated, by no means uncommon in Scotland. Nay, even this reviewer, *moi qui parle*, not being infallible, not resembling that Scottish-born Monarch who never said a foolish thing, has before now found himself in the predicament of one who feels himself quietly and good-humouredly rebuked for putting a query which is not wise. A few years since, two steamers were running upon the Clyde, called (after the titles of certain Highland fairies) the Kelpie and the Spunkie. A party in a row-boat, of whom the writer was one, were discussing which of these vessels it was which was at the moment entering a certain bay. Much doubt was expressed, though the vessel was near at hand, and in an inconsiderate moment we asked one of the boatmen to explain what *was* the difference in the build of the respective vessels. Calmly, with a tone of sly satire, came the reply, 'If we knew that, we could tell you which it was.'

The following, which has been given by others, shall be here set down according to the version of Dean Ramsay:—

'The story has been told of various parties and localities, but I believe the genuine laird was a laird of Balnamoon, and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him that, having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whiskey, as it was called,—the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig;" and refused to have anything to do with it. Harry lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master:—"Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's no waile [choice] of wigs o' Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation, that if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another.'

We may perhaps be unduly prejudiced in favour of our own views; but this anecdote likewise seems to us to exemplify our theory. There is again exhibited that cool judgment, the same

capacity for perceiving, so to speak, the exact position of one's opponent, and for readily seizing, resolving upon, the move which is the most likely to prove successful. We must not, however, be supposed to deny the existence of powers of repartee, irony, and playful wit among the educated classes in Edinburgh, which may fully rival those exhibited in London.

*Majora canamus.* We turn to a very different subject; one which will involve what is perhaps the heaviest indictment that we have to prefer against Scotland, as compared with the sister country. It is this, *that moral courage is less honoured in Scotland than in England.* Such a charge ought not, indeed, to be preferred lightly, nor do we make it without having first discussed the matter with several distinguished natives of North Britain, who have, one and all, with scarcely an exception, confessed that it is just.

In speaking thus, we do not express any opinion as to the actual existence of more or less of such courage in one or the other division of the land. One very highly gifted Scotchman indeed (a man certainly possessed of a very full share of the gift), at once affirmed that there was a great deficiency of the article in his country, and that this was, perhaps, the cause why Scotland had not yet produced any one who had attained to the very highest rank as a general or a statesman. But we are not prepared to press this argument. We do not forget that moral courage is a scarce commodity everywhere. Many years since did Mr. Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' pronounce it to be 'the rarest and most admirable quality of public life;' and that keen observer, Mr. John Stuart Mill, had previously said, in the 'Westminster Review,' 'There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in England, a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They cannot undergo labour, they cannot brave ridicule, they cannot stand evil tongues, they have not hardihood to say unpleasant things to any one whom they are in the habit of seeing, or to face, even with a nation at their back, the coldness of some little coterie which surrounds them.'

But in England there is, at least, this advantage, that exhibitions of courage, even if unpopular at the moment, almost invariably in the long run ensure respect. We happened to be present when, on a cold winter's day, in 1855, Mr. Cobden addressed a large assembly in the Cloth-hall at Leeds, in opposition to the continuance of the war with Russia. Few were convinced, but all gave him a patient hearing, and the general sentiment appeared to be that of increased goodwill towards a man who, though held by the great majority of his hearers to

be in error, was frank and brave in the expression of his unpopular sentiments. Somewhat similarly, the small knot of statesmen who had opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, arguing that its enactments could not be put in practice (as indeed they never have been, nor will be), were supposed by many to have ruined for ever their chances of return to high offices under the Crown. A year passed, and these very men were seated on that treasury bench, which some of them are again occupying at the present moment. Seldom, indeed, is it that a man with a cause is hopelessly crushed in England. A Quaker, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, nay, even a Tractarian, has a chance of obtaining some redress for wrong, and a considerable amount of sympathy under persecution.

But in Scotland this sentiment is, we repeat, deficient. The extreme caution of the Lowlander's temperament makes him regard with anything but admiration the man who, single-handed, attacks the press on any popular sentiment. Such a paladin is considered by by-standers as, at the very best, needlessly rash; and by those whose cherished prepossessions he combats, he is marked out as a man who outrages public opinion. And this consideration must be fairly weighed by any who would form an opinion on the relative amount of moral courage as existent in England and Scotland. Many an act may be ventured upon with perfect safety in the south of Britain, which would call forth a very storm of angry opposition in the north. 'There are moments,' writes a great historian, 'when rashness is wisdom.' Such moments have been known and seized in Scotland in her days of civil warfare, but now they are rare indeed; and Scotland is perhaps of all others the country where such rashness is least likely to be accounted, under any possible combination of circumstances, a proof of wisdom.

This strong feeling against single-handed attempts to change the national view, on any subject whatever, is strikingly exhibited in reference to all attacks, however temperate or well-supported, upon the popular views of Scottish history. Sir Francis Palgrave describes an historian as one 'dispelling 'favourite or deluding visions or dreams; cutting, when practicable, the conventional pictures out of their frames, and replacing them by portraits taken from the life; but, above all, uncramping or shattering the pedestals supporting the idols which have won the false worship of the multitude, so that they may nod in their niches or topple down.' Such tasks have been attempted of late years in England, with a very fair measure of success. They have been attempted also in Scotland, with at least equal ability, persevering research, and



desire for equity; but we much doubt whether the cogent reasonings of such inquirers as the late P. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Mark Napier, Professor Aytoun, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others, have in any perceptible degree impressed the general mind of Scotland. The damnatory documents produced by Tytler are *not* to be accepted as even affording grounds for suspicion of the complicity of John Knox in the murder of Riccio; the halo around the name of Montrose is *not* to be recognised as more dazzling than ever, since the labours of his modern biographer; the eminently good taste and good feeling evinced in the prefaces and notes attached to the spirit-stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* is *not* to make us imagine for a moment that Claverhouse is less black than he is commonly painted; and the painstaking researches of *Domestic Annals* must *not* be permitted to suggest to our minds the supposition that the compulsive measures of Presbytery may have led to much sad hypocrisy. Be it so: those who are conscious of seeking for no unjust publications of aught that is evil, no disguise of any wrong on either side, can well afford to bide their time.

Another point stands in close connexion with this. We would fain speak very gently on the Scottish love of praise; we know that it is praise of the nation at large and not of individuals which is sought, and that the sentiment is entwined with much that is amiable and patriotic. We are likewise conscious of the possibility of the existence of a very different state of things in this respect, if the Scotch were the fifteen millions and the English numbered only some three and a half millions, instead of the reverse being the proportion. Nevertheless, we do hold that a nation which has so many elements of true greatness, might afford to be somewhat less covetous of eulogy, somewhat less touchy on the score of fault-finding, even though it should proceed from the lips of the suspected southron. At present, a lecture, whether delivered in the metropolitan Edina, or in a country village, is sure to be applauded by many degrees most loudly in the parts which speak well of anything that is Scotch. And as for anything approaching to censure, it is indeed at one's proper peril that it is ventured on. A poet is lecturing on the works of a brother-poet. In the course of his criticism he remarks that the expression of patriotic feeling is not necessarily poetry. The assertion, whether well founded or not, might pass muster as at least an innocent one; but, alas! in an unhappy moment, the speaker's destiny leads him to illustrate his theory from the writings of a *Scottish* poet. What has happened? What mesmeric influence informs the lecturer that a cloud has passed over the serenity of his audience?

Despite all his natural fluency, he stammers, pauses, and backs as well as he can out of the mistake which he feels that he has made. The reader may form his own opinion respecting this sketch, and judge whether it be drawn from imagination or from the life.

It must, however, be said that Scotland does enjoy some opportunities of hearing home-truths. Though all may unite on occasion to repel the common enemy, there is, as already observed, considerable local feeling. Highlanders and Lowlanders, those who boast that they belong to a clan, and those who boast that they do not belong to a clan, are in many ways a check upon each other. There is, again, an old rivalry between certain cities; as, for instance, between Perth and Dundee, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We are not sure that there were not some good folks in rural districts, or even in other cities, who thought it high time that the citizens of 'high Dun Edin' should for once hear a word of dispraise, as they did (to their intense indignation) a few years since from Mr. Ruskin. And it is not the least among the many merits of that very able newspaper, the *Scotsman*, that it never shrinks from an outspoken denunciation of whatever wrong it seems a duty to oppose, without any undue deference to national prejudices or partialities.

It will be naturally expected of us, that we should take some notice, even in a cursory and superficial sketch like the present, of the all-important subject of religion. But we shall do so in a brief and perfunctory manner. *Religion in Scotland* would need to be the subject of a separate article, and its treatment would demand great and intimate knowledge of various districts, deep spiritual insight, and rare impartiality. We pretend to none of these things. This paper is avowedly written from an English point of view, and any member of the Scottish Establishment, or of the great outlying bodies who have seceded from it, will read it (if they condescend to read it at all) with the not unnatural suspicions, which is attached in their minds to the criticisms of an English Churchman.

Scotland was, as we all know, one of those countries in which the Reformation took an extreme form. Nowhere, perhaps, had the unreformed Church more thoroughly gained that dangerous pinnacle of external prosperity, which is so great a temptation alike to men and to institutions. More than half the land was in her possession; and though several ecclesiastics, as the famous Bishop Kennedy of S. Andrews, under James III.,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Kennedy died on the 10th of May, 1466. 'In him,' says Tytler, 'the country lost the only Statesman who possessed sufficient firmness, ability, and in-

played a most distinguished part as statesmen in taming the violence of a wild feudality, yet unhappily at a later period Scotland possessed the very worst specimens (as the Roman Catholic Lingard testifies) of the laicised great Churchmen of the sixteenth century. The sons of Bishops, though necessarily bearing on their escutcheons the bend sinister, appear to have enjoyed a recognised social station, and that a very high one.

Great and deep was the evil; proportionably violent was the remedy. Scotland cut off at one blow well-nigh all spiritual connexion with the past. In her eyes the Church went into a trance, a state of *deliquium*, immediately after the Apostolic age, and did not awake again until the era of John Knox and his compeers. No ancient Liturgies carry back the thoughts of Presbyterian worshippers to the early ages of Christianity. The collects, which (in the language of a distinguished Scotch author) 'have soothed the sorrows of forty generations,' have, to the vast majority of Scottish ears and hearts, no especial charm either on the ground of intrinsic excellence or long cherished associations. It is a remarkable exemplification of the prevailing difference of sentiment in England, to find a man like Dr. Arnold, assuredly no high Churchman, employing the very strongest language in denunciation of such total rupture with the past.

But of the general hold of the Presbyterian system upon the bulk of the people there can scarcely be a question. True that, as in England, about one-third of the population (we be-

tegrity to direct the councils of Government. He was indeed, in every respect, a remarkable man: a pious and conscientious Churchman, munificent, active, and discriminating in his charity; and whose religion, untinged with bigotry or superstition, was pure and practical. His zeal for the interests of literature and science was another prominent and admirable feature in his character, of which he left a noble monument in S. Salvator's College at S. Andrew's, founded by him in 1456, and richly endowed out of his ecclesiastical revenues. Kennedy was nearly connected with the royal family, his mother being the Lady Mary, Countess of Angus, a daughter of Robert the Third. It appears that he had early devoted his attention to a correction of the manifold abuses which were daily increasing in the Government of the Church; for which laudable purpose he twice visited Italy, and experienced the favour of the Pope. Although in his public works, in his endowments of churches, and in everything connected with the pomps and ceremonial of the Catholic faith, he was unusually magnificent, yet in his own person, and the expenditure of his private household, he exhibited a rare union of purity, decorum, and frugality: nor could the sternest judges breathe a single aspersión against either his integrity as a minister of state, or his private character as a minister of religion. Buchanan, whose prepossessions were strongly against that ancient Church of which Kennedy was the head in Scotland, has yet spoken of his virtues in the highest terms of panegyric:—"His death," he says, "was so deeply deplored by all good men, that the country seemed to weep for him as for a public parent." (History of Scotland, vol. iv. chap. ii.) We venture on this long extract, partly because Kennedy is hardly so well known as he deserves, and partly because in speaking of the kind of prelate of whom Cardinal Beaton is a sort of type, it seems only fair to bear in mind the existence of a very different stamp of Statesmen Bishops.

lieve) does not attend any place of worship whatever; and that during epochs, such as the early portion of the eighteenth century, when deadness and unbelief abounded, both were at least as prominent in Scotland as in any other part of the United Kingdom. But it seems to us undeniable that there exists, among the many, a freedom from that indefiniteness which is so common in England. How frequently is heard in South Britain, the exclamation, 'Oh! I've no objection to Church,' coupled with an explanation to the effect, that the speakers have attended this and that meeting-house, just as they happened to be in service with families of the respective persuasions. A patron of an English alms-house will seldom have any difficulty in finding any number of applicants ready to embrace the established faith, on the condition of appointment. We remember, indeed, hearing of an instance of refusal, but that refusal came from a Scotchwoman. It was only a pity that she in any degree lessened the respect justly due to her consistency, by indulging in a long lecture to the clergyman, to whom application had been made, on the nature of his duties, a species of information which he had certainly no occasion to learn at her hands.

We must also speak favourably of the manner in which principles seem to be *impressed* upon the Scotch mind. Take the questions, for example, of the Lord's-day, or of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Far as we are from adopting what seem to us the extreme views prevalent in Scotland respecting the Sunday, it is impossible not to respect the earnestness with which many excellent people combine to thwart any steps which are inimical to their ideas of what is right. On the wife's sister question, Scotchmen are taught (as *we* believe, most rightly taught), that Christian marriage induces a spiritual relationship not wholly unlike that of blood. How deeply such a conviction has sunk into the national mind is shown by the circumstance, that Parliamentary attempts at change of the law almost invariably propose to omit Scotland from the operation of the proposed enactment.

Still stronger, as many of our readers must be aware, is the anti-Erastian feeling of the Scotch. Even the Establishment enjoys a greater freedom in her Assembly than the English Church in Convocation; and though her *theory* of Ordination is far more subservient than that of our own Communion, yet the practice is of late years much mitigated through the disinclination of patrons to press their claims. And not only did the anti-State feeling give rise to the United Presbyterians, who denounce as sinful *all* connexion with the State, but it is also the source of that very wonderful body commonly known as the Free Kirk.

Now whatever be thought upon patronage in general (a large

and difficult question, on which we have neither space nor inclination to enter), it must be borne in mind that it assumes a very different complexion among communities, which have no fixed form of worship, but depend entirely on the individual minister. In England it is no uncommon thing to hear in a country-house, some such words as these: 'Our vicar is not very great in the pulpit; but his schools are admirably looked after; he is most attentive to the poor and the sick, and after all there is the Prayer-book just as in any other Church.' The fact that the incumbent was placed there by the act of Bishop, or Squire, or College, does not in anywise trouble the peace of such a flock. But they might feel very differently, if they depended upon their clergyman for the very prayers in which they were expected to join.

Hence, in part at least, the success of the Free Kirk in Scotland. The entire account of the movement from the standpoint (as the Germans call it) of its authors and supporters may be read *in extenso* in Dr. Buchanan's 'Struggles of Ten Years,' or Dr. Hanna's 'Life of Chalmers;' and we do not envy the man who can peruse it without a feeling of deep admiration for the endurance, self-sacrifice, and faith, displayed alike by the 400 out-going ministers, and by those flocks which have since continued to raise a sum of more than 300,000*l.* per annum, to support their cause at home and abroad.

The Free Kirk has all the characteristics of an opposition; in many respects for good, in some very possibly for evil. It numbers in its ranks a vast number of professional men, especially, we fancy, if we are not mistaken, among physicians. If its establishment has diverted large contributions from other very excellent channels, and tended occasionally to foster fanaticism, as in the case of the recent Irish revivals,<sup>1</sup> it must be remembered that even the warmest supporters of Presbyterianism, as for instance the present Duke of Argyll, admit the tendency of the system to become cold and enfeebled in times of peace. Many a minister and layman *in* the establishment, as well as *out* of it, may have been saved from latitudinarianism, apathy, and unbelief, by the interest awakened by such a contest.

Of the general character of the Scottish ministers we are disposed to think very favourably. Weak points, not in the men, but in the system, may be noticed presently. But these defects do not in anywise detract from the merits of the exemplary conduct of the Presbyterian pastors.

Upon the deep and solemn question, how far this system succeeds in the great work of training souls, we forbear to enter.

<sup>1</sup> See the remarkable pamphlet by Archdeacon Stopford, 'The Work and the Counterwork.'

Enough, if we are able to indicate some external features of the case.

It is impossible, we think, to have had the entrance into the houses of some Presbyterian families, without often becoming sensible of a pervading atmosphere of goodness; a goodness which in numberless cases we must believe to be the fruit, not of nature, but of grace. Far are we too from wishing to believe that Burns's 'Cottar's Saturday Night' is a merely imaginary picture. On the other hand, it must be said, that a great portion of the quasi-political zeal for a theological system displayed by the Scotch is compatible with a sadly undevidential frame of mind, and a want of practical religion. We have already cited from the pages of a Scottish Presbyterian, Mr. Aird, a reproof of the 'disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency' of his countrymen. Let us now listen to the sequel of his description:—

'In matters of religion, these faults are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are the Scotch to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from popery and prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the house of prayer. Only listen, in country parishes, to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman comes in; look at half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint, by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing towards the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads. And then the rage of the Scotch for preaching—nothing but preaching! Why the very days of their Sacraments are called the "preaching days." I mean merely to say that they lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty, namely, prayer and praise. And then every village has its bell-wether or two of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and there in the church the heckler or weaver, who aspires to lead the sense of the place, lies with his chin fixed on his two fists on the boards before him, gaping and grinning from his maud, to catch the speaker, if he can, stumbling on the borders of the "unsound." And then how the village does ring with it next day, if anything bold and out of the beaten track has been said by the minister! And in this way the spiritual leadership of these bell-wethers is maintained; and at every settlement of a pastor in the place, of course, they have the parish at the wag of their disputatious and convincing forefinger.'

An able writer in 'Fraser's Magazine,' has within the last two years said far harder things than these against his brother Scots. He evidently questions whether in *any* country there is a greater divergence between faith and practice, and a more frequent display of hypocrisy. Certainly, if Scotland is determined to take her stand upon the comparative absence of evil; if she will persist in believing in the existence of an *etas aurea*



immediately after the Reformation, and again after the Revolution of 1688; if she will pretend that there is far less of covetousness, unbelief, drunkenness, and unchastity, on her favoured soil, than in any other land in Christendom, she must be content to accept the result. That dream of a golden age, which is held to have flourished once and again, melts away before the stern inquiries of her able and gifted band of antiquaries; those merchants, whom the story associates with the lost tribes, have *not* shown themselves more unyielding to the fiery trial of commercial speculation than their brethren in London or Liverpool, Paris or Vienna; the Paganism of her large towns is pronounced by Hugh Miller to be hopeless, in terms as strong as could possibly be employed respecting the corresponding difficulty in England; the amount of drunkenness is such as is positively unknown in the south, and the registrar's statistics leave for Scotland a majority of blots in the table of births, not only far exceeding the per-centage of England or Ireland, but outnumbering (with a single exception) those of every country in Europe.<sup>1</sup>

No! if Scotland be wise, she will surely cease to commit the question of her superiority to such an issue. Her stand, if we mistake not, should be made, not on a fancied immunity from evil which cannot bear a moment's investigation, but *on the reality of that which is good*. And this we cannot but think to be a loftier, as well as a safer, line of argument. The city or nation in which evil is most patent, is not always therefore proved to be the worst. On the contrary, as brightness causes shadows, the very presence of excellence is often found to intensify all that is bad. Because the wheat is sown, the enemy plants tares. 'After the prophets, the false prophets; after the apostles, the false apostles; after Christ, the antichrist.'<sup>2</sup> The classical student thinks of Corinth as proverbial, even among the heathen, for its dissolute luxury. Yet there was it that the

<sup>1</sup> It may be necessary to explain to southron readers, that the phrase 'lost tribes' refers to a story told by the Scotch themselves, alternately against the merchants of Aberdeen and Glasgow. Certain Jews, who had carried on business with the usual success of their nation in various towns of England and Europe, at length settled in one or other of the above cities. So completely, however, did they find themselves beaten at their own weapons, that they concluded that they were no longer amongst Gentiles, and one of them wrote to a friend, who had thought of joining his Jewish brethren, 'Mosheh, it is no good; we have found the lost tribes.' We must not, however, be understood to mean, that the Scotch have proved themselves worse than other civilized nations in monetary matters; but only that, with the tale of the Western Bank, and some similar doings on record, they have no right to throw stones at others. As regards drunkenness, a Parliamentary return some years since gave (we believe) 15,000 in one year picked up drunk in Glasgow—thus averaging one man in every 22; while in Manchester the proportion was one in 600.

<sup>2</sup> S. Chrysostom, Homil. xlvii in S. Matthew.

labours of the Apostle of the Gentiles proved so eminently successful, there did his Divine Master specially proclaim; 'I have much people in this city.' On the other hand, steadiness, and freedom from overt acts of wrong, may so often spring from an enlightened self-interest, that it becomes one of the profoundest problems in morality and in theology to decide how much stress may be safely laid on such negative evidence, in our estimates of individual or national character.

To return to what may be called the more external features of the case. It was held by Bishop Berkeley, that the English Church would do wisely in trying to rear, so far as it was possible, clergy of every grade corresponding to the varied ranks of the laity. It may be, that in England the order has been too much confined to one class, and that thence has arisen a tendency to what has been called the *gentleman heresy*. But we feel that the opposite extreme is equally a mistake. The funds of the English establishment, divided equally among her clergy, would yield, we believe, a somewhat lower average than those of the established Kirk of Scotland, divided (as they practically are) in such manner. But it is, in our humble judgment, a real disadvantage to the laity, that there should be so very few clergy in Scotland of any denomination, who can meet them on something like terms of social equality. Nothing, we believe, astonishes a Scotch settler in England more than the temporal position of her deans, rectors, &c. How different, for example, in the two countries are the relations between the legal and clerical professions. In England, the barrister and the clergyman have probably met in the same University; and if both be destined to advancement in their respective callings, it is impossible to say which of them, at any given point of their career, may have the precedence. In Scotland the average barrister may generally patronise any one called *reverend*. Men answering to the English beneficed clergy are hardly known: and when we take into account the influence of secondary motives in the attainment of even the noblest and loftiest ends, we must be allowed to consider this circumstance as a real misfortune, far less to the pastors (whom it may save from at least one class of temptations), than to the flocks entrusted to their care.

Hugh Miller claims for Presbyterianism a large part in the development of the intellect of his countrymen. The claim must, we imagine, be allowed; even the very discussions to to which Mr. Aird alludes, whatever be their effect upon the heart and conscience, must certainly tend to the nourishment of the critical faculty. Very admirable too, in many ways, are the Scotch National Schools in connexion with the establishment, and the corresponding correlative institutions of the Free Kirk.

But in all other respects the English Church appears to our (we own, not impartial) glance to be infinitely more effective as an agent of civilization. Of course we are not forgetting, that this is not the *primary* function of a religious communion. But we allude to it as a subject not uninteresting in itself; and because we have avowedly abstained from any attempt to enter deeply at present into the more solemn problems which beset the theme. We know of English clergy, by fifties and by hundreds, who are impressing their parishes with the humanizing culture derived from their work, and from their position, as links between the rich and poor; but, despite the great activity of the ministers of the Free Kirk, we doubt the operation of anything like a similar influence in Scotland.

It is natural to ask what spiritual food for the mind has been bestowed on Scotland, by its richly-endowed establishment? The answer must be, none whatever. In that very important function she has all but entirely failed: her students and her children have lived upon English theology. The English version of the Bible; the productions of English Bishops (men whose very title was declared anti-Christian), such as Butler, Pearson, Bull, Jeremy Taylor; or again, of English priests, as Hooker, Donne, Trench, Keble,—are the staple of Scottish theological libraries. We might prove our assertions by the testimony of such impartial witnesses as Professor Blackie or Sir W. Hamilton, but it is hardly worth while to fortify a position which hardly any one will venture to attack.

It is no marvel if a system which has produced less theology than even English dissent, should be found to have shifted its position. The two most distinctive dogmas of the Kirk originally were, its intense and sweeping Calvinism, and its assertion of the *jus divinum* of Presbytery. The former of these is undoubtedly much mitigated, so much so as to make it a serious question, whether Knox and Melville would accept the gloss now virtually put on the Confession and Catechisms; the second is being rapidly given up, as might be shown by the writings of men so different as Mr. Malcolm Laing, the Duke of Argyll, and Professor Tulloch. It is an anxious problem, which yet remains to be tested, whether such changes will conciliate thoughtful persons, or will open a wider door for forms of intellectual unbelief.

The Sunday question is one of far too great difficulty, both in theory and practice, to be entered upon in the present article. It will, if we hear aright, be treated (and we are sure most ably and conscientiously) before a learned body in England in the spring, *Deo volente*, of 1860. At present, we shall only say, that in a country where really good and earnest men can teach,

that it is wrong to play a chorus of Handel on the piano, or to take a quiet walk on the Lord's-day, there seems to us reason to fear some great outbreak against religion altogether, or else a large development of the saddest hypocrisy. Under these circumstances, we are grieved, but in nowise surprised, at the tremendous consumption of whiskey, which has been *legally* proved to be a leading characteristic of the Scottish Sunday.

We have spoken with freedom, but we earnestly trust without bitterness, of what seem to us the defects of Scottish Presbyterianism, both within and without the pale of the establishment. But we must not be understood to deny that it is an instrument of great good, and that it is a most serious responsibility to attempt to shake any man's confidence in it, unless he who thus acts has a deep conviction that he is trying to lead the way to something better. Conscientious Roman Catholics of course believe this. They number, if we mistake not, some 50,000, made up partly from some inhabitants of remote districts, as in portions of Argyllshire, much more largely from Irish immigrants, and partly from a few noble houses, such as Lovat or Maxwell, with a few lady converts of title during recent years. It cannot, we think, be said that Rome has made much impress upon the country: while we write we see in the Glasgow papers an account of a testimonial given to a Roman Catholic priest in that city; but the gathering on the occasion was entirely Irish, and perhaps Lord Clarendon would probably find little occasion to alter his *dictum* concerning the majority of the Scotch of his day: 'a great part of their religion consisting in an entire detestation of popery, in believing the Pope 'to be Antichrist, and hating perfectly the persons of all 'papists.'<sup>1</sup>

And yet the bare and unpoetical character of Presbyterianism (admitted even by many of its adherents) might not unnaturally be expected by the very force of repulsion to send some spirits into the opposite extreme. The number of these would probably be unspeakably greater, but that another Communion is at hand to arrest the steps of the wanderers.

This is not the place, nor are we the persons, to sing of the merits, or discuss in detail the weaknesses, of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. There was indeed a day when her cause was abetted by persecution. Blended as that cause was with

<sup>1</sup> 'History of the Great Rebellion,' Book II. It is told of a Scotch sea-coast town, where some Spaniards—part of the great Armada—were wrecked, that the Scotch, (1) gave them food and shelter; (2) proved to them from Scripture that the Pope was Antichrist; (3) proposed the terms of a commercial treaty, whereby the said Scotch town should acquire certain commercial advantages over the rest of Britain in its trade with Spain. The story is, at any rate, eminently characteristic.

political doings, we are not, on that account, inclined to acquit it of all guilt in this matter. In Scotland—as where not?—each Communion, as it got the upper hand, has persecuted others in turn. And the Episcopal Church has known what it is to suffer. Far be it from us to revive the memory of the protracted retaliation exercised upon her. For the present such persecution sleeps: let it be forgotten and buried out of sight. It is hardly the mark of the highest temper to be ever, as it were, stirring the dying embers.<sup>1</sup> With Professor Aytoun, we abstain from the recital of such histories.

The territory of Scotland, as regards episcopacy, might perhaps be not unfairly classified in a three-fold way. There are the districts, especially in the west, where episcopacy was, till within the last five-and-twenty years, regarded with deep abhorrence, and is still, with the many, an object of much dislike and contempt. There are the parts where, as in Edinburgh, it is in possession of the higher and most cultivated class. There is the region on the east, north of the river Tay (including Dundee and Aberdeen), where it has never been crushed out, but is thoroughly national.<sup>2</sup>

But this, we repeat, is not the place to speak of the deep affection of her children in one part, or the dangers of her being fashionable in another, or of the great moral courage which it requires in others for any layman to stand forth as a liberal patron and benefactor of her clergy. Not here shall be set down aught of her domestic history since her dis-establishment by William III., or her bold planting of a daughter church in the United States. Nor at this time shall we pause to contend, as we well might contend, that it is she, and not modern Presbyterianism, which now most truly teaches what Knox once taught on the subject of sacramental grace. Neither shall we dwell on those links with past ages which her ritual services supply; nor on the earnest sincerity of those converts of hers in the lower classes, who come to her with no prospect of earthly advantage, with little heed to the question of Church-government, but mostly because they have found in her services, in some hour of trouble, a solace and support which they had never before experienced.

But on a more external phase of the matter we may more fitly speak. Although the wise and noble were not in general

<sup>1</sup> It has been remarked in England, that while Neal's 'History of the Puritans' is often reprinted, Walker's 'Sufferings of the Clergy' is wisely and charitably left unprinted by Churchmen; and that while Baxter's works constantly refer to his imprisonment, we should hardly be able, from all the volumes of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, to find out that he, too, had been in a dungeon.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Lindsay attributes this to the Norwegian blood prominent in this part of Scotland—a curious ethnological question.

the first glad recipients of the gospel, yet among its earliest teachers were a S. Paul and a S. Luke; among its converts, a Sergius Paulus, a Theophilus, a Dionysius, and a Damaris. Early in the history of the Church did the heathen Pliny announce that he had found men of *every* rank among the professors of the new creed, and the Christian Tertullian made a similar announcement from Africa. Before long, as has been well shown by M. Guizot and others, it was found that Christianity was attracting to itself the philosophy and poetry, the wit, the argument, and the eloquence of the nations.

In this function Presbyterianism has been remarkably deficient. Its narrow and unimaginative system has failed to retain the refined and the intellectual viewed as a class. We are not now alluding to infidels like David Hume, who, of course, exist everywhere. But when Scotchmen come to number up the names in which they exult, as having spread the national glory far and wide, how comparatively few are those of attached and earnest supporters of Presbyterianism. Reid, the philosopher, was a Socinian. Even men like Robert Burns, Adam Smith, Principal George Campbell, and others, though nominally Presbyterians, openly avowed their dislike of many parts of the system. Professor Wilson and Sir W. Hamilton were, to say the least, half Episcopalians. One really knows not what would have become of a large proportion of the Scottish aristocracy of intellect (any more than of their aristocracy of birth), had not a more enlarged and genial communion stood ready to receive and foster them. A mere handful in numbers (some fifty thousand to two millions used to be the *ratio*); they have contributed to the literature and science of their native land an amount out of all proportion to their numbers. To that Church belong Dr. John Arbuthnot, the wit of Queen Anne's day; the great creator of commercial law, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; John Skinner, author of '*Tullochgorum*;' James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; Dr. Pitcairn, famous as physician, poet, and wit (also *sub regno Annæ*); Bishop Robert Keith, of Edinburgh; James, the poet of the '*Sabbath*;' the grammarian and scholar, Thomas Ruddiman; the field-marshal and statesman of Prussia, James Keith; the last Earl Marischal, George Keith; the man who made the glories of his country known to Christendom at large, Sir Walter Scott; his accomplished son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart; one of the most humane and greatest of all physiologists, Sir Charles Bell, and George Joseph Bell, the lawyer; the fairest, perhaps, and most conscientious of all her historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler; the greatest of all botanists since Linnæus, Dr. Robert Brown, of the British Museum; the late Regius Professor



of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Nicol; Dr. Bell, founder of the Madras school; Mr. Gleig, the author of the 'Subaltern,' now Chaplain-General of the Forces; Professors Kelland, Innes, and Laycock, of Edinburgh; Professors Grub and Ogilvy, of Aberdeen; the wit and poet, Professor Aytoun; the metaphysician, Professor Ferrier, of S. Andrews; the antiquary, Professor Skene, of Glasgow, (may we not add another eminent antiquary, Mr. Cosmo Innes?) and that admirable scholar, Professor Ramsay; and the late much respected Professor of Greek, Sir Daniel Sandford. And hers, too, is the graceful purity and chivalrous feeling that breathe from the pages of Lord Lindsay; the historic lore and skill in art displayed by Mr. Stirling, of Keir, and Lord Elcho. To her belong Lady Anne Lindsay, author of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and other touching ballads; and Miss Catherine Sinclair, whose 'Modern Accomplishments and Modern Society' display (to say nothing of the excellence of their tone) a sprightliness of dialogue and brilliance of repartee quite unsurpassed by any similar production in England; and the author of that history, which, with whatever defects it may be charged, must ever remain a perfect storehouse of exact information most lucidly arranged and most impartially set forth, Sir Archibald Alison; the Coryphæus of those who have attempted to circulate valuable and innocent knowledge among the people, Mr. Robert Chambers; and the famous antiquary, George Chalmers, the author of 'Caledonia.' Hers, too, have been theologians such as 'Gadderar, Sage, Campbell, Rattray, the most learned British divines of the eighteenth century;' and Bishop William Forbes, of Edinburgh, and the saintly-minded Archbishop Leighton. Oh! is it well for Scotchmen, who take delight in the glories of their native land, to speak with scorn and contumely of the spiritual mother of such sons as these?<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Students of recent works on the history and antiquities of Scotland must have constantly met the name of one gentleman, to whom the various authors almost invariably make acknowledgment: we mean that of one, who is perhaps the first among her living antiquaries—Joseph Robertson, Esq., of the Register Office, Edinburgh. Its omission from the above hastily drawn-up (and therefore probably imperfect) list, may suggest to some one the idea that assistance from this quarter has been obtained by the writer. Such inference would not be wholly incorrect; although Mr. Robertson has not seen a single sentence of this article before its publication, and might probably dissent from several of its positions; yet it is so impossible to have discussed any part of the subject with him, even in brief conversations, without the greatest advantage, that we cannot refrain from adding our very humble tribute to the multitude he has already received. With many a student of history and antiquities, we may express our admiration at a fulness and exactness of knowledge, ever imparted with the utmost liberality and courtesy to all who seek to draw from its stores; with many a brother Churchman, our deep sense of a zeal and wisdom that are prized alike by clergy and by laity.

Such are some few of the aspects of Scotland as gazed on by an English eye. Deeply conscious are we that the glance is not that of a particularly keen-sighted or impartial vision; but some allowance may be made for one who, without any lofty pretensions, has wandered over comparatively untrodden ground. Almost with the Roman of old may we exclaim, in well-known words,—

‘Avia Pieridum peragro loco, nullius ante  
Trita solo:’

but we will not add with him that we delight to pluck its flowers,—

‘Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam.’

We neither expect nor seek such coronal: enough, if we have indicated some paths which others may tread with more success. Much has been left untouched. The Highlands, with their Celtic population and deep problems of political economy, largely discussed in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ and touched on (in an opposite spirit) by the novelist, Mr. Grant, and in the graceful tale of the ‘Rona Pass;’ the degree of honour paid to Walter Scott in his own country, somewhat less, Mrs. Stowe thinks, than she expected—a phenomenon for which she partially (but only partially) accounts; the work and position of the first ‘Edinburgh Reviewers,’ a subject treated with much ability, but by no means exhausted, by Mr. Walter Bagshot;—these and numberless similar themes are left by us to other hands.

On the general questions here glanced at, the reader may obtain much information from the works at the head of this article. We might also recommend Lord Lindsay’s delightful ‘Lives of the Lindsays,’ and any of the publications of Mr. Robert Chambers, as *e.g.* his ‘Memorials of Edinburgh.’ As for the letters and poetry of Burns and the Waverley Novels, with their rich store of appended notes, *cela va sans dire*. The less pleasing features of Scottish domestic life of some fifty years since, may be seen in Galt’s powerful novel, the ‘Entail;’ a more modern and more gratifying portraiture in Miss Muloch’s ‘Head of the Family.’ The papers on Scotland, in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ during the last few years, especially such as are evidently from North-British pens (‘Glasgow down the Water’ *et similia*), have been very excellent, while the lighter touches of national manners and modes of thought have been furnished by the gifted editor of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ with a good humour and playfulness of wit, which often follow, at no inordinate distance, in the track of Scott himself.

It were contrary to time-honoured custom to write anything

on Scotland without quoting her historian's famous *dictum*, respecting the *præfervidum Scotorum ingenium*. Now of the elegance of Buchanan's scholarship, and the general felicity of his epithets, there can be no question; and yet—not without some feeling of alarm at our own boldness—we *do* venture to express a doubt whether this thousand-times repeated description does exactly convey to the ear of the stranger a precise characterization of the Scottish temperament. (Mr. Robert Chambers, we observe in passing, so far helps us in that he assigns the epithet to the Celtic element in the compound organization of his countrymen.) The celebrated phrase would suggest to us the idea of a somewhat feverish and impatient, and perhaps changeful temper, like that of the Athenians or the Parisians, instead of the tenacious, persevering, and indomitable energy of Scotland. Rather, with much diffidence, would we suggest the fitness of the words applied to Brutus of yore; '*Quicquid vult, id valde vult.*' Intensity, alike in good and evil, is, we imagine, the leading feature of the national character. This it was that struck us after a few years' residence; this it was which (we afterwards found) struck Lord Macaulay in studying one part of Scotch history, and subsequently Mr. Froude when studying another and earlier portion of the same history.

Those who are furthest from the acceptance of the general views of these eminent writers, may yet, we suppose, in this case admit the force and justice of their eloquent descriptions.<sup>1</sup> How far this intensity reaches, and what are its limits, we must leave to others to discuss. It may be (we do not pretend to judge), that Scotch exclusives *are* superlatively exclusive, and more likely than any others of our day, to drive those of a lower grade, by the force of reaction, into radicalism. It may be, that the English sharper almost invariably finds himself outwitted in Edinburgh. It may be, that the Scot, who does combine high professions of religion with unscrupulousness in business, becomes more deeply dyed with hypocrisy than his neighbours. But sure we are, that the intensity is not in one direction only. England boasts, and not without cause, of the affection of her domestic hearths; and yet even England must probably, in this respect, succumb to her northern sister. *Something* have we seen of Scottish family life in almost every rank; and the concord and devotedness of affection cannot possibly, we think, be outdone. The same intensity may be traced, as has been intimated, in the display of many other virtues, as courage, hardihood, endurance,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Macaulay's is, we think, in Vol. III., and Mr. Froude's in the opening pages of Vol. III. of *his* history.

perseverance. Even many of their faults border upon great merits. If they are proud, let us ask what nation of men so independent is free from pride; if they are intolerant, let us think well whether a merely easy going latitudinarianism would ever have reared and sustained the very wonderful fabric of the Free Kirk.

From the judgment of England upon Scotland there lies an appeal to Europe and the world at large. Far be it from us to argue, as a famous Scotchman (Mr. Carlyle) seems to do, that worldly success is any proof of a special blessing from above; but something there must be of marvellous strength of will, and perseverance, and versatility in a race tried in so many times and climes, and not found wanting. Think how many Caledonian surnames gem the lists of our Anglo-Indian statesmen and warriors. In the middle ages, Scotch teachers of philosophy were sought abroad (Joannes Duns Scotus was probably Caledonian); and in our own days, the prince of modern German metaphysicians, Emmanuel Kant, was of Scotch extraction. From Scotland sprang that paragon, the admirable Crichton, once thought a mythical personage, but proved by Tytler to be a reality. Hers were Bellenden and Adamson, and (by descent) the author of *Argenis*, Barclay. Thirteen Scotch regiments served under Gustavus Adolphus, as others, too often (before and since), did good service to the crown of France. William Paterson, the originator of the Bank of England, was Scotch; and so was Cromwell's able ambassador at Paris, Sir William Lockhart. If Law, of the South Sea Bubble, wrought his country no small disgrace in Paris, at least the British ambassador of the day (Lord Stair) held aloof from Law, when in the zenith of his power. Hers, too, are the gallant and chivalrous Keiths; and the great engraver, Sir Robert Strange; and Sir Alexander Mitchell, our ambassador to Frederick the Great.<sup>1</sup> Wonderful it is, too, to remember, that the most successful retreat made before the greatest of modern captains (that of the Russians, in 1812), was conducted by a commander of Scottish descent, Barclay de Tolly; and that, among all the far-famed names of the marshals on the opposing side, under Napoleon, the one who yielded to none in valour, and surpassed all in humanity and good faith, was a warrior who bore a time-honoured and historic Scottish name, a scion of the house of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles.

Some of our English friends resident in Scotland will, we know, accuse us of being too favourable. We have neither time nor space left to defend ourselves, by anticipation, from their

<sup>1</sup> See, for many details, the spirited papers in 'Blackwood,' in the spring of 1856, entitled, the 'Scot Abroad,' to which we must acknowledge our obligations.

attacks. But if from any Scottish readers a very different charge should proceed, let them remember how worthless, after all, is indiscriminating eulogy; let them, in charity, give us credit for a real desire to be honest and truthful, and be assured that our good wishes are thoroughly with the land they love. May she flourish alike by flood and fell, in village and in city, more especially in her two capitals—the metropolis of rank and law and art, the metropolis of wealth and commercial enterprise. *Floreat Edina; floreat Glasgwa; floreat universa Caledonia!*

ART. II.—*Vetus Testamentum Græce, Juxta LXX. Interpretes. Recensionem Grabianam Ad Fidem Codicis Alexandrini Aliorumque Denuo Recognovit, Græca Secundum Ordinem Textus Hebraei Reformavit, Libros Apocryphos A Canonicis Segregavit* FRIDERICUS FIELD, A.A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab. olim Socius. Sumtibus Societatis De Promovenda Doctrina Christiana. Oxonii: Excudebat Jacobus Wright, Academiæ Typographus. MDCCCLIX. Pp. 1088.

FROM an untold antiquity, perhaps coeval with the age of the Ptolemies, and from causes which are equally unknown and unknowable, the MSS. of the LXX. have always existed in a deplorable state of confusion and mutilation. It was the opinion of Grabe, that the notable transpositions of chapters towards the close of Exodus arose from some blunder in stitching the rolls or leaves of the Hebrew copy, originally sent by the Sanhedrim to Alexandria. Though we can hardly admit this conjecture, we are at a loss to propose a better. And the same confession will apply to many other transpositions and mutilations which occur simultaneously in all the collated MSS. of the LXX.

Perhaps nothing can more clearly evince the extreme deference and veneration which have always been paid to this Greek version of the Old Testament, than the almost superstitious delicacy with which its faults and imperfections have been treated. As a version, nothing can be more self-evident than that its order of chapter and verse should conform to that of the original; yet the primitive Church never attempted even this exterior restoration. Even Origen could not prevail on his brethren to adopt the Hebrew standard. The Hexapla was deposited in the library of the Church of Cæsarea, in Palestine, and there it remained unnoticed till the days of S. Jerome.

Though the order of the Hebrew was now made patent by the Latin version, yet, amidst all the disputes between SS. Jerome and Augustine, respecting the comparative authority of the Hebrew and the LXX., we do not recollect that any attempt was made to bring them into one and the same series. The elder Latin versions were taken from the LXX., and were still in use in many Churches to the age of Constantine. And when, at length, the translation of S. Jerome triumphed, it produced no influence whatever on the order, or rather disorder, of



the LXX. Neither in the Eastern nor the Western Church was there any proposal to bring the text of the Hebrew original and the Greek version into the same external unity and sequence.

Nor at the era of the Reformation did Luther or Calvin, or any of their followers, essay this plain and perilless Biblical revision. It remained for a Spanish cardinal, even against the protests of Romanists, to achieve this great *desideratum*. It was Ximenes who planned and executed the Complutensian Polyglott; and it consumed the labours of more than twenty years to accomplish this magnificent undertaking. As to the LXX., we are now assured by Cardinal Mai, the editor was aided by the best MSS. from the Vatican, and thus all the idle suspicions respecting their value are negatived.<sup>1</sup> Nor was Ximenes unworthy of the treasures committed to his charge. Instead of printing the Septuagint merely as he found it, in all its prescribed mutilations and disorder, he resolutely '*took the bull by the horns*;' he not only collated the best MSS. to obtain an improved text, but he adjusted the transpositions, he filled up the *lacunæ*, and thus brought the Greek columns into correspondence with those of the Hebraic text.

As might have been expected, this first attempt was not entirely successful. The dislocations were rectified, but for some of the *lacunæ* Ximenes could not find MS. authority. 'With a grace beyond the reach of art' (which we cannot *critically* justify), he now and then Hellenised the Latin Vulgate! If any one is inclined to be severe on the boldness of Ximenes, let him remember the negligence of our Walton. There are some scores of pages in our Anglican Polyglott, in which the parallel columns of the Hebrew and the Septuagint are at total variance!

When we consider the long endurance of these palpable anomalies, and that, during three centuries, men of learning, nay and whole universities, should have tamely submitted to print and reprint this venerated Greek version of the Old Testament in such a disreputable state of chaos and confusion, we deem it no slight honour to the 'Christian Knowledge Society' to have removed this stigma from Biblical literature.

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<sup>1</sup> There is an internal evidence for the value and integrity of the Complutensian text which we do not think has ever been adverted to. It is this. Nearly the whole of Genesis is wanting in the Vat. MS. When the Roman Edit. (1586) appeared, the whole of that large hiatus was necessarily filled up from other MSS. accessible to the Sixtine editors. But whoever compares the Genesis of the Complutensian, with that of the Roman Edition, will find they are substantially alike. It is plain, then, that they worked out their text from the same MSS., viz. the Venetian of Bessarion and that of Carafa, which are distinctly recognised by the Roman editors.

By many, we believe, it was deemed utterly impracticable, though Grabe, in his Dissertation (*De Variis Vitiis LXX. Interpp.* Oxon. 1710), had actually supplied the remedies. So lately as 1848, the learned Professor Gaisford was content to publish an edition of the Septuagint 'Secundum Exemplar Vaticanum,' with all the mutilations, transpositions, and interpolations of the Sixtine (1586) in the text, though some of the *lacunæ* were supplied from the Alexandrian MS. in the lower margin. Now, if any one will collate this standard Oxford Edition with that of Mr. Field, he will at once be enabled to judge of their comparative merits. Let him compare, *e. g.* the latter chapters of Exodus, or the Third Book of Kings, or nearly the whole of Jeremiah, and he will be at no loss to form his estimate. In the Oxford Edition, the eye is constantly offended with wrong numbering of verses, with misplacement of chapters, with unfilled chasms, with gross interpolations. The books, canonical and uncanonical, follow each other in unscriptural confusion; no attempt is made to correct the orthography or punctuation, and the same proper name occurs in every variety of letter. We do not wish to be severe on the past, but while demanding the absence of such anomalies for the future, we feel assured, that if the delegates of the Clarendon continue to adhere to the Vatican text, they will revise it with the same care, acumen, and discretion, as Mr. Field has displayed in this recension of the Alexandrian.

We are of opinion that the interests of the Greek version will be more successfully prosecuted by distinct attention to either of these MSS. than by attempting to amalgamate them in one text. They have each their own characteristics, and their respective advantages, and we may say of them, as of Cæsar and Pompey, '*Magis pares quam similes.*' The MSS. of the Eastern Church should be selected to improve the Alexandrian text, whilst those of the Western Church should be preferred for the Vatican. Even in their orthography we would not disturb their peculiarities, but they should be rendered, as far as practicable, uniform in each. Above all, their Hellenisms should not be tampered with, and no endeavour should be used to bring them to a more classical standard.

It is by close and habitual collation of the Hebrew text with the Greek version that we shall attain the most accurate knowledge of the Old Testament. Even where the version apparently differs, it often throws much light on an obscure passage. It leads to some train of thought, which explores the secret. Let no man attempt to exalt the one, by the depreciation of the other. It is by their mutual assistance that we shall best understand 'the mind of the Spirit.'—'*Alterius sic altera poscit*

*opem res, et conjurat amicè.*' No force should be used in the alliance; we should attend patiently and respectfully to each, and then infer the result.

We dread the application of classical taste to Jewish documents, just as we should protest against the intermixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture. They have their respective beauties, but they do not admit of assimilation. It is much to the credit of the editor of S. Chrysostom, that he has not indulged that fascinating delicacy in his Septuagintal emendations, which is thought to have influenced and injured Bishop Lowth as a Hebrew critic. Yet he confesses (*Prolegg.* p. xxii.) that he may occasionally have been rather too scrupulous. All our lexicons abound with attempts to destroy the characteristics of the Hellenistic style. They are curious in hunting out some phrase in some tragic or comic writer, which may protect the philological honour of a Prophet or an Apostle. What arrant trifling is this, if not something worse! Every Hebraism in the LXX., or the New Testament, is a mark of authenticity. It bears witness to their Jewish origin, to the age and country in which they were composed. What endless pains and labour have Messrs. Raphelius, Elsner, Kypke, and a host of Dutch and German critics endured to diminish and deaden these philological evidences!

It is the intimate connexion, or rather the union, of the Septuagint version with the New Testament, which must ever endear its memory to the Christian mind. The early Fathers saluted it as '*The port of the Gentiles,*' and well they might, for it is not easy to conceive how the Gentiles could have been brought into the Christian Church, without the translation of the Old Testament into Greek. None but Jews could have made such a version. The Hebrew language was unknown to the rest of the world. It was executed just at the time when Macedonic Greek was spread over the East by the conquests of Alexander. Large numbers of Jews were living at Alexandria, the chief port of Mediterranean commerce, and they naturally desired this translation of Moses and the Prophets into Macedonic Greek; but their Judaic traditions forbade them departing from Hebrew phraseology. Hence arose that peculiar style which we term Hellenistic, and which distinguishes the Septuagint and the New Testament from classic Greek.

This version was begun, according to Prideaux, about 270 years before the Christian era, and probably it was not finished till towards the close of that century. It was then that Scipio had triumphed over Hannibal in Africa, and put an end to the Second Punic War. The younger Antiochus soon after passed over into Asia Minor, and made considerable conquests.

'Having found,' says Prideaux, 'the Jews of Babylonia and Mesopotamia very serviceable and steady to his interest, he entertained a great opinion of their fidelity. And therefore, on some commotions in Phrygia and Lydia, he ordered 2,000 families of those Babylonian and Mesopotamian Jews to be sent thither for the suppression of those seditions. It was from these Jews, who were afterwards scattered in great numbers over Asia Minor, that their descendants were so numerous and influential on these coasts, in the early days of Christianity.'

This is valuable information, but it is little known and seldom alluded to. It shows how the Churches on the coasts of Asia Minor became the head-quarters of Christianity, it proves the vast influence of the Septuagint, and it accounts for the numerous citations of S. Paul from the Hellenistic version. It was at Ephesus and Smyrna, not at Athens or Sparta, but in Macedonia, where the Gospel achieved its apostolic triumphs. It was the Hellenistic Jew, not the Grecian sophist, who became its earliest convert. The reason is plain and self-evident. He had been accustomed to read the Alexandrian version. He was familiar with its doctrinal and prophetic language; he now heard S. Paul explaining the same doctrines, and developing the same prophecies.—'What doth this babbler say?' 'He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods,' was the jesting exclamation of the Attic sophist. Nor were the Greek idolaters at Ephesus more favourable, when they exclaimed, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Yet there was a great underlying *stratum* of Jewish Hellenists all along the shores of the Ægæan and Mediterranean, stretching from Bithynia to Cilicia, and it was chiefly from these Hellenists that the earliest Christian converts were collected.

Nor was a still later Antiochus, surnamed Sidetes, B. C. 136, less instrumental to the diffusion of the LXX. by his barbarous cruelties at Alexandria. 'He drove abroad,' says Prideaux, quoting Athenæus, 'grammarians, philosophers, geometricians, physicians, and other professors of arts and sciences into Greece, the Lesser Asia, and the Isles.' Amongst these were, doubtless, multitudes of learned Jews, who carried the knowledge of the Septuagint far and wide. The wars of the Maccabees at the same time must have greatly contributed to the same effect, and they also manifest that Providential wisdom, which was preparing the world for the Christian era.

But why should we appeal to Prideaux or Athenæus? The evidence is in the hands of all who possess the New Testament. On the day of Pentecost 'there were dwelling at Jerusalem, devout men out of every nation under heaven.' 'Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judæa, and

‘Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians.’ Who was the herald that collected this world-wide multitude? What mighty talisman attracted these motley throngs to Palestine? Only one answer can be returned. It was this very version of the Old Testament. It was ‘the Star in the East’ which conducted these proselytes to the Temple. ‘And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah, from the four corners of the earth.’ We adduce this prediction only as an accommodation, but we feel that it vividly represents the truth of our argument.

And here we may remark on the ignorance and folly of those Protestant prejudices, which would decry the value and importance of that supplement to the canon of the Old Testament, which we call the Apocrypha. We should know comparatively but little of the Jewish history between the age of Nehemiah and S. John, if we had been deprived of the Books of Maccabees. Nor could we have appreciated the excellence of their moral writings, had we been ignorant of the Books of Ecclesiasticus or Wisdom. But the philological value of these works, in reference to the phraseology of the New Testament, can be known only by a minute collation of their style and correspondence. As might be expected, they approach more nearly to the style and idiom of the New Testament than any of the canonical books. This may be explained on two considerations. First, they are original compositions, not translations. The version is always more or less hampered by the fetters of the original. Secondly, they exhibit the Hellenistic style in a more recent aspect. So like are some chapters of the Maccabees to some of the Acts, that, if it were not for the difference of matter, they might be almost mistaken for each other.

But the inestimable importance of the version of the LXX. has not been sufficiently estimated, as an irrefragable evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament. It was made sufficiently long before the Christian era to free it from all suspicions of forgery, and to give it all the weight of an independent authority. It is cited more than 2,000 times by Philo, as any one may see from the ‘Index Locorum’ of Mangey. Made by Jews, it cannot be convicted of Christian prejudice, and therefore it stands an unassailable witness of the ‘Hebraïca Veritas.’ Without such a witness, it might have been whispered, ‘Perhaps the Jewish Scriptures are a Jewish imposture.’ It remains also a permanent interpreter of their meaning, for without this interpreter they would have been vague and uncer-

tain as hieroglyphics. And then how vast is its importance to the authenticity of the New Testament! How could the New Testament have been written in Greek, if there had not been a Greek Old Testament in general use? Or how could our Lord have appealed with effect to Moses and the prophets, if he had endorsed his own appeals from Hebrew into Greek?

The fact is plain and undeniable that, in the greater number of citations from the Old Testament, the Evangelists and Apostles have adopted the very words of the Greek version, and that they have occasionally preferred it, even where it differs from the original. This plain and undeniable fact, we say, must ever entitle it to the peculiar reverence of the Christian student. Nor should we forget, that during the first 300 years of the Christian Church, it formed the only Bible of public worship. With the single exception of Origen, not one of the Fathers could consult the Hebrew text, till the days of S. Jerome. Every version, except the older Syriac, was taken from the LXX. It forms the Bible of the Eastern Church to the present day. Such facts bespeak their own importance—they also declare the importance of that edition of the LXX. which is now before us.

As the edition, which we are reviewing, has been undertaken under the direction and at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we are sure that our readers will be gratified by our reprinting this extract from the 'Report of the Foreign Translation Committee, July, 1859:—

'The labours of the Foreign Translation Committee have now extended over a quarter of a century; and in presenting this, their twenty-fifth annual report, the Committee have the satisfaction of being able to mark such an epoch in the history of their proceedings, by laying before the Board a work of so important a character as their new edition of the Greek Septuagint, just published. When they presented their Report this time last year to the Board, the Committee expressed a hope that this work might have appeared before Christmas. And that object might, indeed, have been effected, if they had been able to satisfy themselves with publishing merely the Greek text alone. But, considering that this edition of the Septuagint differs, in some respects very materially, from all that have preceded it, while it had required no ordinary amount of learning, and of critical skill and care, to revise, and arrange, and carry through the press such a text as was contemplated by the Committee, it was thought that it would be neither satisfactory to the public, nor fair to the learned and conscientious editor, Mr. Field, to put forth a work of such importance, without some explanation of the objects for which it was undertaken, and the principle and plan on which it had been conducted and accomplished, together with some sufficient indication of the careful and judicious criticism which had been brought to bear upon it. And the Committee feel confident that, when the "Prolegomena" prefixed to the text, and the "Colatio" which forms an appendix to the volume, come to be examined, it will be allowed that it was well worth while to have delayed the publication, for the sake of inserting such valuable and satisfactory documents.



'This edition of the Septuagint, it will be remembered, was undertaken with the sanction of the Board, five years ago, when the Foreign Translation Committee stated that their object should be to produce such a text, as might be both serviceable to Biblical students at home, and also acceptable, at the same time, to the Greek Church, for whose benefit they had already printed one edition of the Septuagint at Athens. The Athens edition, in four volumes, was printed from the Moscow edition of the Bible, which was the one in common use in the East, and might consequently be considered as exhibiting the authorized text of the Greek Church; and, with the ready and entire approval of the Synod of Attica, in this reprint of the text under their own superintendence, the apocryphal were separated from the canonical books, and formed the fourth volume of the work. The apocryphal parts of the books of Esther and Daniel were, however, inadvertently left where they were found in the Moscow edition; and although these portions were, in some instances, easily detected by not being divided into verses at all, and in other cases were marked by a separate numbering of verses of their own, which distinguished them from the canonical portions of the chapters to which they were attached, yet those interpolations were considered sufficient cause for not placing that edition on the Society's catalogue for sale in this country.

'The Codex Alexandrinus is the basis of the Moscow text, which is, in fact, nothing else than a creditably accurate reprint of Grabe's, or rather of Breitinger's revision of Grabe's edition of the Septuagint. To accomplish the double object, therefore, proposed by the Committee, it was necessary to adopt this text; and it was determined, in this newly-revised edition, not only to separate all the apocryphal matter from the canonical books, but also to remove the inconveniences arising from the unaccountable dislocations of chapters and verses, which occur in certain books of the Septuagint, by rearranging them according to the order of the Hebrew text. This desideratum the Committee trust it will be found that Mr. Field has skilfully and successfully accomplished. And he has so accomplished it, as still to show what the previous arrangement of the Greek text was. For while, for the manifest convenience of Biblical students, the text of this edition reads, chapter and verse, side by side with the Hebrew, and with all translations from it; an additional and collateral numbering of chapters and verses, where necessary, in brackets, shows what was before the order of the Greek. In one case, that of the thirty-sixth and following three chapters of Exodus, where the confusion of the Greek text is so great that the two separate arrangements could not be distinctly marked in that manner, the text *in extenso*, just as it stands in the Septuagints hitherto in use, is printed in a smaller type, below the arranged text of this edition. The additions to the books of Esther and Daniel are removed and placed with the apocryphal books, as in our English Bibles; and all those shorter apocryphal interpolations in other books, which could not be conveniently removed and printed by themselves, such, for instance, as the allusion to the bee in the sixth chapter of Proverbs, are, in this edition, marked with inverted commas.

'With regard to the text itself, no pains have been spared to render it as satisfactory as possible. Mr. Field's character, as a learned, judicious, and accurate editor, was already established by his valuable labours upon the Homilies of S. Chrysostom; and in his late editorial labours in the service of this Society, he was well supplied with all needful means and appliances for the satisfactory accomplishment of the task imposed upon him. Besides his own resources, the University library and the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, afforded him important helps. Through the very liberal kindness of the trustees of the British Museum, the Committee were enabled, without cost, to provide him with a copy of Mr. Baber's *fac-simile* of the Codex Alexandrinus; and wherever, in the course of his

labours, there appeared to be any reason to question the accuracy of Mr. Baber's work, the original Codex was carefully examined. And the Foreign Translation Committee feel themselves bound to take this opportunity of acknowledging, with gratitude, the ready courtesy with which every facility of reference to that precious manuscript was at all times afforded them. It is only just also to add, at the same time, that, as the use which has been made of Mr. Baber's fac-simile, in preparing this edition of the Septuagint, has tested, so also has it confirmed the claim of his work to the character of remarkable accuracy.'

It should be added, that this edition presents a fine example of Greek typography in the Porson type, and that it does much credit to Mr. Wright, the late-appointed academical printer to the University of Oxford.

Perhaps the scope and catholicity of the Greek version are not generally estimated in compass and extent. Considered merely as a translation of the Hebrew, it is liable to many critical animadversions. Designed by Providence chiefly as an introduction to the Christian Church, it softens the Jewish element, even at the expense of verbal accuracy; and frequently enlarges the bounds of a title, a promise, or prediction, beyond the grammatical limits of the original. Take, *e.g.* the word יהוה as represented by Κύριος, to which so many Hebraists have objected. If the LXX. had not used Κύριος as the representative of יהוה, how could we have inferred the Deity of our Lord in the New Testament, from his being called *Lord*? Or suppose that our translators had used *Jehovah* in the Old, and *Lord* in the New Testament, what dissonance and confusion would it not have occasioned in the mind of the reader! The real value of the Greek version is thus elicited by the very objections which have been brought against it. We should consider it, therefore, not as a mere translation, but as a Providential instrument for preparing the way for the Christian dispensation. Without claiming for it direct inspiration, we may view it as a special document employed by the Head of the Church for the advancement of His spiritual kingdom. It was the conductor of Judaism to Christianity. To estimate its importance we have only to suppose its absence.

We rejoice to behold an increasing attention and respect to the study of this Canonical version. From the ignorance of Hebrew amongst the early Fathers, the version was unduly exalted to the seat of the original; but amongst the Protestants, since the Reformation, its value has been much underrated and its study sadly neglected. It has been hastily concluded that, because we have the original, we have no need of the version. The 'Hebraïca Veritas' has been contrasted with the 'Græcia Mendax,' and the disputes of SS. Jerome and Augustine have been most unreasonably revived.

It were needless and impertinent to prove that an original must ever be intrinsically superior to a copy, and that the value of the copy must depend on its likeness to the original. But when the original is dark and obscure, the copy rises in its comparative value, just as the borrowed light of the moon is of essential value at night, when the orb of day is intercepted by the earth. We may explain our meaning by a few considerations. The Hebrew language was never general like that of Greece. It was confined to the nation set apart from all other nations; it was designed to keep them separate and distinct from the surrounding Gentiles. Such was the Hebrew of the patriarchs, of the Pentateuch, and of the earlier books of the Old Testament. But when the Jews were carried into captivity, and especially during the Babylonish captivity of seventy years, they lost in a great measure their use of Hebrew as a vernacular, and adopted a mixture of Chaldee and Syrian, as their spoken language. The Hebrew was still studied by men of learning, by their Rabbis, and Doctors of the Law; but it was expounded to the Palestinians in that Syro-Chaldaic which we find in the Targums, whilst to the Jews scattered abroad, it was explained in the Greek of the Septuagint.

At the fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, the Temple worship was destroyed, and with it perished the knowledge of Hebrew, except amongst a few of the learned Jews. Till the days of S. Jerome, A.D. 400, not a single Christian, except Origen, could read or understand the Hebrew text. The learned read and studied the Septuagint version, and the common people had the old Latin version of the LXX., called the *Itala*. We are now speaking of the Western Church. In the East, the Greek version was never superseded; and whatever versions were made in Arabic, Æthiopian, or Coptic, were professedly taken from the LXX.

After one thousand years of mediæval obscurity, the light of learning began to dawn, and with it some faint attempts to revive the knowledge of Hebrew. By the help of Jews, Buxtorf and others cultivated this study very assiduously. This may be termed Judaic, or traditional Hebrew. But at a later period, Schultens and others called in the aid of the Arabic and other cognate languages to enlarge this study, and in our day Gesenius has distinguished himself by a far more copious collation of Oriental dialects. Now, we do not mean to deny the value and utility of these more extended philological researches; but even their value must intimate the darkness and obscurity which overhang the study of Biblical Hebrew. We think, therefore, that Professor Lee was fully justified in saying, that more real light can be obtained from the LXX., in the study of Biblical Hebrew, than from all the lexicons, grammars,

and commentaries of Hebrew scholars, whether ancient or modern.

Nor is it hard to account for this superiority of the Greek version over every other subsidiary, in our study of the Hebrew text. It was a version made by Jews long before the Christian era, for the express purpose of aiding their brethren to read Moses and the Prophets in the Greek language, which was then becoming the chief medium of intercourse between the Eastern and Western peoples. The Greek of Alexandria naturally partook of the Macedonic dialect, and combined with the Hebraic element to form that peculiar phraseology which we term Hellenistic. Their version is consequently Macedonic Greek expressed in Hebrew idioms. It is the half-way house between the Old and the New Testament. But this is the exact *desideratum* for the interpretation of the Hebrew text in its connexion with Christianity. Nothing would have been more difficult or precarious, than to ascertain the exact import of doctrinal terms in Moses and the Prophets, had they not been interpreted by Jews, before the coming of Christ, in the very same terms as those which are used by the Evangelists and Apostles. The interchange is so complete that it is difficult to say on which side the balance inclines—whether the Old Testament, or the New, be the more indebted to the LXX.

The early Fathers, though ignorant of Hebrew, well understood the force of this argument, in its reference to the Gentiles, and the preparation of the world for the advent of Messias. They often magnify this version—as ‘Porta Gentilium,’ and ‘Ostium ad Christum.’ As their study of the Old Testament was almost entirely confined to the Septuagint, they estimated its value by its connexion with the language of the Gospels and Epistles. Whatever excellence or authority belong to the Patristic interpretation of the ancient Scriptures, is based on their knowledge and study of the Septuagint.

Now, without claiming any direct inspiration for this Greek version, it deserves the consideration of all who feel reverence for ecclesiastical antiquity, whether the utmost veneration be not due to that text, which constituted during three hundred years the sole light and instruction of Christendom in reference to the Old Testament. Until it can be shown, that the comments of modern divines on Moses and the Prophets are superior to those of SS. Basil, Theodoret, Chrysostom, Ambrose, or Augustine, we think we should pause in vaunting our Hebraic elevation. The truth is, whatever we can know of Biblical Hebrew is chiefly gained from the LXX., or from versions derived from the LXX. It is easy to assert the superiority of the Hebrew, as the original, but it is very difficult to prove that we can obtain an exact knowledge of Hebrew, *per se*.

Look at any Hebrew lexicon, mark the numberless conjectures, the endless doubts and speculations, and then say, how great would have been our darkness, without the Greek interpreter.

We have now arrived at a position where we can duly estimate the value of Mr. Field's labours, and the merits of the Christian Knowledge Society. To recapitulate what we have said, this Greek version—this guide and guardian of the Gentiles, this companion of Evangelists and Apostles, and this text-book of the early Church—has hitherto been left in the most reproachful state of confusion and mutilation. Though it is impossible to tell the age or origin of this chaos, there is neither danger nor difficulty in showing, that it ought long since to have been remedied and removed. Nothing can be more plain than that the version should follow the order of the original; nothing can be more self-evident than that verses and chapters misplaced should be arranged in their proper sequence: yet these plain, self-evident axioms have heretofore been never acted on. They have formed the complaints of the Church from the days of Origen to those of Professor Gaisford, and yet (with the illustrious exception of Ximenes and the Complutensian) we have wept and mourned over the *lacunæ*, the mutilations and interpolations of the LXX., whilst we have been actively engaged in emending Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and the whole host of classical pagans. We heartily rejoice that we have lived to see an end of this strange indifference, and that we shall no longer be taunted with the countless disorders and confusion of the LXX. We shall now read the version as it walks *pari passu* with the Hebrew original. Our parallel columns will no longer be of the zigzag fashion; Deuteronomy will no longer be at war with arithmetic, and Jeremiah will cease to lament over our ill-treatment. The Psalmist will sing 'a new song' in unbroken melody.

The text here selected is the Alexandrian, as it was primarily intended for the use of the Greek Church; but as the Vatican text has obtained the preference, not only in England, but on the Continent, it is desirable that a similar revision should hereafter be made of the Roman edition, which is far more defective.

We cannot conclude this notice, without adverting to the happy, perhaps we might say, the providential coincidence of the Public Lecture, which has recently been established at Oxford, for setting forth the importance and utility of the Septuagint. When we consider how little the study of Hellenistic Greek has hitherto been encouraged, and that attention to the peculiar idiom of the New Testament has been chiefly relegated to Dissenting academies, we hail this appointment of a Helle-

nistic Lecturer, as an important accession to our academical staff. Whilst we have a Regius Professor of Greek, and Regius Professor of Hebrew, we may well admit a Public Terminal Reader on the LXX. in connexion with the phraseology of the New Testament. Nor would we confine the Prelector to mere philological illustration. Let him show the wide influence of this version as the forerunner of the Evangelists and Apostles. Let him trace its historical origin and progress—let him develop its universal influence in the primitive Church—let him demonstrate its importance, as the intermediate station between Judaism and Christianity. Let him exhibit its position, as the Pharos of the Eastern Church, and the parent of the Eastern versions. Above all, let him demonstrate its importance, as a standing evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament, as the companion of the Hebrew, and the interpreter of the Greek. Such a lecture, delivered with competent talent and learning, cannot fail to arrest the attention of a large number of students, and particularly of those designed for the Church. The appointment is biennial, and thus every undergraduate will be enabled to compare two different lecturers. We hope it will pass into the hands of many young and rising men, who will do honour to themselves and credit to the University, who will render their prelections at once attractive and useful, and thus prevent the danger and disgrace of its merging into that Slough of Despond—the *Wall Lecture*.

The splendid encomium of Bishop Walton may well constitute our peroration:—

‘Inter Græcas Vet. Test. Versiones principem locum meritò obtinet, celebris illa LXXII. Interpretum, nobile istud Synagogæ et Ecclesiæ monumentum; quippe quæ in tanto honore fuerit tam apud Judæos, quàm Christianos, tum Orientis, tum Occidentis, ut ab illis in Synagogis, ab his fere sola, vel ex eâ factæ Versiones, in Ecclesiis publicè prælegerentur. Ex hæc reliquæ Versiones omnes ab Ecclesiâ antiquitùs approbatæ (solâ exceptâ Syriacâ) traductæ sunt: viz. Arabica, Æthiopica, Armena, Illyrica, Gothica, et Latina Vetus ante Hieronymum; nec aliam Ecclesia Græca, et pleræque Orientales in hunc usque diem agnoscunt, hæc solâ contenti. Hanc Patres et Theologi, tam Græci quàm Latini commentariis illustrârunt, et in scriptis suis ubique citârunt: Ignatius, Clemens uterque, Justinus, Tertullianus, Irenæus, Cyrillus, Basilus, Theodoretus, Gregorius, Athanasius, Chrysostomus, Ambrosius, Augustinus, Hilarius, totusque venerandus Veterum chorus, antiqua illa Ecclesiæ lumina, quotquot doctrinâ et sanctitate claruerunt. Ex hæc veritatem doctrinæ probârunt, errores et hæreses profligârunt. vitæ et disciplinæ regulas hauserunt. Immo, in Conciliis, tam Provincialibus quàm Generalibus, hæc a sanctissimis Patribus usurpata est, &c. Tantum etiam invaluit hujus Versionis autoritas apud Judæos, ut ubique per Ægyptum, Græciam, Asiam, etc. immò in ipsâ Hierosolyma publicè in Synagogis, ut jam inuimus prælegeretur, omnibus Judæis linguam Græcam optime callentibus, cùm Hebræicam (quæ dudum vernacula esse desiêrat), soli sacerdotes et docti intelligerent.’

—*Prolegg.* ix. 1, 2.



- ART. III.—1. *A Life for a Life, by the Author of 'John Halifax.'*  
 London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.
2. *Cousin Stella.* London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1859.
3. *Through the Shadows.* London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.

WHAT should be the first impulse in the writer of fiction? or must his work begin in impulse at all? Ought it rather to be the deliberate result of thought and intention? Should he be impelled to express the pictures of human life, as such, which his fancy draws, without ulterior aim, simply because such exercise is congenial and delightful to him; or ought he consciously to apply his talents to a moral purpose? Must he, that is, first be imbued with a moral which of itself shall suggest an appropriate illustration, or, his brain being peopled with its own creations, may he commit them without formal design to the laws which appear to him to regulate human action? To many the answer is so obvious that the question appears to them scarcely a proper one to ask. Of course those who write for a moral purpose must stand highest. On reviewing our literature, which presents abundant examples of both kinds, they will always esteem those authors most who have the loftiest avowed aim. Now, unquestionably, people should never devote themselves to a work without a moral purpose, but the mere truthful exhibition of human nature may furnish this. Whoever keeps close to the truth is acting conscientiously: he may believe it a useful thing to assist in enlarging men's knowledge of character and life; he may indeed think it better to seem to want an obvious moral than to twist one character out of its reality, to strain one incident out of probability, to depict one unnatural scene, to commit, in fact, one minor falsehood in order to carry a main grand point. Not that there is any discrepancy between higher and lower truth; the best fiction arrives at the one through the other; but many readers, if they sympathise with the high truth, which is the professed moral, are blind or indifferent to the anomalies and outrages by which it is reached. That is with them the best, most valuable story, always supposing a certain fitness and ability in the writer, which takes what they consider the highest stand. It is this principle of judging which gives religious fiction its popularity; people will take everything for granted where they sympathise with the writer's aim, and expect the happiest results from the mere assertion in a picturesque form of a favourite principle. Whereas influences are such subtle

things that any ignorance of the science of motives, any hitch in the minor morals, any betrayal of sympathy with inferior rules of action, may neutralize all the good; so that we are disposed to estimate a novel writer's rank and value by the keenness of his insight into character and motives, and the correctness of his moral sense in all the details of conduct; with these two qualities he can produce a valuable fiction even if there be no evident moral—without them no alleged moral in the world, no assertion of sublime truth will give it worth. But indeed no one can possess the qualities, moral and intellectual, we have indicated, without being stimulated by high aims, and a desire to use such gifts for the good of others; but they may not be apparent on the surface, as in the story written to illustrate a truth. The reader feels an elevating and refining influence, but he cannot repeat in words the lesson he has learnt, as he is expected to do in the other case, and as in some excellent and most valuable moral fictions can be done with a real sense of profit.

Genius, it is said, is of no sex; and this is so far true that it is only in a general sense, and with the consciousness of abundant exceptions on either side, that we express the opinion of women being the especially 'moral' writers; that is, they set to work to prove a point—starting with this point, and framing the story to set it off: intent on one definite object very near at heart in religion, morals, conduct, or society. This may be owing to the feminine mode of viewing things in the particular rather than in the general, to the strong faith women have in the efficacy of good advice, or that as leader and champion of her sex the conscientious authoress may really feel a weight of errors to expose, duties to inculcate, and wrongs to redress in a more particular sense than men do, leading her when she assumes the pen both to assign to herself a task and to give a reason to the world for the onerous effort. She has the feeling that the woman's side of every question has yet to be asserted; that the time in the world's history has come for this new development; that her tenderer organization and quick intuitiveness should be called in, at once to the raising and the settling of momentous doubts.

The writer of 'A Life for a Life,' already familiar to the general reader as the author of 'John Halifax,' 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women,' and other popular works, stands conspicuous in this sisterhood, and as having come to her work brim full of purpose and with her task very distinctly set before her. She has devoted unquestionable ability to no less an object than changing the world's opinion on two important points. The main and more prominent one—its con-

duct towards the criminal, which she somewhere calls 'the one question of our times;' the other its views on—shall we use the familiar word—courtship; or seek some more deep and reverential term to express the growth and progress of the tenderest affections? Her own sentiments on both points are evidently not founded on custom and received habits of thought; indeed, in the first question, are more at variance with them than she likes openly to express, and her plot suffers from not feeling at liberty to illustrate her meaning by an appropriate example. Her argument demands a stronger case than she has dared to put. Hers is a tale of progress, and she has evidently felt that the world is not ripe for the free assertion of her views.

It is quite right to grant that public opinion does progress, and very often changes for the better. Clearly it is the intention of Providence that there should be these changes, wrought out by no direct revelation, but which the human mind, through the gradual leavening influence of the Gospel, works out for itself. It may then fairly be discussed how far society may remit its punishment of sin. We have not necessarily reached our highest wisdom on this point. Whether the present writer is right or wrong in her claim of entire restoration and pardon to the penitent criminal, we are not obliged to consider the matter a settled one, and incapable of modification; there may be advantage in directing men's thoughts to the question. In like manner the softer affections are amenable to progress. There can be no doubt that public opinion has a moral weight in their regulation which the more religious minds acknowledge and obey; that from age to age it enunciates principles, slowly wrought out by man's purified reason, which must be received as the development of the Christian moral code. So that in a certain sense we are in advance of the manners and instincts of good people of Jewish, or primitive Christian, times. As a proof, and to make our meaning clear, we appeal to every one of our readers whether they do not know some instance of persons outraging public feeling and shocking their friends by a marriage which they have defended with the plea that there is nothing against their line of conduct in the Bible, or perhaps by adducing some case from Scripture which, superficially, is in point, and bears them out. The acting parties must *feel*, and dispassionate lookers on know, that this has really nothing to do with it. Every person is bound to sustain the refinement and civilisation of his own day, not to impair and lower it. Our outward actions are for ever being tried by the measure of our peers, who are chosen not from the voices of ages past or to come, but of our own. The manners and customs of mankind, which are the evidence of their principles and feel-

ings, are nowhere established; religion elevates the judgment of the mass, as well as renews individual breasts—the first by means of the last, by the slow but effectual influence of units on the aggregate—therefore we have no right to assume that the highest point of justice, or delicacy of perception, is already attained by society on this point, though we do not profess to follow our authoress in all her aspirations.

What she evidently aims at is the greater equality of woman with man in the marriage relation; her wishes, expressed with the most delicate propriety, point to further progress in this direction. The old primitive idea was that the woman is subject to her father till he *gives* her to a husband. We search for indications of some privilege, in early times, of independent action, nor are they wholly wanting; but clearly a state of things was then acquiesced in on all hands that would not suit our higher civilisation, and quick, educated temperament. The Anglo-Saxon race has long permitted its daughters a qualified liberty of choice among suitors. If we may trust this book and others of kindred tone, there is a movement for more than this; for a share in the initiative: a step in advance is taken. Hitherto that woman should ‘not unsought be won’ has been accepted almost as an axiom, as a feature in every man’s ideal; and coyness has been assumed to be the distinctive attribute of the sex in its most delicate and sensitive development. To this writer the idea of being sought, persuaded, wooed, is not congenial,—is almost repugnant. Mind should rather meet with mind on equal terms. The reason of each must alike be at work; the attraction in each must be mutual and simultaneous; the feelings and sympathies of the pair must advance equally; even the decisive question—to speak coarsely, the *offer* itself—must be a sort of joint affair, the crisis being reached at the same moment by both. And further, when a certain amount of deep pure affection is generated, it becomes a divine power, a voice, a dispensation exempting from previous obligations. Passive obedience is of course out of place in this system, and a love thus created, thus spoken between two thoughtful, devoted, congenial souls, becomes an indissoluble tie, before that ceremonial tie is formed, which mankind has always agreed in considering binding beyond every other obligation. No man may put them asunder; the public act is antedated, and the father’s supreme authority ceases from the moment that mutual faith is plighted.

Now we are no advocates for strictness and severity either in punishment or authority. We are ready to go along with our authoress so long as she pleads for remissions and modifications which do not change the foundation of our prin-

ciples, but we cannot enter into language such as the following, which bears on her first topic, the temporal punishment of crime:—

“I believe that in the Almighty’s gradual teaching of his creatures a Diviner than Moses brought to us a higher law, in which the sole expiation required is penitence and obedience. ‘Repent ye! Sin no more!’ It appears to me, so far as I can judge and read here,” my Bible was still in my hand, “that throughout the New and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented of and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out, and done away.”—*A Life for a Life*, vol. ii. p. 82.

Scripture nowhere promises total remission from the temporal consequences of sin. But besides, this line seems to us inconsistent with a recognition of the fallibility of our nature. Strict rules of any kind are a confession of weakness. We must often be severe, because we dare not with our limited intelligence be otherwise. Thus society regards those who have once been criminal with suspicion, keeps them under surveillance, mistrusts them, because it knows the fact with a greater certainty than the repentance. Society cannot blot out sin as God does, as this writer tells it to do; because it is ignorant and He is omniscient; it is short-sighted, He all-seeing; it *must* judge from the outward appearance, while God seeth the heart. It cannot discern between sincerity and hypocrisy, between temporary and a lasting change; it cannot therefore decide definitively between man and man, receiving one into favour and excluding another, because it cannot trust itself. As for the other point, independent of our present argument, the institution of marriage has so much that is sacramental in its character, we see in it a few simple movements, a few words spoken, to have such wondrous results, that we have always felt it must be a stumbling-block to those who reject the notion of efficacy in a sacrament as inconsistent with a spiritual religion. Not that we are at all wishing to impute to our very correct author any heterodox notions on the subject of marriage: she entirely acquiesces in its necessity and importance, but she has a tendency to detach the outward from the inward parts of the rite, and to assume that its sacred uniting power is independent of the ceremony.

Now here again, if mankind could really be safe from the risk of change; if when two people declare a mutual attachment, they could absolutely trust each other, and *we* could feel secure against the possibility of change; if we could intuitively judge between one form of affection and another, and see at a glance what is ephemeral and what is permanent,

—we see no objection to the rules she has laid down. But young people do not know themselves; it would not do for them to confide implicitly in certain emotions (which, however far from her intention, we think this book teaches them to do), they must defer to an external rule and guide; nor would parents in all cases be doing their duty towards their children by reverently standing by, recognising a divine hand in ardent feelings, which actually forbids interference. The writer has had the making of her own story, and may not see how far her principles carry her; but it seems to us, that supposing any young lady to be positive enough in her own affection and in her trust in its object, she may set at nought parental authority, and defend herself by the arguments in 'A Life for a Life.' The authoress herself has such very high views of what marriage implies and requires; so few people are, in her opinion, *really* married, or fit to be married; she has such contempt for the common-place mixed motives that influence the ordinary run of people in their choice, that she may probably expect rather to be charged with over-strictness than with laxity; but any view which detracts from the solemnity, force, and weight of the actual ceremony, the moment which changes two into one in a sense which no devotion of years, no oneness of feeling can effect, or even approach to, must be regarded with suspicion. Before entering upon the story in detail, we will illustrate our remarks on this point by the following passage:—

\* After all claims of justice and conscience, the first duty of any two who love one another truly is towards one another. I have thought since, that if this truth were plainer seen and more firmly held by those whom it concerns, many false notions about honour, pride, self-respect, would slip off; many uneasy doubts and divided duties would be set at rest; there would be less fear of the world and more of God, the only righteous fear. People would believe more simply in this ordinance instituted "from the beginning;" not the mere outward ceremony of a wedding, but the love which draws together man and woman, until it makes them complete in one another in the mystical marriage union, which once perfected should never be disannulled; and if this union begins, as I think it does, from the very hour each feels certain of the other's love, surely, as I said to Max, to talk about giving one another up, whether from poverty, delay, altered circumstances, or compulsion of friends,—anything, in short, except changed love or lost honour, like poor Penelope and Francis,—was about as foolish and wrong as attempting to annul a marriage. Indeed I have seen many a marriage that might have been broken with far less unholiness than a real troth plight such as was this of ours.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 290.

The construction of the story is peculiar, and certainly not the best for giving the reader a general idea of what is going on, which must be most effectually done by simple narrative. We are never allowed to watch the progress of events from the



point of view of an impartial observer. But the authoress has more than a story to unravel; she has opinions and convictions which she knows will not be taken for granted by her readers. These she has found it easier to develop, and with less sense of individual responsibility, through the words of imaginary sufferers from the existing code: it is an appeal not simply to our reason, but from our prejudices to our sympathies. The book consists of two journals of the hero and heroine, '*his story*,' and '*her story*,' in alternate chapters, the authoress never appearing in her own person: a plan which admits of an amount of reflection, comment, and impassioned protest, which could hardly be tolerated in any other form, and which, as it is, must try the patience of the ordinary novel reader, intent on the progress of a really interesting and forcibly told story, rather than on the profound questions it is designed to illustrate.

If the writer has sought to relax any of the strictness in which public virtue now entrenches itself, she is careful that her examples shall not throw any levity on the subject. In delineating a strong, ardent, and determined passion, she has been careful to deprive it of external aids, all the mere promptings of youth and fancy. Her hero is, apparently, a model of middle-aged respectability. A more responsible person cannot be pictured than her Doctor Max Urquhart, of forty years standing, of grave countenance, wiry figure, reserved deportment, and irreproachable conduct: a hero that women only dare to depict, so destitute is he of all charms of person, manner, or position. If we can get over the anomalies of a busy man, filling so many sheets of paper for no more definite object than to relieve his mind, and of a sensible man remaining in preposterous ignorance of points that concern not only his well-being but existence itself, and other difficulties to be laid mainly to the exigencies of the plot, there is both unity and consistency in his character: he is real, and we form a distinct idea of him. The heroine is not so easy to picture. The world sees her as '*a child*,' though she secretly mourns departed youth at five-and-twenty: a certain spontaneity and simplicity is attributed to her, not consistent with the weight of experience and discernment (the full amount of the authoress's own) with which she is endowed. She is not as loveable to us as she is to doctor Max. Yet perhaps it is natural that the '*ordinary*' looking, clever sister, who has felt heavily her own want of beauty in contrast with that of her two handsome sisters, and the neglect that this deficiency, added to distance and reserve of manner, necessarily entail, should kindle into new existence when she feels herself admired and at ease, and that she should have, in fact, two distinct phases of character. It is a common fault with all domestic novels, especially we

suspect with those written by women, to ignore one fact, which is one of the main cements of family union, that persons who have always lived together, especially if connected by the ties of blood, understand one another by instinct, rather than by direct deliberate study, which we suspect is a very bad element to creep into a family party. Where members of a domestic circle live in harmony, use and habit teach them instinctively to avoid each other's weak points, just as the trees of a forest accommodate one another, and blend or intermix without clashing; it is in both cases an affair of gradual growth. But almost all stories delineating character represent families as so many distinct individuals, with distinct experiences and trainings, and as awake to each other's peculiarities and differences as though there had been no nursery or schoolroom associations, no common traditions among them; as though from infancy each had been a cool observer of character, (or at any rate, that one with whom the writer sympathises,) estimating and weighing every difference, awarding calm praise and blame, and apportioning the motive to every action. Now people are in a manner blind to objects too near them for scrutiny; we all know that critics in manners, in morals, in faith, are actuated by a different rule towards those that belong to them and on whom their affections are set, from what they apply to the world: and when the families of the novelist follow another law altogether, we are jarred two ways, both in our sense of nature and propriety. We are taken into a confidence that ought not to be made, and feel there are amiable prejudices to be preferred to the most clear-sighted truth. This fault is perhaps almost inevitable; where the heroine tells her own story it is necessary to make her unloving. Thus she asks:—

“I wonder do sisters ever love one another? Not after our fashion, out of mere habit and long familiarity, also a certain pride, which, however we differ among ourselves, would make us, I believe, defend one another warmly against strangers—not out of voluntary sympathy and affection. Do families ever live in open-hearted union, feeling that blood is blood, closer than acquaintance, friendship, or every tie in the world except marriage? That is, it ought to be. Perhaps it may so happen, once in a century, as true love does, or there would not be so much romancing about both.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 134.

The following scene we quote as really good and clever, though open to one objection. Lisa is the common-place, pretty, younger sister, described in cold unsisterly terms of admiration,—‘as a large, mild, beautiful animal, like a white Brahmin cow. Majestic, slow, fair, I doubt if anything in this world would disturb the equanimity of her sleepy blue eyes, and soft-tempered mouth;’—who, having flirted, and been courted by a young officer

after the usual fashion, comes and tells her sister that the gentleman, an honest, well-meaning, handsome fellow, has proposed. Now we imagine that the profounder heroine would have understood instinctively that this was the sort of match suited to her sister's character and intellect, that her sympathy would have been more alive than her judgment, and that she would, without difficulty, acquiesce in an event which all antecedents led up to, and smooth over, excuse, and adapt everything to the best construction it would bear. We are sure this is the way for sisters to agree in real life.

'She came in and sat down by my fire. Quite a picture; in a blue flannel dressing-gown, with her light hair dropping down in two wavy streams, and her eyes as bright as if it were any hour rather than 1.30 A.M. as I showed her by my watch.

' "Nonsense, I shall not go to bed yet. I want to talk a bit, Dora; you ought to feel flattered by my coming to tell you first of anybody. Guess now, what has happened!" Nothing ill, certainly, for she held up her head laughing, looking very handsome and pleased. "You never will guess, for you never believed it would come to pass, but it has. Treherne proposed to me to-night."

'The news quite took my breath away, and then I questioned its accuracy. "He has only been giving you a few more of his silly speeches. He means nothing. Why don't you put a stop to it all?"

'Lisabel was not vexed, she never is, she only laughed.

' "I tell you, Dora, it is perfectly true; you may believe it or not, I don't care, but he really did it."

' "How, when, where, pray?"

' "In the conservatory, beside the biggest orange tree, a few minutes before he left."

'I said, since she was so very matter of fact, perhaps she would have no objection to tell me the precise words in which he did it.

' "Oh dear, no; not the smallest objection. We were joking about a bit of orange blossom Colin had given me, and Treherne wanted me to throw away, but I said no, I liked the scent, and meant to wear a wreath of natural orange-flowers when I was married: upon which he grew quite furious, and said it would drive him mad if I ever married any man but him. Then he got hold of my hand, and—the usual thing, you know." She blushed a little. "It ended by my telling him he had better speak to papa, and he told me he should to-morrow."

' "Ah! well?" said Lisa, expectantly.

'It certainly was a singular way in which to receive one's sister's announcement of her intended marriage, but for worlds I could not have spoken a syllable. I felt a weight on my chest, a sense of hot indignation, which settled down to inconceivable melancholy. Was this indeed all? A silly flirtation, a young lad's passion, a young girl's cool, business-like reception of the same, the formal speaking to papa, and the thing was over? Was *that* love?

' "Haven't you a word to say, Dora? I had better have told Penelope. But she was tired, and scolded me out of her room. Besides, she might not like it for some reasons."

(Penelope's intended was next heir to Treherne's father.)

'Passing the glass she looked into it, smiled, and replied; "Poor fellow I do believe he is very fond of me."

"And you?"

"Oh, I like him, like him excessively; if I didn't what should I marry him for?"

"What indeed? . . . Does Sir William know?"

"Not yet, that will be soon settled, he tells me. He can persuade his mother, and she, his father. Besides, they can have no possible objection to me." She looked again in the mirror as she said this. Yes, that me, was not a daughter-in-law likely to be objected to even at Treherne Court. "I hope it will not vex Penelope," she continued; "it may be all the better for her, since, when I am married, I shall have so much influence. We may make the old gentleman do something handsome for Francis, and get a richer living for papa, if he will consent to leave Rockmont, and I'd find a nice husband for you, eh, Dora?"

"Thank you, I don't want one. I hate the very mention of the thing. I wish instead of marrying, we could all be dead and buried." And whether from weariness, or excitement, or a sudden unutterable pang at seeing my sister, my playfellow, my handsome Lisa, sitting there talking as she talked, and acting as she acted, I could bear up no longer. I burst out sobbing. She was very much astonished, somewhat touched, I suppose, for she cried, too, a little, and we kissed one another several times, which we are not in the habit of doing. Till suddenly I recollected Treherne, the orange-tree, and "the usual thing." Her lips seemed to burn me.

"O, Lisa, I wish you wouldn't. I do wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what? Don't you wish me to be engaged and married, child?"

"Not in that way."

"In what way then?"

"I could not tell; I did not know."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 84.

Perhaps the authoress, who evidently feels herself deep in the secrets of her sex, may defend this tone as natural, in one conscious at once of real gifts and apparent deficiencies, and galled by unmerited neglect—in a young woman believing herself unattractive, while her sisters were admired, and suffering under the want of love, sympathy, and appreciation. Having in her last work set forth the qualities necessary to make woman happy and respectable in single life, she devotes this story, so far as the heroine is concerned, to the delineation of the particular character formed for wedded life, and consciously incomplete when alone. Her Theodora, devoted, amiable, magnanimous, when this need of the heart is supplied, is querulous, cynical, almost envious, till her destiny is fulfilled; confiding to her desk, which will tell no tales, 'that she 'has cried, actually cried, with the pain of being neither 'pretty, agreeable, nor young.' This is a sort of revelation, if it is one, which jars a good deal on our ideal. But a woman's ideal of female character will always betray its origin, and Theodora in many ways would not be ours; as, for instance, in her early acquaintance with Dr. Urquhart she has a way of asking questions which we can hardly sanction. She and the hero had met at a ball near Aldershot—uncongenial scene to

both till that evening; at their next encounter he records the renewal of conversation.

"I suppose you do not remember me, Dr. Urquhart?"

"I replied, 'yes, I did;' that she was the young lady who 'hated soldiers.'" She blushed extremely, glanced at Treherne, and said, not without dignity,

"It would be a pity to remember all the foolish things I have uttered, especially on that evening."

"I was not aware they were foolish; the impression left on me was, that we had a very pleasant conversation, which included far more sensible topics than were usually discussed at balls."

"You do not often go to balls?"

"No."

"Do you dislike them?"

"Not always."

"Do you think them wrong?"

"I smiled at her cross-questioning, which had something fresh, unsophisticated about it, like the inquisitiveness of a child."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 108.

Our experience leads us to advise young ladies who are no longer children, and are not particularly pretty, not to fall into this habit of unsophisticated questioning, especially about right and wrong; for one person who would enter into it a hundred would be bored, though perhaps the hero's position may naturally make him the exception.

But the sisters agree in this habit; the fair Lisa asks the Doctor one question, which takes the reader as well as himself considerably by surprise. This writer, in her courageous desire to make real women, does not always make them ladies—not but that ladies can *do* and say, now and then, very odd things, but they will not bear print and ought not to have its sanction. He is sitting in easy intercourse with the Johnston party (Theodora's family name and one which affects him strangely), the question of temperance and total abstinence, one of the topics of the book, comes up.

"All very fine, Doctor," said Lisa, "but you shall not make me a teetotalter, nor Augustus either, I hope."

"I have not the slightest intention of the kind, I assure you; nor does there seem any necessity. Though for those who have not the power to resist intoxication it is much safer never to touch stimulants."

"Do you never touch them?"

"I have not done so for many years."

"Because you are afraid? Well, I daresay you were no better once than your neighbours."

"Lisabel," I whispered, for I saw Dr. Urquhart wince at her rude words; but there is no stopping that girl's tongue.

"Now confess, Doctor, just for fun. Papa is not here, and we'll tell no tales out of school; were you ever in your life, to use your own ugly word, *drunk*?"

"Once."

' Writing this, I can hardly believe that he said it, yet he did, in a quiet, low voice, as if the confession were forced from him, as a sort of voluntary expiation."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 218.

This confession brings us to the leading part of the story. Dr. Urquhart is haunted by the consciousness of a crime committed at the age of nineteen in a fit of intoxication. The sense demands that it should have been a *real* murder in a moment of passion; but it was no such thing, and his subsequent conduct and remorse are therefore inconsistent and contradictory. In his way from Scotland to join a brother abroad, he comes to Salisbury, and there falls in with a certain Henry Johnston, a low fellow of respectable connexions. This man makes the youth drunk, then offers to drive him over to Southampton in time for the steamer, but instead of this, with much insult and provocation, turns him out of his gig at Stonehenge, and is on the point of leaving him in spite of all entreaty, when, in an impulse of rage, the boy drags Johnston out of the gig, intending to fight him, but his head comes in contact with a stone, and he is killed. He flies to Southampton and sails; there a fit of insanity comes on from agony of mind, and for a year he is incapable. At the end of that time, hearing that Johnston's death had been supposed accidental, he wants the courage to confess his own share in it, but dedicates his life to serving and doing good to others, resolving to postpone his confession till death drew near. All this time he is under the impression that if he were to tell the facts of the case he should be hanged, and in this persuasion or half persuasion he continues, though mixing with English society, a doctor of a regiment quartered at Aldershot, and reading the newspapers every day. But lady authors are permitted these aberrations.

The Johnston family consists of the father,—a clergyman,—and three daughters; there is no son, so, though the name always gives Dr. Urquhart a qualm, he fears nothing more. In his life of expiation he had never dreamed of marriage; but Theodora, so original, so attractive, so evidently drawn to him, makes the resolution first difficult, and, in the sequel, impossible. They are engaged with the father's approval.

The scene itself develops the writer's views of joint, united action in this turning point of life. He, weighed down by the sense of his own demerits and unfitness, is taking a sort of final leave of her, after professional attendance during illness. Theodora records the scene. He rises to go:—

" "Thursday week is the day then," he added, "after which I shall not see you again for many months."

" "I suppose not."



"I cannot write to you. I wish I could; but such a correspondence would not be possible, would not be right."

"I think I answered mechanically, "No."

"I was standing by the mantelpiece, steadying myself with one hand, the other hanging down. Dr. Urquhart touched it for a second.

"It is the very thinnest hand I ever saw. You will remember," he then said, "in case this is our last chance of talking together,—“you will remember all we have been saying? You will do all you can to recover perfect health, so as to be happy and useful. You will never think despondingly of your life; there is many a life much harder than yours; you will have patience, and faith, and hope, as a girl ought to have who is so precious to—many! Will you promise?” “I will.” “Good-bye then.” “Good-bye.” Whether he took my hands or I gave them, I do not know; but I felt them held tight against his breast, and him looking at me, as if he would not part with me, or as if, before we parted, he was compelled to tell me something. But when I looked up at him, we seemed of a sudden to understand everything, without need of telling. He only said four words. “Is this my wife?” and I said, “Yes.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 254.

But Mr. Johnston *had* had a son by a former marriage, a scapegrace, who met with an untimely end, while his daughters were yet children, and who was never named amongst them, nor his existence known in the new neighbourhood to which the family had moved after his death. Dr. Urquhart's sense of duty, however, obliged him to make known the fatal blot in his life to his betrothed. He writes to her while on the search for further particulars of his victim's end. The discovery comes with a vengeance. He finds a half-buried tomb-stone, which tells him that Henry Johnston was son of his future father, half-brother of his Theodora. The position is certainly a terrible one, under the actual state of things; that is, the brother little more than a name to his half-sister, the crime scarcely more than a misfortune. Under the author's and the actor's assumption it would be revolting. The highly wrought scenes which follow are rendered with feeling, tenderness, and, we think, nature, in the main points. The writer fully realizes her own conception, and pities the misery she has conjured up. He comes to say the farewell which *he* assumes to be inevitable. The lady writes:—

"I went down stairs steadfastly with my mind all clear. Even to the last minute, with my hand on the parlour door, my heart—where all throbs of happy love seemed to have been long, long forgotten—my heart still prayed.

"Max was standing by the fire—he turned round. He and the whole sunshiny room swam before my eyes for an instant. Then I called up my strength, and touched him. He was trembling all over.

"Max, sit down." He sat down.

"I knelt by him. I clasped his hands close, but still he sat as if he had been a stone. At last he muttered,—

"I wanted to see you, just once more, to know how you bore it—to be sure I had not killed you also—oh, it is horrible, horrible!"

‘I said it was horrible, but that we would be able to bear it. “We?”—“Yes—we.”’

‘“You cannot mean *that*?”’

‘“I do. I have thought it all over, and I do—”’

‘Holding me at arm’s length, his eyes questioned my inmost soul.

‘“Tell me the truth. It is not pity—not merely pity, Theodora?”—

“Ah, no, no!”’

‘Without another word—the first crisis past—everything which made our misery a divided misery; he opened his arms and took me once more into my own place—where alone I ever really rested, or wish to rest until I die.

‘Max had been very ill, he told me, for days, and now seemed, both in body and mind, as feeble as a child. For me, my childishness and girlishness, with its ignorance or weakness, was gone for evermore.

‘I have thought since, that in all woman’s deepest loves, be they ever so full of reverence, there enters sometimes much of the motherly element, even as on this day I felt as if I were somehow or other in charge of Max, and a great deal older than he. I fetched a glass of water and made him drink it—bathed his poor temples, and wiped them with my handkerchief—persuaded him to lean back quietly, and not speak another word for ever so long. But, more than once, while his head lay on my shoulder, I thought of his mother, my mother who might have been, and how, though she had left him so many years, she must, if she knew of all he had suffered, be glad to know there was at last one woman found who would, did Heaven permit, watch over him through life, with the double love of both wife and mother, and who in any case would be faithful to him till death.

‘Faithful until death. Yes—I here renewed that vow, and had Henry himself come and stood before me, I should have done the same. Look upon any one who after my death may read this ;—there are two kinds of love, one eager only to get its desire, careless of all risks and costs, in defiance of almost Heaven and earth; the other, which in its most desperate longing has strength to say, “If it be right and for our good—if it be according to the will of God.” This only I think is the true consecrated love, which therefore is able to be faithful till death.’—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 25.

It is, however, in the scene with the father that the authoress combats what she believes to be the world’s implacable spirit. Mr. Johnston personates, with her, public opinion, aggravated, it is true, by natural feeling, but still backed by the universal judgment of good men. There is nothing like a hobby or a new view for blinding people to what is actually thought and believed in any question. Viewing it as a scene, we think what follows powerful and effective. The novel reader may forget that a favourite principle is being worked out in the feeling and passion of the dialogue. The conscious criminal stands before the aggrieved father, his daughters standing by. His prudent daughter, Penelope, reminds him that Harry is not the only person to remember at this terrible moment.

“I remember nothing but the words of this book,” cried the old man, letting his hand drop heavily upon it. “*Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed!* What have you to say for yourself, murderer?”

‘All this time, faithful to her promise to me, she had not interfered—she,

my love, who loved me; but, when she heard him call me *that*, she shivered all over, and looked towards me, a pitiful entreating look, but, thank God, there was no doubt in it—not the shadow of change. It nerved me to reply, what I will here record, by her desire and for her sake.

"Mr. Johnston, I have this to say. It is written—'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer,' and in that sense I am one,—for I did hate him at the time; but I never meant to kill him—and the moment afterwards I would have given my life for his. If now my death could restore him to you alive again, how willingly I would die."

"Die, and face your Maker? an unpardoned manslayer, a lost soul?"

"Whether I live or die," said I, humbly, "I trust my soul is not lost. I have been very guilty; but I believe in One who brought to every sinner on earth the gospel of repentance and remission of sins." At this burst out an anathema—not merely of the father but the clergyman—who mingled the Jewish doctrine of retributive vengeance during this life with the Christian belief of rewards and punishments after death, and confounded the Mosaic gehenna with the Calvinistic hell. I will not record all this, it was very terrible, but he only spoke as he believed, and as many earnest Christians do believe. I think, in all humility, that the Master Himself taught a different gospel.—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

The father then, in his character of magistrate, begins to write out a warrant, upon which Penelope again interposes, reminding him of the family disgrace and exposure that must follow the arrest and trial. This has effect, and after exacting a promise that Dr. Urquhart shall keep the matter secret from henceforth, bids him—

"Now go. Put half the earth between us if you can; only go."

"Again I turned to obey. Blind obedience seemed the only duty left me. I might even have quitted the house with a feeling of total irresponsibility and indifference to all things, had it not been for a low cry which I heard as in a dream. So did her father. 'Dora—I had forgotten. There was some sort of a fancy between you and Dora. Daughter, bid him farewell, and let him go.'"

"Then she said—my love said, in her own soft, distinct voice: 'No, papa, I never mean to bid him farewell—that is, finally—never, as long as I live.'"

"Her father and sister were both so astounded, that at first they did not interrupt her, but let her speak on.

"I belonged to Max before all this happened. If it had happened a year hence when I was his wife, it would not have broken our marriage. It ought not now. When any two people are to one another what we are, they are as good as married, and they have no right to part, no more than man and wife have, unless either grow wicked or both change. I never mean to part from Max Urquhart."

"She spoke meekly, standing with hands folded and head drooping, but as still and steadfast as a rock. My darling—my darling!"

"Steadfast she had need to be. What she bore during the next few minutes she would not wish me to repeat, I feel sure. She knows it, and so do I . . . . After saying all he well could say, Mr. Johnston asked her how she dared think of me—me, laden with her brother's blood and her father's curse. She turned deadly pale, but never faltered: "The curse causeless shall not come," she said; "for the blood upon his head, whether it were Harry's or a stranger's makes no difference, it is washed out. He has repented long ago. If God has forgiven him, and helped him to be

what he is, and lead the life he has led all these years, why should I not forgive him? And if I forgive him, why not love him? And if I love him, why break my promise, and refuse to marry him?"

"Do you mean, then, to marry him?" said her sister.

"Some day, if he wishes it—yes!"

"From this time I myself hardly remember what passed; I can only see her standing there, her sweet face white as death, making no moan, and answering nothing to any accusations that were heaped upon her, except when she was commanded to give me up, entirely, and for ever and ever.

"I cannot, father. I have no right to do it. I belong to him; he is my husband."

"At last Miss Johnston said to me—rather gently than not, for her; "I think, Dr. Urquhart, you had better go."

"My love looked towards me, and afterwards at her poor father. She, too, said, "Yes, Max, go." And then they wanted her to promise she would never see me, nor write to me: but she refused.

"Father, I will not marry him for ever so long, if you choose; but I cannot forsake him. I must write to him. I am his very own, and he has only me. Oh, papa, think of yourself and my mother," and she sobbed at his knees. He must have thought of Harry's mother, not hers, for this exclamation only hardened him. Then Theodora rose, and gave me her little hand. "It can hold firm, you will find. You have my promise. But whether or no, it would have been all the same. No love is worth having that could not, with or without a promise, keep true till death. You may trust me. Now good-bye. Good-bye, my Max."

"With that one clasp of the hand, that one look with her fond faithful eyes, we parted. I have not seen her since."—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

This, it must be allowed, is not after the Hannah More school of morals. As good advice for young ladies it is questionable, and implies a faith in the stability of human purpose, which experience hardly warrants, and which her young readers—and after all most novel readers are young—may turn to any self-willed purpose. How are they to tell whether their present fancy is not precisely of that heaven-born nature to justify the defiance of all law, custom and authority? The situation here is so far ingenious, in the totally different views that may be taken of it, as to defy positive judgment as to the right and the wrong; but in all analogous cases we must feel that Theodora's decision would tend to the undermining of Nature's laws and instincts. If Henry had been her full brother, if it had been a real murder—and all her arguments would stand good and support her in either case—does not Nature cry out at the outrage of the union that eventually takes place? As it is, in sympathy with her readers' supposed state of feeling, the authoress dare not remit all punishment. Her hero eventually delivers himself up to judgment, and he is condemned, without trial or hearing of witnesses, yet in open Court, to three months' imprisonment, at the end of which time Theodora meets him, and they are married in a dreary London church. The father even nullifies his protest by appearing in the nick

of time to give his daughter away, after which they sail for the New World.

We have dwelt at such length on that part of the story which shows its principles, that we must omit more than allusion to the forcible and melancholy picture of an ordinary 'long engagement,' of which the faded and soured Penelope is the victim, and which is no doubt intended as a counterpoise and reverse to the heroine's well-founded confidence. It is well and sadly done; indeed there is a burden of sadness over the whole book, as though the task of judging in all things for herself, rejecting all foregone conclusions, had left no room or leisure for the bright and cheerful survey of things as they are. The author is weighed down by problems;—if she could take anything for granted her style would brighten up wonderfully. But it has its own class of merits. It is earnest, thoughtful, and suggestive. There is much truth and observation. Nothing is trivial, nothing said at random: and if she lapses now and then into a tone of sentimental rhapsody, in her endeavour to represent two minds in perfect harmony and absolute congeniality,—beyond what is possible, where each is independent and acts for itself;—the feminine yearning for sympathy and support, in spite of all self-reliance, must be the excuse. How alive her mind is to the pains of uncongeniality is shown in the following sentiment of her heroine, which by inference furnishes her notion of what the marriage of true minds ought to be:—

"I like him; only he is not exactly the sort of person one would choose to spend a week with in the Eddystone Lighthouse."

"I asked if that was her test for all her friends, since so few could stand it?"

"She laughed. "Possibly not. When one comes to reflect, there are very few whose company one can tolerate as well as one's own."

"Which is itself not always agreeable."

"No; but the less evil of the two. I don't believe there is a creature living whose society I could endure without intermission for a month, a week, or even two days. No. Emphatically, no. Therefore, as I try to make Lisa feel—being the elder I have a right to preach, you know—what an awful thing marriage must be, even viewed as mere companionship—putting aside love, honour, obedience, and all that sort of thing—to undertake the burden of any one person's constant presence and conversation for the term of one's natural life! The idea is frightful!"

"Very, if you do put aside love, honour, and all that sort of thing."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 187.

'Cousin Stella' is a tale of less moral pretension, and prompted by a lighter spirit. The authoress accepts society as a fact, and describes it as she sees it, without any apparent aim at change, or enlightenment on fundamental questions. A quick perception and lively turn of thought are her best gifts; where

she attempts romantic incident, or the deeper and more tragic emotions, we perceive an evident falling short, a desertion of her proper field. Her style is very good for domestic and social uses: she can bring a picture of everyday life distinctly and amusingly before us; but it has not force enough for romance; or rather, she does not *see* and realize in the same way when trusting to her imagination. What should be her most vivid scenes are washed-out water-colours. We do not take hold of her terrible situations; she fails in a climax. There is not much in common between this writer and the able novelist we have just parted from; but in one point, bearing on that system of female progress previously noticed, we observe a marked sympathy: the assertion, that is, of a natural right in women to fix their affections unasked and *unsought* on what they conceive a worthy object. It marks a period where women of intelligence and mature observation agree in inculcating a dogma, which, if carried out into practice, would go far to effect a social revolution.

Such grave sanction from responsible quarters leads us dissentients to look about us for counter arguments; and the first that presents itself we would seriously press upon the consideration of our young and fair readers—if any such our grave pages dare assume to possess;—it is, that this reversal of precedent by all showing, even of its advocates, is *unlucky*. Old romance did infinitely better for its heroines than these modern innovators pretend to do. Their pictures of grey hairs and wrinkles, broken spirits and enfeebled frames, are enough to make matrimony terrible, and suggest the taunts, ‘This comes of ladies choosing for themselves!’ ‘Those who court their own fate generally draw a bad one;’ in fact, they prove that, on the simple ground of interest, it is wisest for young ladies to let things follow their own course, and not take their destiny in both their hands, as modern authorities prompt them to do, and dictate their own fate. We suppose it is necessary to deprive the imaginary unions on this plan of all obvious fitness or attraction, in order to maintain a high moral and intellectual stand; to show that female devotedness needs no external incentives, that wherever the heart has truly spoken, all merely outward advantages are straw, chaff, and dust in the balance. We quite approve of this showing, but the principle once inculcated, it will not always confine itself to one development. Stella may implore her heart’s idol to marry her, and give her the privilege of a life-long sacrifice, but the accident that rendered her, ‘Louis’ a hopeless cripple is happily not a common one, and her example may be followed without this condition. In one other point the authoress of ‘Cousin Stella’ sets herself to show woman’s su-



premac—one we are not prepared to dispute with her. Where she contrasts the extreme fallibility of man's penetration with woman's unerring instincts, and shows how the sensible man who most piques himself on his discernment may be deceived by any woman who takes the trouble to study his character and flatter his weak points. This is done in the person of her dignified hero with a good deal of sly grave humour. We are ourselves taken in at first by Madam Olympia, the devoted friend, who interposes so long between him and the artless Stella.

We believe she may be right in the slight dependence she sets on a grave and influential manner as the sign of a perspicacious judgment, but, unfortunately, she sees through her own hero too well for us to be able to sympathise with Stella's devotion; there is something wanting to make us understand what there was in him to inspire so ill-requited and so ungraciously-received an attachment.

It is a pity, like the painter with his picture, that the authoress did not take more pains with her plot. There is really scarcely any connexion between the first and the two following volumes. We are introduced to many very carefully-drawn characters in the one who never show themselves again, and have no further effect on the story, or who reappear to play a wholly new part. Wild scenes of revenge, blood and murder are wrought out by people who are first introduced to us at home in a London drawing-room. Most of the West Indian details, though showing personal knowledge, and sometimes interesting, are mere facts or digressions that only interfere with what should be the writer of fiction's paramount object. But no class of writings betrays where the author has got to the end of his materials more ruthlessly than the novel. In other forms of composition the faults and inequalities are equally diffused, there is no distinct line; but in the novel we can often put our finger on the precise point where the characters cease to act like themselves, and where they are transmuted into the mere victims of a clumsy or preposterous plot.

The character of Stella, in its *naïveté* and oneness of aim, is well drawn; the writer has a distinct idea which she works out skilfully. Her heroine's early training in a forbidding, unloving seclusion forms the apology for any ignorance or neglect of received proprieties. At sixteen she is introduced to Walter Scott's novels, to society, and to Louis Gautier all at once. She sets her cousin up as her hero, her Ravenswood, on the spot, and remains faithful to her idol to the death. The following scene, before the arrival of this cousin, introduces us to her consulting her young and pretty Aunt Celia on the new

world her reading introduces to her. The aunt is always well done, a graceful form of selfishness, embarrassed and helpless under her new responsibility:—

"The day Stella had finished the "*Bride of Lammermoor*" she craved for some sympathy. She had almost wept the eyes out of her head. The first time she found her aunt alone she began, plunging into her subject as her wont was.

"Auntie, *do* you think that there is really love like Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood's in the world now?"

"Mrs. Dashwood had a recollection that in her young days it used to be considered highly indecorous to talk of love before girls; that mammas and aunts were accustomed to whisper among themselves of the existence of such a thing, or insinuate it by dreadful wry faces. This was the first time Celia had been called on to act the maternal character; so she bridled up a little, and answered Stella's question diplomatically by asking another.

"Why, otherwise, are there marriages?"

"But love like *that*?" persisted Stella.

"Mrs. Dashwood became Celia again; laughed, blushed, and with a shake of her long curls answered, "I don't know."

"A silence of a minute or two, then Stella went on,—

"I can understand loving one's parents, and brothers, and friends—doing like Flora. I should have quite despised her had she married *Waverley*." Stella was leaning towards her aunt, her great dusky eyes full of anxious meaning. "I wonder if I ever shall! Does everybody?"

"No; I believe not; at least, so I have read," replied the puzzled matron.

"Did you, auntie, ever?" This interrogation was spoken in a very low, hesitating voice.

"What a question, child! Do you expect me to answer it?"

"Why; should you be ashamed?"

"Stella, you are a goose. Talking about such things is like talking of one's religious feelings."

"Stella considered for an instant; looked perplexed, as if the knot of her thoughts was beyond her power to unloose; first she uttered some broken words; then, as if she had caught the right end of the thread, she added with gravity,—

"We ought not to be ashamed of confessing we love God and our Lord. You know we are told, 'He will be ashamed of us if we are.'"

"Now, Stella, my child, this is what I cannot endure.—mixing up sacred and profane subjects. Love like that mentioned in the Gospel has nothing to do with, and ought NEVER to be confused with, that other one."

"Must it not?" asked Stella, and here the conversation ended.

"Mrs. Dashwood's uneasiness at the new phase of thought into which she saw her niece had entered was not little. As the only person with authority over Stella, she felt herself called upon to do something in the way of checking, encouraging, or directing her to some good purpose, and at the same time, Celia had the consciousness of not being quite clear about the course that was best to pursue.

"This consciousness was the spur that made her send Stella to practise the piano a couple of hours every morning, and afterwards call her to read aloud Russell's "*Modern Europe*." Celia was working a regal pair of slippers for Mrs. Hood, and was well amused finding her place in the pattern, and matching her colours, but for poor Stella the change from Sir Walter Scott was very dreary."—*Cousin Stella*, vol. i. p. 109.

Cousin Louis, tall, stiff, and twice her age, soon arrives from Jamaica, to discuss with the authorities at home, the cause of slavery, from the slave-owner's point of view, and was at once 'her demonstration of a hero.' But his own interests and thoughts are absorbed in those he has left behind—his mother, and a certain Madame Olympia, her adopted daughter, and his confidential friend, a post she would gladly exchange for another even more intimate, if a mysterious husband, who is floating about the world, did not stand in the way. He had been some days looking for Jamaica letters which at length came in his absence. Stella made much of these letters, and, in her eagerness to be the herald of good news, stands at the gate watching for his return, waving them in her hand. He seizes them without remark or thanks, and Stella is painfully impressed by seeing herself, her zeal, and friendship, overlooked in the rapture of letters from this friend, whom, while still at a distance, and ignorant of her own feelings, she is learning with woman's instinct to mistrust. As she is a young person of courage and frankness, she is determined to mend matters if she can. The scene illustrates not ungracefully the principle now in process of general inculcation:—

"It was the day after she had given the Jamaica letters to Mr. Gautier, that Stella found him alone in Celia's study, reading.

"With his usual courtesy he rose, and placed a chair for her by the side of the fire. Sitting down by his side she said to him, after a minute or two of silence, during which he had resumed his reading:—

"It will be a long time, I fancy, cousin Louis, before you will let me rank as a friend?"

"Mr. Gautier looked up surprised, laid aside his book, and answered gravely:—

"Life is too short to waste in apprenticeships; I see no reason why I should not consider you as a friend."

"I don't mean just a common, everyday friend," Stella said earnestly; "but one like—like what—what your mother's adopted daughter is to you."

"Louis, with the same seriousness as before, replied: "When you know that excellent woman, you will be able to judge how much you ask."

"Stella's heart swelled as it had never swelled before. "I am only a girl, I know; but I could be a good friend; try me, cousin Louis."

"This time Mr. Gautier smiled, as he looked into the depths of the eyes gazing on him. Very few human eyes have that expression of honest faithfulness in them, but you may see the look any day in your dog's eyes when they are watching for your withheld caress.

"So be it," said Mr. Gautier; "we must sign a contract of friendship immediately: and now remember you must tell me all your secrets."

"And you?" asked Stella anxiously.

"Of course," he laughed.

"But I am in earnest, cousin Louis," said Stella imploringly.

"Are you indeed? Do you not understand, Stella, that friendship and confidence (one and the same thing they ought to be) must be won? They cannot be given as one gives a flower to a young lady."

"I don't know that," said Stella stoutly. "I have given you mine, and

you have done nothing to win my friendship. If I had any secrets, I could tell them to you sooner than to any one I ever knew in all my life, and I could tell you what I feel. I want some one to help me, for sometimes I think I have very bad feelings."

"The childlike eyes were still fixed confidently on Mr. Gautier. He did not respond to the offer; his impulse was to repel it; so, passing over the last part of Stella's speech, he replied to the first.

"You are very young, and very inexperienced; friendship and confidence are nothing but vague, meaningless expressions in your child's mouth; at my age they are stern realities, comprising stern duties."

"Very stern, and not very attractive, if they resembled Mr. Gautier at that time of speaking. He took up his book, and as Stella remained silent, recommenced reading. Presently she interrupted him with the question, "What did that lady do to gain your friendship and confidence?"

"She has given years of unsparing devotion to my mother, years of disinterested aid and sympathy to me."

"I can do the same, cousin Louis. I am your relation, and she is not even that," said Stella, with unshrinking ignorance.

"My dear cousin, do you know that this is very unaccountable talk?"

"Louis was stopped by the great blush that overspread Stella's face and throat, a blush that tingled down to her finger tips. What was it in Louis's tone, or words, or look, that thus awoke for the first time in that young being the shamefacedness of a woman?"

"His young cousin's deep, painful flush made Louis's colour rise also, from a keen sensation of self-reproach. He made a quick diversion however."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 267.

Some sketches of general society show quick observation, brightened by a gentle satire: here is an after-dinner scene, in which we are admitted to the mysteries of the ladies' private circle. The entertainment is in honour of Stella's military connexions, and at great trouble a lady of rank has been numbered amongst the guests.

"Now my lady had a horror of increasing her visiting list; so to avoid Mrs. General Hubbard's civilities she took to patronising Stella.

"You look like a rosebud, my dear," began my lady, glancing at her own gorgeous attire, and the shine of bare arms and necks in the room. "How I do like those high white muslin dresses, Mrs. Dashwood; they give such a distinguished look. What a pity they are not more the fashion!" and Lady Almeria, seeing Stella admiring her bouquet, took out of it some sprigs of *genista* (Spanish broom), and said, "Sit down on that footstool, and let me put these into your dark hair; you remind me quite of Eastern girls."

"The G. C. B.'s wife had been greatly accustomed to her own way in the colonies, over which she had reigned with her husband; and she sat in Mrs. Dashwood's drawing-room, amusing herself with decorating Stella's hair, and talking to Stella as coolly as though no one else had been in the room.

"My lady was fond, as most people are, of talking of themselves and their adventures; fondest of all of relating her terrors over her gallant husband's perils in battle. The nature of my lady was good; if she had grown trivial, and artificial, and arrogant, it was the fault of society. There was still some heart left in her. She adored her husband, he was her hero, because he was the hero of a hundred battle-fields. She did not see the least bit in the world that he was coarse, illiterate, and egotistical. Tears, real honest

tears, were in her eyes as she described to Stella her sufferings during the battle that had made him a G. C. B.

"I locked myself up, my dear. I was not going to hear any of their reports or rumours, I should have died if I had. I got hold of my Prayer-book, and I read over and over again the 130th Psalm. I shall never forget it, never! I put cotton in my ears, but I heard Jack's voice a long way off, and then—never marry a soldier, child; one grows old too soon."

"There was quite a hush through the room, so that all the ladies had the benefit of Lady Almeria's reminiscences. Mrs. Hood sat with her eyes shut; Emily Hubbard simpered, as if she were listening to some laughable tale; Mrs. Hubbard, looking extremely offended, kept as far as she could from my lady's sofa, to show that she did not wish to hear what was being said; but still would not converse herself, in spite of Celia's conciliating efforts. There was a spell on every one—they were overcrowded—except aunt Philly, whom the monotony of Lady Almeria's voice soothed into her usual after-dinner nap.

"My lady's amusement lasted till the gentlemen came dropping in.

"Look here, Jack," cried she to her big husband, more like an alderman, truth to say, than a soldier. "Isn't she a pretty girl? Dear child! I have made her quite pale, telling her of our last battle."

"The G. C. B., the Major-General, the saucy Colonel, nay, all the gentlemen, save Mr. Smythe, clustered about my lady and Stella.

"Beauty at any age is attractive, but great youthfulness has a still more inviting power to elderly and old persons. The two old officers poured out the most gallant speeches to Miss Joddrell, making her fully conscious of her own loveliness. Stella knew Louis heard every word, for she recognised his feet among all the varnished leather about her. She lacked the courage to look in his face; but she was very glad he was there."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 310.

We are always struck, in reading the works of clever female writers, with their by-play of ingenious remark, and chance minor currents of observation, which, whether wholly original or not, have a look of originality, and are proofs of a lively and vigorous habit of mind, discriminating and arranging its ideas as it goes on into terse neat axioms and maxims. This writer is a sayer of sayings after this fashion. Thus, of her artful Madam Olympia, she says:—

"She was capable of an act of devotedness; but that is not a proof of the capability of a profound, unmixed affection. All violent persons give occasional examples of magnanimity; the sort of heroism with which brigands and assassins astonish the world."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 232.

And again:—

"Of all persons who hold an habitual guard over themselves, none do so more stringently than those who have disagreeable antecedents. Some experienced person has likened a cautious manner, a sedulous emission of great sentiments, an unusual dose of prudery, to conspirators' passports in which no irregularities are to be found."—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 19.

And of aunt Celia:—

"A great power resides in polite mediocrity. How often it puts to flight a noble enthusiasm!"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 208.]

And where it is remarked, in reference to the hero's discernment:—

'It would seem that one of the great interests of life is that of exercising our penetrative faculty, of trying to pierce through the visible into the invisible; we none of us are willing to rest satisfied with what is only external. Yet, from the girl scrutinizing her lover, and the youthful poet, up to the philosopher and the divine, all are held equally in suspense by their misinterpretations of the unseen by the seen.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 263.

'Through the Shadows' is a tale from, apparently, a new pen, and one that deserves from us especial notice and encouragement. We are not often more agreeably impressed, both by style and tone of thought; and there is a freshness in the scene and in the assemblage of characters which indicates a vivid fancy and independent habits of observation. It, too, is written with a very distinct moral purpose; but this relates to self-government rather than to any reform in existing opinion. Neither dogmatically, nor by example, are our social institutions interfered with. Nevertheless, though we most cordially acquiesce in the principles inculcated, the story would have been better told, and would have been more acceptable, not only to the professed novel reader, but to the lover of abstract justice, if the moral had not been pushed to such extremes. We infer, more from her stern law of consequences, and the harshness of her judicial sentences, than from any crudeness of manner, that the writer is young in years. Experience surely teaches a certain reticence and timidity when we have to assign the proportion of punishment to error. In this story, tremendous, heart-breaking punishment is inflicted on what (comparing ourselves with ourselves) is but a venial, quickly repented fault. This severity, setting reader and author so much at variance, arises, we do not doubt, from the purely fanciful character of the plot, with which experience can have nothing to do. Young writers have a feeling of power in summarily deciding the fate of their own creations. The interest, or the necessities of the story, are, at critical times, paramount with them; the stability of the actors in the drama fails under the strain; we detect a sense of unreality in the artist's mind; he knows it is all make-believe, and allows the characters of his piece to succumb, physically or morally, to a fine effect, or to a principle, or to a flourishing climax, without a scruple or a pang. Often, under this despotic rule, we see the men and women whom we have learnt to know and believe in, swept clean off the board by their inventors with no more remorse than if they were so many nine-pins, under the implied defence that an author has a right to do what he will with his own; a fallacy we have not space to refute. With this protest,—which we make with an eye to the future, that the



authoress may not risk the popularity, and, we may add, usefulness of her next effort, by repeating the outrage on her readers' sensibilities,—we will enter on the subject of her story, the design of which is to illustrate the evils, the fatal influences and the sorrows that arise from an imperious temper; and especially the mode in which her own sex are tried and influenced when subjected to a tyrannical will. This is very ably, we may say powerfully, delineated in the different members of one family, with some of whom this fatal quality is an heir-loom. There is a tone of experience in all these various portraits which gives them a real value. Indeed, we quarrel with the turning point and conclusion of the story a good deal because the gloom of the conclusion mars it as an instructive tale. We are shown this indomitable self-loving will in various forms, in young and old, man and woman; but the evil genius in particular who lies at the root of the mischief is an elderly maiden lady, capable of great sacrifices, but wanting in the self-restraint and sympathy necessary to confer any real service on her fellow creatures; and waging a general war against peace and happiness through the perpetual irritations of an exacting temper, and what the author calls a diseased self-love. Her sacrifice had been to receive her widowed sister and her young family into her own well-ordered home. The widow, Mrs. Brandon, of weak, suffering frame, a victim to ill-health; an elder daughter, Caroline, handsome, vain, and self-indulgent, who has fallen amongst the religious world, and uses its language; a second daughter, Ruth, ardent, straightforward, sympathising, with a good share of the family characteristic; a son, Frederic, clever and ill-principled, whose home under his forbidding aunt's roof is intolerable to him; and various juniors. The influence of a bad temper upon all these different subjects is the lesson of the book. The atmosphere of fear in which the helpless live under such an incubus is forcibly shown in the following passage, which introduces us to Miss Harriet Earle:—

‘Ruth had brought her mother into a very comfortable chat about Caroline's pretty looks, and was skilfully leading on to one of those confidential talks respecting her early married life, in which Mrs. Brandon sometimes forgot present sorrow, when the sound of a deliberate, firm step on the stairs caused a little electric thrill to pass through the room, and startled every one into an attitude of preparation. Mrs. Brandon drew her hand away from between Ruth's two; Ruth jumped up, and restored the stool to its proper place near the fire; Susan hid her story-book in a basket of plain-work; the children's talking and laughter subsided lower and lower, and at last went out altogether, as the door opened quietly and admitted the mistress of the house, Miss Harriet Earle, and something else with her, an undefinable something, which, somehow or other, always went into and came out from every company into which she went and came. It was felt by every one, the mysterious accompanying atmosphere; but none

knew its full weight and presence so entirely as the widowed sister and the orphan children whom Miss Earle had taken into her home. For them it came in with her, but it did not so surely always go out again. The chairs and the tables, the carpet and the ceiling, the very walls of the house had absorbed some of it, and breathed out "Miss Harriet Earle" distinctly enough to keep a very wholesome check on the spirits of the inmates even in her absence.'—*Through the Shadows*, vol. i. p. 19.

The relationships of the piece are somewhat intricate. It takes some time to disentangle the various cousinships. Alice Earle, the sweet, graceful, eloquent, delicately conceived heroine, is one cousin. Sebastian and Maxwell Earle are cousins to all the others, and yet hardly brothers to each other, that is, not in position, though they are in blood. Alice's timid, sensitive nature has been crushed in childhood by the terrible aunt, and equally terrible grandfather, of whom we are told:—

'His was one of those restless, exacting wills that will not be satisfied with anything less than the utter annihilation of character in all around them. No minute circumstance of daily life was so small that he did not wish to regulate it, and no recess of the heart of wife or child so sacred, that he would not willingly have meddled there and ruled. \* \* \* Sebastian never could understand how it was that, with all her gentle ingratiating ways, and with all the frightened efforts she made to win her grandfather's and aunt's love, she never succeeded in pleasing them as he did, and who was conscious of never trying at all: he did not know that to people afflicted with a diseased self-love, there is nothing so displeasing as the very fear anxiety which their own exactions always awaken in gentle impressible natures.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 105.

She now suffers under her father, who is another influential development of the Earle will. Between her and Sebastian there is a mutual but unacknowledged attachment. Alice from infancy has been so much in the habit of looking to him to screen her from harshness and blame, that he is under the constant impression that her feelings for him have no deeper source, strengthened by some jealous misgivings that his brother Maxwell has a nearer place in her heart. At length, and after many slips and vicissitudes, they are engaged; but now interposes another will from an unexpected quarter: from Ruth, who is Alice's bosom friend, and who mistrusts Sebastian because she fears he does not appreciate her friend enough. Ruth, except that she does unpardonable things, is an interesting character from her force and reality. We see that she has a more positive existence with the authoress than some others of her favourites, for she refrains from extinguishing her at the end by some dismal catastrophe. Though the results of her mistakes and errors are extreme, she is useful as a warning to the young and jealous. Presuming on the strength of her affections, and a certain self-negation, which in some degree redeems her self-confidence, she takes those she loves under a

patronage of protection. She has a fatal gift of blundering, and is conscious of her own brusqueness of manners, which no fear of her aunt can tame, and yet considers herself competent to advise on the point of tact.

"But now, Sebastian, I will tell you something. You and I ought to be friends, for we have a misfortune in common; we neither of us know how to say things in the right way to the right people. I am always in trouble on that account, and I see plainly that you will be; you will make mischief between people, like aunt Harriet and poor mamma, so pray keep out of their way as much as you can; and with people like Alice, and Max——"

"Alice! and Max! Well, go on," interrupted Sebastian, who could not help giving a start at the two names.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 103.

She is Alice's especial fate, and is perpetually interfering with her destiny. First it is to forbid her thinking of Sebastian, on the ground that she cannot love him.

"Do you remember the last evening I spent at Earle's Court, when you and I were talking, I said, I should like to be able to put myself between those I loved and harm; but, Alice, it would not do for you, and the way you are thinking of is not a right way; you must not do it."

"Do what, dear?" asked Alice soothingly.

"What Caroline says you mean to do. You must not, to please your father or any one, marry Sebastian. Oh, Alice, I know so well how it would be if you did. I see it all. He is just one of those terribly stern, silent people, the weight of whose will crushes one to death. You could never live and be yourself near him. Don't be angry with me for saying this, but I know you would be frightened of him; and, Alice, you might get to be, what aunt Harriet calls you, deceitful. You might *never* be able to speak the truth to him,—and think of going on like that all your life."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 244.

This speech Sebastian, standing at the foot of the stairs, chances to hear, as, indeed, people do, throughout, see and hear a great deal that they ought not to do. But Alice's influence slowly overcomes all difficulties, whether they arise from opposition, as in Ruth's case, or too anxious a meddling to bring the affair about, as in her father's, whose solemn instructions to his daughter on this point have a great deal of nature in them. After Ruth's officious warning, the lovers first meet in the garden of Alice's home, which gives rise to the following pretty reflection, showing a mind at leisure for taking in the teaching and the genius of every scene:—

"Everything, even quite ugly and common-place things, houses, rooms, old clothes, pieces of furniture, above all, gardens and people, have what may be called their ideal days; times when,—for some hidden reason or other, which a philosopher, thinking over the matter deeply, might possibly discover and explain,—all the old stains, disfigurements, incompletenesses of one kind or another, put themselves out of sight for a season, and we can see nothing but the best side, not precisely the thing itself, but that other thing that it was meant to be. The ideal day for the house and garden at Earle's Court,—when the thought of the designer of it stood up, as it were,

alive and crowned, and said, "Look how fair and perfect an expression has been found for me,"—was one of those rare days that come now and then to surprise us in the middle of our gusty springs, when the calm of full summer seems for an hour or two to have taken hands with the joyous freshness of May. The garden's summer days were a shade too bright; garden's autumn days too rich; winter days too sad to harmonize with the spirit of the place; but to the tenderness of spring it answered perfectly.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 1.

Sebastion, desponding of ever gaining Alice's real heart, has called to announce his intention to travel, and finds Alice, the fair presiding spirit of the scene, kneeling over a nest of young robins:—

'At the sound of his approaching steps, Alice sprang up, and advanced to meet him, with the flush and the smile on her face that the kneeling posture and her pleasant occupation had brought there.

"Come," she said, holding out her hand, without any formal greeting, "you shall have just one peep at my pet birds, if you will be quiet, and take great care not to frighten them away."

'Sebastion had been preparing himself all the morning against the chance of some little gleam of cordiality in Alice's manner towards him, coming to try his sober belief in her indifference. Such had come and gone twenty times; it was too late for him to be deceived again. In his great fear of being shaken, he threw an air of restraint and solemnity over his answer that the apparent occasion by no means called for.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head; "I hear too often that I am a formidable person to venture on such a step. I should be sure to frighten them. I had much better keep out of their way."

'He had frightened something away now, if not the birds. He saw it in a minute. The smile from the gentle face, the sweet, sweet look from the upturned blue eyes—with what fluttering speed they hid themselves away. Alice suddenly remembered the last time she had seen her cousin, and the words he had overheard then. The unfortunate meeting had only been out of her mind for a few minutes since it had happened. The bright spring air and her garden employment had turned her thoughts into a pleasanter channel for a moment or two; it was painful to have them brought so suddenly back. She did not look away directly Sebastion spoke; her eyes rested for a second longer on his face; there was gentle reproach in them.

"You should not have put me in mind of that," they said, "when I was happy for a little while, for you know I was not to blame."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 7.

This is very graceful, expressive writing, nor does the little scene lose as it advances in the skilful, tender reading of two hearts. Our sympathies are always with Alice; she is finely and delicately drawn. We feel for her the more that she is the victim of that peculiar calamity, ably set forth by a modern writer, of having too many friends. When the engagement actually takes place, Sebastion is deputed to tell Ruth. That young lady receives the news characteristically:—

"Cousin," he began at last, stooping down, and speaking in the peculiar, earnest, and almost sad tones, which his voice assumed whenever he spoke from his heart, "I think you have a right to hear first what

I have got to tell; for I believe that you love Alice Earle better than any one in the world does except one."

"I love her better than any one loves her," Ruth said, with a little tremble in her voice, for she dreaded what was coming.

"No; not so well as I do—not a hundredth part so well as I do," said Sebastian. "You had better get to believe that, for your own sake; make yourself quite sure of that before I go on."

Ruth drew her hand away from Sebastian's arm, and turned round and looked at him.

"You don't mean that it is true what Caroline told me? You don't mean that you are going to marry her? Oh! Sebastian!" she said, with a look of reproach that provoked him not a little.

He had come out, expecting opposition, however, and he was resolved to be patient.

"Come now, Ruth, be reasonable; why not, if I love her?"

"Does she love you?"

"She says so," answered Sebastian smiling.

Ruth put her hand on Sebastian's arm again, and walked on with an air of having given up the world in despair.

"Come now, cousin Ruth," Sebastian went on, half-playfully, half-earnestly, "make a full confession. Why are you so solemn about it? Why do you find it so impossible to suppose that Alice should marry me from any other than the self-sacrificing motives you were attributing to her the other day? Why should she not choose me of her own free will?"

"I don't know—I could not," said Ruth decidedly.

"Luckily, you see, it is not you I want," answered Sebastian, with a little pardonable malice, which, however, Ruth was too unconscious to feel.

"Of course you don't," she answered; "and, after all, I ought not to judge Alice. Of course she likes you, if she has said so. She always used to like Maxwell better than any one else she knew, and you are not unlike him."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 41.

It is admitted that an unamiable, jealous feeling, which probably really belongs to imperious wills, had some share in Ruth's objection. The effect upon her is to hang over her suffering mother with a morbid feeling of appropriation as all that is left to her. 'You, at all events,' she said to herself, 'no one shall take from being quite my own.' And through this feeling, this natural affection, made unjust through the infusion of self, comes the great temptation and subsequent misery of the story. Alice's wedding preparations are hastening on under the happiest auspices. Ruth on one of her visits sees her 'things,' though things, even wedding things, had little interest for her. At length she is shown a costly bracelet, Sebastian's gift. It is one of the book's bye-lessons—better developed than the main moral—that a life of rigid exclusion from the pleasures of life, even when willingly borne, is inimical to the free development of the more generous qualities. Ruth, suffering from the perpetual want of money and subsequent dependence, cannot see the pearls and diamonds without asking the price, and grudging the 200*l.* for which she could find so many better uses. She covets not the bracelet, but the money it would fetch.

"I wonder how I should feel," she said, "if I were carrying about on my wrists as much money as would make some anxious person happy for the rest of her life."

"But must we never look at anything," said Alice, "without thinking of the money it cost? May not some things represent quite a different thought, so different that the costliness never comes into one's recollection, except as part of the symbol?"—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 62.

Unhappily the only symbol that remains on Ruth's mind is the vulgar one of money's worth. And here, through defect in the plot, the open-hearted Ruth is made to commit two flagrant breaches of the commandments about this bracelet—first she covets it, and next, in point of fact, she *steals* it; that is, she is determined to get it from its rightful owner, and she does. We enforce this point, for we think the authoress hardly realizes the extent of Ruth's sin. In what follows, we cannot see the connexion between even an unjust affection and any strength of determination with such a violent breach of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*; and it is contrary to the whole construction of the self-denying character, to regard the goods of others as its own; but, whatever we may think of this, it gives rise to some forcible scenes. That night her unprincipled brother Frederick summons Ruth to a dismal confidence. He is clerk in a bank of which the head is on the eve of marrying their elder sister. He has taken money to the amount of a hundred pounds, and has been found out by cousin Maxwell, who alone is in possession of the fatal secret, but will of course feel bound to communicate it to the firm. 'What am I to do? what will become of me?' he asks.

"You—you," cried Ruth indignantly; "it is mamma I am thinking about—what can be done to save her?"

"Yes, what can be done? think of something," Frederick went on, in an imploring tone.

"Let me think, let me think," Ruth answered.

'She stood quite still in the middle of the room; the candle had burned out, but the moon, in its course through the sky, looked in now at the window, and threw pale green lights on the bare floor. It seemed to Ruth afterwards as if she had thought for hours; in reality, it was not perhaps for five minutes. One picture after another rose before her eyes; she realized with all the force of her deep sympathy the coming trouble. She seemed actually to taste the bitterness of her mother's despair and pain, and to see her writhing under the death blow. Great waves of sorrow lifted up their heads and seemed ready to flow in, and then her strong hereditary will rose up—they *should not come*. She did not throw out her heart in prayer for help from above; she did not ask for guidance or teaching. At that moment of her life Ruth lost sight altogether of the loving Father whose merciful will overrules all things. She saw only a cruel unjust fate coming near to crush the helpless, and she stood up and defied it. Her mother should not suffer; anything else might come afterwards, but that should not be. By-and-bye a suggestion came; a plan of action perfectly well-defined and clear, rose up in her mind—whether it came from above or



from below she did not stay to examine. She had not asked for any inspiration, but there it was; and it apparently required nothing in order to carry it out but a little of the strong resolution which she had within herself. As soon as she had seen it all clearly to the minutest point, she turned to the bed:—

"Get up, Frederick," she said, "and put your clothes back into your drawers. Go to sleep as usual, and be ready and go back to your work in the morning. By this time to-morrow Max Earle shall have received the hundred pounds wanted to make your account right, and he shall have given his word never to reveal this, his discovery, to any one, even to his father."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 87.

This bears an ominous resemblance to Jezebel's line of action and tone of address, whether the authoress had her in her mind or not. We need not say that poor Alice's bracelet is fixed on as the means of escape, which Ruth intends to *make* her give up and sell, in order to get Fred out of his difficulty. We have not space for the opening of the attack. Alice submits to the stronger will, and always attracted by the idea of sacrifice, resigns the bracelet, because it costs her so much to give it up, but demurs long at the demand of secrecy from even Sebastian.

Alice's scruples about making this promise gave Ruth more trouble than she expected; she never could remember afterwards by what arguments prayers, or tears she combated then. They talked a long time, the minutes passed on, the morning was wearing away. Ruth began to despair, but at last the promise was given, and then all the rest was easy.

"As soon as she had yielded this first point, Alice felt as if she were being dragged on by some irresistible fate. It was really that she had yielded to a will stronger than her own. Ruth's tears, her vehemence, and her despair, took away from her all power of judging calmly."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 102.

The bracelet is soon sold to a jeweller, and the money carried by the young ladies to Maxwell Earle, whom Ruth, without choosing to think *why*, knew well could not refuse Alice a last request. Alice's regrets and misgivings on the way are summarily stopped, with the characteristic selfishness of one possessed by an absorbing idea—"You are saving mamma's life; 'don't look back, Alice; if she is saved, what does it matter what becomes of any of us afterwards?' Maxwell stoutly refuses at first to do what they ask him. Ruth's vehemence, stimulated by a sense of power, is certainly vigorously given. Maxwell says—

"I cannot do it; but I will tell no one but him (his father); you may trust his kindness—he will not act harshly."

"No, no, no," Ruth struck in; "I can't trust him or any one—oh, Max, be merciful, you must see yourself that if your father once hears of this he must send Frederick away; he will be disgraced; and think of mamma—let her die at least trusting us all. I don't care what happens afterwards, let us think only of what will be best for her."

"The best thing for her, and every one else concerned, must be what is right to do; must it not?" said Max.

"I don't care for any one but mamma, and I am certain that the best thing for her is that no one should know. What is the good of stopping to talk about right and wrong? For my part I would do *wrong* to save her; she has always been suffering, and this blow she shall not have. People pretend to be anxious about doing right, and half the time they only mean that they are afraid of being punished if they do wrong. I am not afraid; I dare do this thing, right or wrong; and when mamma is safe I will bear any punishments, any consequences, that come of it. I only hope they will come on me, if they do come."

"They are sure to come," Max said, looking at her with surprise, and, it must be confessed, kindling a little at her boldness; "the worst of it is we cannot choose who shall have them; if we could—" he paused, a sudden conviction of the utter want of faith and of submission that was shown in this strange braving of God's punishments flashed across him; but Alice did not give him time to follow out his thoughts.

"I do not think it will bear talking about," she said, coming near, and putting her hand on Maxwell's arm; "but this is the first favour I ever asked of you. I shall never ask another. I have wished all my life to have a brother; don't spoil my idea of how much a brother would do for a sister by refusing to do for me the only thing I shall ever ask."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 107.

Such scenes suffer by being detached from their context, but our readers will see enough to be aware that the authoress has brought more than average power to her work. She maintains a real hold of her subject, and for the first two volumes nothing is allowed to interfere with the progress of the story, to which the novelist's first duty is owing. There is no shrinking from scenes, we see and hear her personages in the most critical moments of their fate, and her spirit is with them sympathizing with each change and turn of events. Caroline, Ruth's elder sister, whose faults and temptations are of a more common order, lends great variety to the earlier part of the story, till settled by a mercenary marriage; which she persuades herself is entered upon in a spirit of self-sacrifice. The dread of 'aunt Harriet,' prompting to the final acceptance, is ingeniously natural, and all this young lady's previous speculations upon her various admirers' and dangles' sayings show some humour and a good deal of experience of common place character. We are glad, too, to observe that Ruth has a kind of trusting, sisterly sympathy in these questions, and does not scan Caroline's feeble, vain confessions with the severity of a stranger's eye; as the high-minded sister of the moral tale is so constantly made to do.

The following conversation at a religious party is in another vein from our previous extracts. Mr. Gadstone is Caroline's future husband.

'Alice leant back in her seat, and wondered why she had taken the trouble to interfere. What could it signify what Miss Ash said of Max

Earle? Her thoughts took holiday for a few moments. When they came back again the conversation had left Mr. Meyer, and passed on to his partner in business and superior in wealth and consequence, Mr. Gadstone. "He is here to-night—is he serious?" asked Alice abruptly.

"He is dear Mrs. Warren's brother," said Miss Ash, "and she has great hopes of him: they say he is a very keen man of business, and very clever in making a bargain; but I don't know that he is any worse for that; many very religious people are; Mr. Barrett thinks it a great thing to show the world that the keenest, most practical minds can be brought under the influence of religious truth."

"I wish poor Fred would take example by Mr. Gadstone, then," said Caroline with a sigh; "if he were both religious and likely to make a great deal of money it would be all one could wish."

"Making the most of both worlds, in short," said the youngest Miss Ash, with a happy quotation of the title of a book she had been reading.

"Ah, my dears," continued the elder sister, "that is the way to talk to young men; show them that it is their *interest*—their interest for this world—to be religious, and you will soon gain them over."

"I wonder whether Mr. Meyer would think that an appeal to self-interest would have anything to do with—with holiness," said Alice, hesitating a little over her word, and yet not caring to substitute another.

"My dear Miss Earle," cried Miss Ash, appealingly, "when we have been told on good authority, that Mr. Meyer's views are not sound, is it wise to bring them forward?"

"But about Mr. Gadstone," said Alice, glad to retreat, "what has he done to deserve your good opinion?"

"He took the chair at the last missionary meeting, and he has subscribed a guinea to the Jews' society, and he shows altogether, Mrs. Warren thinks, an appreciation of the right views, which is very encouraging," answered Miss Ash triumphantly.

"I wonder whether he has rebuilt those wretched tumble-down cottages that belong to him at Fairburne," said Alice; "and whether he has done away with the toll at the head of the bridge at Newlands, which prevents the poor people from getting to Church."

"I really don't know about that," answered Miss Belinda Ash, the youngest and gentlest of the sisters; "but, my dear, you know we must not despise the day of small things."

"Especially not with such a man as Mr. Gadstone," interposed her more eager elder sister, "only think what good he might do if he went heart and soul to the work with his means; we ought not to leave a stone unturned to gain him. If only he could be brought to marry some really pious young woman who would lead him in the right way?"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 56.

The third volume cannot be included in our commendation of conscientious adherence to the story, which, in fact, ends in its main interest with the second. Alice is the victim of the concealment enforced by Ruth, by a series of not very skilfully managed false conclusions and blunders. Sebastian is brought to believe that the missing bracelet, and the interview with his brother, and a certain note that aunt Harriet shows him, prove to demonstration Alice's preference for Maxwell. Without giving her the opportunity of explanation, he writes her a final farewell, and sails the same day on Sir John Franklin's expedition for the North Pole; from whence he never returns.

She has not even the satisfaction of clearing herself in his eyes, and goes on expecting, and waiting, and despairing, as far as regards her *human* happiness, till she dies. It is a mistake in every sense. A moral story should be complete in itself, and must not postpone the justice, the satisfaction, the clearing of doubts—which the reader has a right, by a sort of tacit compact with the author, to expect—to the future tribunal. It professes to be a dramatized picture of those providential laws that govern the world, with this world, not the next, for its theatre; and here in this mortal scene it should have some conclusion that man's eyes may rest on.

But while we say this, we would do justice to the beauty and delicacy of Alice's character; except in the momentary falsehood (which we disown for her) she is always true to a very fair ideal. A poetical conception in thought and speech, she well sustains her part. Her vision of the ice-bound ships is oppressive in its vivid distinctness; and her story to the little children, for its gentle pathos and utter simplicity of diction, is a rare success.

The third volume is devoted in part to the development of a new scheme for the employment of women, conducted by a very conventional, good woman, gifted with an intense insight into every one's character and capabilities, and in whose presence the whole system of human intercourse seems to change its character. It concludes by a wholesale, not to say unfeeling, sweep of the minor characters. Amongst the rest are two violent deaths, which are so little realized by the author, that she forgets how they ought to affect those left behind; Ruth, and the less impressionable Caroline, alike sustain the death of husband and brother under the most terrible circumstances, with no greater shock to the nerves, or permanent influence on their tone of thought, than if the events had only concerned them as lookers-on. This we only note as a warning how sparingly such incidents should be used by the novelist, especially if writing only from fancy. Feebly told horrors, awful events, recorded without due sense of their awe, weaken more than the pages in which they occur; they leave a general sense of inexperience and even puerility. We speak strongly because the defects and failings we have noted are not unlikely to injure the general acceptance of a story which, for strength and elegance of style, dramatic power, and high tone of feeling, takes quite another stand from the ordinary novel.

One tale, the most remarkable that has appeared for many years—a work of genius still exciting general interest amongst all classes of readers—'Adam Bede;' which if it be, as there is internal evidence, written by a woman, places woman's aptitude

for this form of composition in some points higher than it has ever stood before—fairly side by side with man—we have not yet touched upon; not only because it is already so popular that it needs no further introduction, and so generally noticed by the press that little new can be said upon it; but because the uncontradicted rumour of its authorship is a perplexity and an enigma which interposes itself and confuses our critical powers when we attempt any analysis. If there is one feature more than another that stamps, or seems to stamp, the book, it is its earnestness;—a profound realization of certain great moral principles as the key to man's nature and moral government. It is a work not of the imagination only, or chiefly; but of the heart. And how can we reconcile this tone, its apparent honesty, and truthfulness, and genuineness, its deep religious sentiment, with the other literary labours and the sceptical association attributed to its author, and, as we say, uncontradicted? People tell us the public have no right to pry into an author's secrets; we do not know what rights mean on this question; we have no right to take unlawful means of getting to know, but it is not in human nature not to wish to know the author who has interested and absorbed us. If we hear a good sermon, do not we ask who preached it? if we hear good music, do we rest till we learn the composer? they have not their full effect till we know; a book is incomplete, it has not fully told its tale, till we know its author. If it represents a strong intellect, a vivid imagination, tender feeling, and large experience, its readers must wish to learn in whom these gifts have met; what favourable circumstances have developed the mind to such felicitous harmony and power. We do not now, after waiting in vain for a denial, set ourselves to find out our mistake, to modify our first high appreciation, to seek for lapses and latent touches of infidelity; we thought it a beautiful tale when we read it, we think it so still, though it should indeed prove to be a simply intellectual effort of memory and association; but if the statement remains uncontradicted because it cannot be denied, we can only say, there is nothing in 'Adam Bede' so surprising as its authorship. We leave it as a riddle yet unsolved, and have sought in other sources what may be the direction of our popular literature, as led by female pens, which seem now to have almost a monopoly of the purely domestic fiction.

- ART. IV.—1. *Journals of the General Convention of the American Episcopal Church.* 1853 and 1856.
2. *New York Church Journal.* 1857, 1858.
3. *Mixed Societies in Principle and in Practice.* By the Rev. A. C. COXE, D.D. of Baltimore. 1859.
4. *Apology for the Common English Bible.* By the same. 1857.
5. *The Western World Revisited.* By the Rev. H. CASWALL. 1853.
6. *Bishop White's Memoirs of the Episcopal Church.* Philadelphia, 1820.

MR. BAINES, in moving for a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the nature and extent of the 'Queen's Printer's Patent,' is reported to have asked the House to consider 'whether it had any right or prerogative to restrict the printing of the Holy Scriptures.' 'The Holy Scriptures,' he proceeded, 'were given in charge to no particular section of the Church, to no priest, to no prince, to no sanhedrim or senate, neither to Jew nor to Gentile; but liberally and impartially, as the rains and dews of heaven. They were made the universal patrimony of mankind; and he appealed to the House, as they had given freedom to trade and industry, and to the negro slave, removed every restriction from conscience, and maintained the liberty of the press; to bestow upon England *'the crowning blessing of a free and unfettered Bible.'*

Now it is not our object at present, to discuss the question whether the charge of the Holy Scriptures, in their general acceptance, more properly belongs to the Church of Christ or to the civil authority. Nor do we deem it necessary to remind our readers that the title-page, the dedication, and the translators' preface to the reader, concur in proving our Authorized Version in particular to be, like the Prayer-book, a Church of England work, designed for Church of England purposes; and therefore, strictly speaking, under the rightful guardianship of the Church of England. But since 'free trade in Bibles' was the professed object of Mr. Baines's motion, and since the experience of America is now largely appealed to by certain politicians in support of their theories, we have thought that a few facts connected with the history of our Authorized Version in the United States would not be without value, under existing circumstances, in England.



It was in the year 1607, while our present version was in the hands of the translators, that the first English settlers disembarked on the coast of Virginia. Although these early emigrants were members of the Established Church, the great majority of the subsequent colonists of America were professedly Dissenters. Yet, as Protestants, they generally regarded the Bible as the foundation of their faith, understanding by the term 'Bible,' the Authorized Version of the Church of England. When the Revolution broke out in 1776, a large proportion of the Church people and of their clergy took part with the Crown, while the Dissenters were generally attached to the republican party. At the restoration of peace in 1783 many of the churches were deserted or in ruins; the clergy, who never had numbered much more than two hundred, were greatly reduced, and as bishops had never been tolerated in America by the home-government, no form of ecclesiastical rule existed.

Under these untoward circumstances, synodical action commenced, and the Church gradually formed her system of annual Diocesan Conventions, and of a triennial General Convention. In these conventions the clergy and laity had equal votes, or were equally represented, with the useful provision of a 'vote by orders,' an arrangement which makes the consent of both clergy and laity necessary to any act or resolution. Being now free from its old political entanglements, the Church elected its bishops, who derived their consecration in the first instance from the Scottish and English prelates. Even in the jealous eye of the law, the 'American Episcopal Church' was considered identical with that Church in England which had renounced the Pope, reformed the Prayer-book, and translated the Bible. It still retains, for instance, the lands given to the Church of England in Vermont and New Hampshire, while the property of Trinity Church, New York, originally given by Queen Anne, has attained, through the growth of the city, the value of nearly two millions of pounds, being estimated at above seven millions of dollars in 1857. Though little recruited by emigration, the Church in the United States usually doubles itself in about thirteen years, an increase mainly due to the rapid influx of persons from other 'denominations.' At the present time, it numbers about 38 bishops, 2,000 clergy, 135,000 communicants, and perhaps two millions of worshippers.

We have thus briefly alluded to the history and position of the Church in America, because that Church has succeeded to whatever duties may be supposed to attach to the Church of England in regard to the Authorized Version. A few such preliminary statements are also necessary to explain the subsequent action of our American brethren on the same subject. It must

likewise be remembered, in the same connexion, that the General and State governments of the United States are constructed on principles which disqualify them for all pretext of interference in religious matters, and that consequently the law of the land provides no security for the correctness of Bibles.

The manufacture and sale of Bibles being open to all, a number of incorrect editions were very early printed and circulated; and in 1817, the General Convention was led to consider a proposal for adopting a standard edition. This proposal was occasioned by 'the discovery of a large edition extending very 'widely' (says Bishop White<sup>1</sup>), 'a corruption of Acts vi. 3, 'by perverting it to a sanction of congregational ordination. 'Instead of "whom *we* may appoint over this business," which 'is the exact translation of the original, the edition has it, "whom 'ye may appoint over this business.'" In 1823 this proposal was finally carried into effect, and the generally-received English standard was made the standard of the Church in America.

The continued publication, however, of inaccurate editions made it necessary that further measures should be adopted, and it was considered highly expedient that American readers should be supplied with an exact reprint of the most correct copy obtainable in England. The subject accordingly came before the General Conventions of 1850, 1853, and 1856, and will probably afford much discussion to the same assembly in the autumn of 1859.

In the Convention of 1850 a Committee was appointed 'to 'procure and supervise the publication of a standard edition of 'the Holy Bible.' At the same time a proposal was submitted by a Church institution, the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, to become the publishers of the standard Bible in contemplation. To the Committee had been assigned the duty of contracting with the institution just named, and of reporting to the Convention the result of their labours.

The Convention of 1853, held in New York, was attended by thirty Bishops in the Upper House, and by a Lower House consisting of 115 clerical and 85 lay-deputies from thirty dioceses. There was present also a deputation from our own Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, consisting of Bishop Spencer, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. E. Hawkins, and the Rev. H. Caswall. Among many other items of business the report of the Committee on the standard version was laid before the Lower House.<sup>2</sup> The report stated that—

'The first and not the least important of its labours appeared to be that of ascertaining on what edition of the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the Episcopal Church, p. 310.

<sup>2</sup> See Journal of the General Convention of 1853, p. 32.

now existing most reliance could be placed for correctness of text and accuracy of typography. The *Princeps* edition in folio, A.D. 1611, is that which appeared from the hands of the translators appointed by King James I. of England, and is the text of the Holy Scriptures used in our Church, and as widely as the English tongue is diffused.'

After giving a brief history of the revision made by Dr. Blayney in 1769, the Committee proceeds:—

'In our own country, where the publication of the Bible is at every man's option, too many editions have been found, crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects, while even in England, where by the laws of the land, from four sources alone, under royal authority, can editions of the Holy Scriptures emanate, variations, though slight, are apparent between the copies bearing the impress of those sources.

'The incorrectness of so many editions, and the blemishes of all, united with the duty of our Church as its hereditary guardian to protect the integrity of the English Scriptures, attracted, so early as the year 1817, the attention of our General Convention to the subject, and in 1823 the edition of Eyre and Strahan, published in England, and then considered the most perfect extant, was recommended as the standard to be recognised by our Church, till such time as she thought proper to put forth an edition of her own. At subsequent triennial meetings, the subject was again and again brought before both Houses of this body, till the appointment of your Committee to treat with the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society in the manner which has been mentioned.

'In the course of action under their appointment, your Committee have received from the Society, known as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the information that the present standard text recognised by them, is that of the medium quarto printed in Oxford; and there has been received from that Society a copy of that edition, the courtesy of which gift your Committee esteem it a duty and pleasure to acknowledge.

'They have also to acknowledge on the subject of a Standard Bible, the receipt of a letter from the present Primate and Metropolitan of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, which your Committee may be permitted to consider as an evidence of the interest taken by the Church of England in whatever concerns the Church in these United States, and of the common bond of Christian and catholic fellowship between the Churches; a bond which that eminent prelate has so largely contributed to cement. The letter of the Archbishop is as follows:—

"*Lambeth, April 17, 1853.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to have it in my power to answer your letter of inquiry concerning the text of the Bible. During the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, the delegates of the Oxford, and the syndics of the Cambridge press, had a long and elaborate correspondence on the state of the text of the Bible as then printed, and until then there had been much inaccuracy. A correct text, according to the edition of 1611, was then adopted, both in the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles. The Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has furnished me with the following statement from Mr. Combe, the Superintendent of the Oxford press:

'The text of all the Oxford editions of the Bible is now the same, and is in conformity with the edition of 1611, which is, and has been for many years, adopted for the standard text. The medium quarto book is stereotyped, which protects it from casual errors; and having been long in use without the detection of any error, I have reason to think that it may be

considered as perfect as a book can be, and may therefore be fairly received as the standard book of the Society.

"It is a most gratifying thought that our English Bible should be circulated over your vast continent, and that our native language should be employed as the vehicle of eternal truth to an increasing multitude of readers; and we may justly pray that the purity which is secured to the text may be extended also to the doctrines gathered from the text and propounded to the hearers of the Word. It gives me much pleasure to have had this opportunity of communicating with an American brother, and I remain, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant,

"J. B. CANTUAR.

"Rev. Henry M. Mason."

'Upon such authority, your Committee cannot hesitate to recognise the above Medium Quarto Stereotyped Edition, published at Oxford, as the Standard Bible of the Church of England. The New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, in its communications, appear to await the determination of this Convention before acting as publishers on their former petition, and your Committee recommend the adoption of the edition named in the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter as that from which a republication in this country by our Church shall be made. An examination of it has resulted in the discovery of but very few particulars which your Committee would decidedly prefer to change, not one which would importantly affect the sense, and but few of which a doubt might not be entertained whether they are even typographical errors.

'Your Committee conclude with the recommendation of the passing of the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, the House of Bishops concurring—

"1. That the Medium Quarto Bible, stereotyped at Oxford, be the recognised standard of this Church, until an American reprint be made and adopted as hereinafter contemplated.

"2. That the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society be the publishers from that standard of the reprint above-mentioned, provided, in making any contract, the Committee shall not exceed the price at which a similar publication can be contracted for with other publishers.

"3. That a joint Committee of five be appointed to supervise the reprint aforesaid, with authority to correct errors of the press, and report to the next General Convention the edition so published, for its adoption as the American Standard Edition.

(Signed)

"HENRY M. MASON, *Chairman*.  
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.  
G. M. WHARTON.  
R. F. W. ALLSTON."

The Report and recommendations of the Committee were laid over for further consideration until the General Convention of 1856. In that year the Committee reported as follows:—

'The Committee appointed at the last General Convention on the subject of a Standard Bible, respectfully report, that to the important duty assigned them they have given such attention as opportunity would permit. The propriety, and even necessity, of protecting the integrity of the text of Divine Revelation, as translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, is not less stringent now, but increasingly more so, than at any period since the attention of the supreme legislature of the Church was first attracted to the subject. Too many of the editions of the Holy Scriptures issued in this country are faulty in respect of typography, or in changes which affect the

volume, either as it came from the hands of the translators under King James I., or as it exists in the present standard of the Church of England. It seems desirable therefore that the protection of the General Convention of our Church should be interposed for the guardianship of the great depositary of our faith in the English tongue.'

With the view of carrying into effect the recommendations of this Committee, the Upper and Lower House of the Convention finally agreed,—

'1st. That a competent person be appointed by the Convention to correct typographical errors in the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures, referring to the present Standard Edition.

'2d. That a Committee of five be appointed, to whom the proposed corrections when made, or in their progressive stages, shall be subjected for approval.

'3d. That the Report of this Committee, with the proposed corrections in full, be printed and presented to the next General Convention (1859) for final action.'

The Rev. Dr. Mason was appointed by both Houses to correct the typographical errors in the Standard Edition, and with him five clerical and lay gentlemen were associated as a committee of revision.

We have recorded the above particulars because they show that, in the opinion of the American Episcopal Church, '*the publication of the Bible at every man's option*' is highly dangerous, and leads to the publication of '*too many editions, crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects.*' They prove likewise, that English editions of the Scriptures printed under the present system are considered in America far more accurate than those printed in America under a system of '*free trade.*' They exhibit the Archbishop of Canterbury engaged in a Christian and dignified intercourse with his American brethren while giving information respecting the true standard edition. And lastly, they exhibit the American Episcopal Church acknowledging its duty, as the '*hereditary guardian of the English Scriptures,*' '*to protect the integrity of the text,*' and accordingly appointing a reviser and a committee of revision.

The English reader, however, must not suppose that hereafter American Bibles will all undergo the revision of the committee of the Church. The Church in America, though a highly respectable and increasing body, has never, for the reasons already mentioned, influenced a majority of the American people. The Bibles printed by the '*New York Bible and Prayer-Book Society*' will alone come under the supervision of the Committee. In the meantime, the printers, each at his option, will continue to send forth Bibles exhibiting different degrees of incompleteness and inaccuracy, while the

American Bible Society will virtually continue to supply a standard to the American people.

The American Bible Society is a wealthy and powerful institution, supported by various Protestant sects, and containing but a small admixture of Churchmen.<sup>1</sup> It prints and publishes its own Bibles, in which respect it differs from the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was founded in 1816, when in its constitution it declared its object to be the circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, and engaged that the only Bibles in the English language, circulated under its authority, should be those of the commonly received English Version. In 1823 its managers made the following statement in their Annual Report:—

‘They earnestly wish always to remember, and that their coadjutors may always remember, the sole object of the Bible Society, and be ever and deeply sensible of the results which their labours may be expected to produce under the Divine blessing. The sole object is to promote a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment. This is the avowed design, and there is no room for deception in this case, or for schemes different from the declared purpose.’

Thus far all appeared to promise well. True, the Bibles of the American Bible Society differed in certain accessories from the Authorized English Version. The Society had struck from the title-page the words, ‘Appointed to be read in churches.’ It had omitted the dedication to King James, and—in common with too many English Bibles—it had also omitted the translators’ preface. Thus it had left the reader in the dark as to the history and origin of the Version, and the part taken in it by the Church of England. But the headings of the chapters were retained; the punctuation, capitals, italics, and other particulars generally coincided with those of the best editions then published in England, and, on the whole, the Protestant bodies of America had reason to be thankful that they were presented with a correct Bible at a moderate price.

But in the year 1852, the ‘Committee of Versions’ of the Bible Society published a new standard Bible, containing about twenty-four thousand alterations in the text and punctuation, besides important changes in the accessories. The Committee stated officially that they had made alterations in the text of the

<sup>1</sup> In the British and Foreign Bible Society there is a great preponderance of Church influence. While the character of that Society is derived in a great measure from such of the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church as take part in it, *one-half* of the managers are Churchmen, the various Dissenting denominations being forced to content themselves with dividing the other half between them. The British Society prints no English Bibles, but circulates those of the University presses and of the Queen’s printer; it is therefore infinitely better secured in this respect than the American Society. (See postscript to Dr. Cox’s pamphlet on Mixed Societies.)



common English Bible in *nine* particulars; viz. in words, in orthography, in proper names, in compound words, in capital letters, in words in italics, in punctuation, in parentheses, and in brackets. They added that they had also made alterations in five *accessories*; viz. in the contents of the chapters, in the running heads of columns, in the marginal readings, in the marginal references, and in chronology. The new standard Bible was at once extolled as the most perfect Bible extant; splendid copies of it were sent to Queen Victoria, to all the crowned heads in Europe, and to the President of the United States. During the six following years hundreds of thousands of this new edition were circulated in every part of North America, the people believing them to be the same Bible which alone the Society had engaged to circulate by its constitution of 1816.

But by degrees American Christians began to perceive that the Bible Society was treading on dangerous ground, and that the establishment of the new standard involved a principle which could not fairly be conceded. The question was whether the Bible Society had authority to undertake not only the printing and circulation of the ordinary English version, but the revision of the text and the alteration of the accessories, at its pleasure.<sup>1</sup> If these had been avowed as objects of the Bible Society at the time of its first organization, the enterprise would have been swamped at once. To undertake them after nearly forty years, as if they were included in the original '*sole object of the Society*,' seemed like undertaking them on false pretences. Had the changes been the result of a mere *collation* of copies, no one could have justly complained. But as soon as the Committee introduced changes not found in any previous edition, a new principle was introduced, which it became all thoughtful persons to resist. The danger was the greater, since, from its immense wealth and influence, the Bible Society was enabled virtually to set up a standard for all private publishers. In fact, it had already been announced that '*private publishers were engaged in correcting their various editions in conformity with this established and acknowledged standard.*'

The alarm appears to have been first sounded with effect by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman, resident in Baltimore, and favourably known in this country by his '*Christian Ballads*,' and his '*Impressions of England*!' The appearance of his '*Apology for the Common English Bible*' brought the matter prominently before the American public. Dr. Coxe showed that some of the alterations in

<sup>1</sup> See *New York Church Journal*, 1857, p. 156.

punctuation materially changed the sense; as when, in Rev. xiii. 8, 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' was so altered by putting a comma after 'slain' that the words 'from the foundation of the world' no longer referred to the Lamb, but to the names of His followers. So also in regard to capitals. The word 'Spirit,' printed with a capital, had indicated the Third Person in the Trinity, but when the initial letter was now printed small, the word itself might mean something else. The headings of chapters had been so modified as to put Christ and the Church wholly out of the Old Testament. For instance, in the third chapter of Canticles, the former heading was: 'The Church's fight and victory in temptation. The Church glorieth in Christ.' This was changed to: 'The bride's despondency. The splendour of the beloved.' In the headings of the prophetic chapters, 'Zion' was substituted for 'The Church.'

'Even in the New Testament,' says Dr. Cox, 'the old familiar phrases *Christ's passion*, *Christ's resurrection*, and the like, running along the top of the page, and clustering over the heads of chapters, are generally struck out. We have instead, *Jesus is crucified*, *The resurrection of Jesus*. The Jews always speak of our Saviour as "Jesus of Nazareth," but it was a law of theirs, that if any man did confess that He was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. I am sorry to see this law so profoundly revered in the Society's Gospel. I conceive that the actual changes introduced by the Society are almost as evil as any change could be, proceeding from good men with honest intentions. They consist not in here and there an emendation, but in a vast system of alteration, and of thorough substitution, characterized, from first to last, by a debased orthodoxy, rationalistic tendencies, and a general aversion to the evangelical and primitive modes of thought which characterize the old Bible.'

The *New York Church Journal*, the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, the *Southern Churchman*, and other papers, now uttered loud complaints. The Bishops of Massachusetts and Virginia publicly expressed their disapprobation. The Bishop of Pennsylvania, in condemning the course of the Society, wrote as follows:—

'We are not of those who would deprecate in advance, and denounce *all* revision of the English Bible. The time may come when, without damage to its matchless dignity and beauty, and to the venerable associations that surround it, a few amendments may be made, by the universal consent of those who name the name of Christ, and on authority which few would question. Till then, let text, punctuation, capitals, and headings, stand as they have stood for more than two hundred years; and wherever one speaking our tongue may go, over the globe, let him have the consoling assurance that when he finds what is called King James's Bible, he finds one and the same book. We much doubt whether American Christians are prepared to renounce the standard which has obtained, on both sides of the Atlantic, for two centuries, and to accept the American Bible Society as the only authorized editor and expounder of Holy Writ.'

The Bishop's doubts proved to be well founded. Throughout the Episcopal Church the disapprobation of the new text became very general. The Convention of the Diocese of Kentucky, for instance, resolved that,—

'Whereas the immense funds of the American Bible Society enable it to overcome all private competition in the printing and sale of the Bible, this Convention regard with pain, mortification, and fear, the action of the managers of the said Society in altering the English version of the Bible in many and important particulars, and that it be recommended to the ministers and members of the Church in this diocese to withhold all contributions from the said Society, until this unauthorized edition of the Bible is withdrawn from circulation, and to avoid the purchase or circulation of the altered editions of the Bible issued by the said Society.'

The opposition of Churchmen would, however, have been of little avail if unsupported by leading members of the 'denominations' principally engaged in the Bible Society. When, however, the General Assembly of the (old school) Presbyterians joined in the opposition; when the scheme was denounced in the columns of the *Princeton (Presbyterian) Review*, when eminent non-Episcopalians, like Drs. Breckenridge and Hodges, united in the assault, and when other sects besides Presbyterians took part in the movement, it began to be perceived that the new standard was doomed. Dr. Breckenridge wrote as follows, in October, 1857, with respect to the changes:—

'I am bold to say, that, if all this had been done with regard to the works of Milton or Shakespeare, it would have been considered an unprecedented act of literary folly, arrogance, and bad faith. Can it be conceived to be possible that the Christian public will endure it when it is perpetrated on a version of the Sacred Scriptures which has given fixedness to the noblest language and literature on earth, which is the highest bond between the greatest nations in the world, and which is the power of God unto salvation to the most numerous and devoted portion of the followers of the Lamb? Surely this cannot be, this entire procedure, from beginning to end, has been wholly gratuitous, unwarranted, and intolerable. The Bible Society has no authority, no call, no need, no fitness for any such work. The whole affair is a most cruel mistake, which ought to have been corrected the moment it was observed. To persist in it will be a most flagrant outrage, incapable of defence in morals, and capable of a redress, both through public sentiment and at law, fatal to the Society.'

The 'Committee of Versions' could not stand against such thunders, and its six members resigned their office. The resignations were accepted by the Board of Managers, who declined to allow a protest of the Committee to be entered on their minutes. Early in 1858, after six years' circulation of the altered standard, the Board of Managers, at an immense sacrifice of the property of the Society, *abolished their whole work, and re-established the very edition in which it had been declared that twenty-four thousand inaccuracies had been detected.*

At the present time, with the exception of the omission of the dedication, the Standard Bible of the American Society differs in few, if any, material points from the Oxford medium quarto edition.

But let it not be supposed that the standard continues safe in the hands of the Bible Society.

'The late experiment of the Society in tampering with the version,' says Dr. Coxe,<sup>1</sup> 'has indeed been rebuked; but the Society itself derives no credit from the fact, for the evil had gone on for years, and grown into a thing of fearful magnitude, without one word of alarm or anxiety on the part of a single one of its officers and members. It now appears that by one of its by-laws it had actually made ground for future *notes* as well as for the altered headings; and many things portend that its present retreat from the extraordinary position it had ventured to take is only for the moment. It is a tremendous engine, and a *fickle popular opinion is shown to be its only controlling power*. That which has forced it to behave well to-day, will force it as easily to behave ill to-morrow. Who can trust it after this? Let it work out its own destiny, and may God overrule it for good; but surely our duty to His Holy Word cannot lead us to confide in an agent so irresponsible and capricious.'

We have now seen that in America there neither is nor can be a system of revising the Scriptures authorized and fixed by the law of the land. We have seen that in the absence of such a system the Bibles printed in America became full of inaccuracies more or less important in their character. We have seen that the American Episcopal Church has put forth efforts to secure a correct standard for the use of its own members, but that the good effects of these efforts can extend to but a small portion of the copies printed in America. We have seen that the American Bible Society has succeeded for a time in setting up a new standard, constructed on a dangerous principle. We have seen that by the efforts of a few leading individuals, rather than by the effect of public opinion, the Society was driven to retrace its steps. We have finally seen that the Society in question cannot safely be trusted in future; and that the American people remain destitute of any system of revision which will ensure the accuracy of the sacred text.

At present we have in England a system which works well and secures us in the possession of accurate and well printed Bibles. These Bibles are in great demand even in America, where Dr. Coxe assures us that, after paying freight and duty, they may be bought as cheaply as similar ones of native manufacture. They may indeed be bought *more* cheaply, when the paper, type, binding, and general appearance are taken into consideration. At home, they are furnished to our poor at prices so low that the cost cannot be a matter of serious consideration to any who really desire to profit by God's Holy Word.

<sup>1</sup> Mixed Societies in Principles and Practice, p. 58.

It is proposed that this system should be allowed to expire, and that free trade in Bibles should be established in its room. In that event we might soon realize the state of things described by the Committee of the American General Convention in 1853. The publication of the Bible being 'at every man's option,' 'too many editions' might be found, 'crowded with 'typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects.' Bible Societies among ourselves might be tempted to tamper with the 'accessories' of the text, and to introduce neological or sectarian comments, under the form of 'headings,' italics, capitals, and punctuation. Congregational, Baptist, and Unitarian printers might insinuate alterations akin to that detected by the General Convention of 1817. It would, of course, under such circumstances, be the duty of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury to follow the example of the General Convention, and, as the guardian of a Church-work, to appoint a board of revisers, in order that no change might be effected in that book which we not only value in our closets and in our families, but which our clergy are bound to read publicly in our churches.<sup>1</sup> Yet we do not see how this duty could be effectually discharged by Convocation in its present disabled and fettered condition. It might, indeed, be hoped that in England, with our greater veneration for the works of past ages, attempts similar to those of the American Bible Society would be resisted as energetically as in the United States. It might be expected that the authorities of the Church, of the Universities, and of some of the dissenting bodies, would raise their voices against a change as loudly as did the reverend Doctors Coxe and Breckenridge, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the Convention of Kentucky.

But admitting all this, we submit that no good reason has been shown for adopting a course which would afford great temptation to the lovers of change, and which would expose us to the danger of angry controversies, bickerings, and recriminations similar to those which have been aroused by this question on the western side of the Atlantic. For the present, notwithstanding our sad divisions, we are happily agreed, as a nation, in receiving one version, which, though doubtless not absolutely perfect, is unquestionably possessed of excellences of the highest character. One who, alas! has left us for the Church of Rome, thus speaks of the uncommon beauty of the English Bible :<sup>2</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> Convocation has acted already in this respect. It complained of various typographical and orthographical errors in the original edition of 1611, and solicited the royal interference. This complaint no doubt had its weight when the revision by Dr. Blayney was authorized in 1769.

<sup>2</sup> *Dublin Review*.

‘It lives on the ear like music which cannot be forgotten. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing, *which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy has never soiled.* In the length and breadth of this land, there is not a Protestant, with one spark of righteousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.’

In conclusion, then, we would express our earnest hope that no steps may be taken endangering in any degree the generally-received text, until the time arrives when a revised version shall be set forth by sufficient ecclesiastical authority. At present we have the certainty of which Americans in general are destitute, and which many of them would gladly possess. Whatever may be said in favour of monopoly, or, on the other hand, whatever Mr. Baines may think of ‘that crowning blessing, a free and unfettered Bible,’ American experience seems to establish at least this, that the system of unrestricted publication conduces neither to the accuracy nor to the cheapness of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures.

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ART. V.—1. *Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1858.

2.—*La Question Romaine*, par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles: 1859.

3.—*My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. An Answer to Dr. Wiseman.* By ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI. 8vo. London: Partridge & Co.

'ROME is the only city in the world where one has never seen 'everything.' So speaks M. About, a caustic and unenthusiastic Frenchman; and so will every one allow who has ever been there. As the traveller along the Via Appia crosses the arid plain, spanned at broken intervals by the colossal stride of the gaunt aqueduct of the ancient Romans, and catches his first sight of the huge dome of St. Peter's, rising clear and full against the brilliant sky, he begins already to feel the strange fascination which Rome exercises over all who approach her. This feeling is one which grows upon him every day. In exploring the piazzas and narrow tortuous streets, he lights at every turn on some fountain or obelisk, the relic of classical or mediæval times. Again and again he revisits the 'finest 'Christian Temple in the world,' and while treading its imperishable Mosaic floor, and breathing its soft fragrant atmosphere, feels himself each time more and more impressed with the sense of its vastness and magnificence. When he gazes from the Pincian Hill, or the Pope's Terrace, to take a last look at the innumerable cupolas and obelisks bathed in the soft violet hues of an Italian evening, he feels how hard it is to leave such a city, and how impossible to break the many ties which bind him to it.

In these days a journey to Rome is no longer a difficult matter. To those who do not object to thirty-six hours or so of sea-passage, from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia—(and the steamers of the Messageries Imperiales make the voyage far from disagreeable, except to the victims of sea-sickness)—Rome is now within a very few days of London. The eternal city is still the bourne of pilgrimages to multitudes even of those who are unactuated by any feeling of reverence for the Papal chair. At Rome are still to be met, as in past ages, the representatives of every country, and of every section of society. A crowd of sightseers in Rome presents a panorama of the varied phases of human existence. Among the dense masses that are compressed into St. Peter's on some grand occasion, to witness, either in curiosity or devotion, the performance of some gorgeous cere-

mony, it is interesting to look round on the strangely miscellaneous character of the crowd; to see the fair, bright complexion of travellers from the British Isles, side by side with the sallow cheeks of the natives of Southern Europe, or the duskiest skin of some Oriental race; to hear the whispered compliment, or the ordinary phrases of conversation quickly succeeding the attention demanded by the celebration of some solemn rite; to think how for one cause or another, by inducements so widely different, the individuals composing that motley assemblage are drawn from their distant homes to one peculiar spot of earth; and to remember that in almost every period of European history, this one and the same city under many changing forms, the city of Scipios, Cæsars, Pontiffs, has retained an irresistible hold on the destinies of the world.

Let us try to analyse more closely the various aspects of Rome, which render the place so attractive to travellers of so many different sorts. Some of course, and not a very few, are chiefly allured by the brightness of the Roman climate, and the gaieties of a Roman winter. The daily drive or promenade on the Pincian or along the Corso; the flirtations of balls and conversaziones; all this is only life in London or Paris, with the novelty of fresh accompaniments: it is the same picture in a new frame. Sojourners in Rome of this description might as well be anywhere else all the time. Artists and lovers of art are attracted by the rich treasures of the galleries and museums; the student of history, by the associations of its palaces and columns; the classical scholar by its rare manuscripts and inexhaustible antiquities. But there is one aspect of Rome which gathers to itself, irrespectively of personal or professional bias, the attention of every thoughtful mind. We mean, of course, its religious aspect; its churches and catacombs. If in the present unhappily divided state of Christendom, the former cannot but be regarded with very mixed feelings of sympathy and repugnance, by those who do not belong to the Roman part of the Church Catholic, at any rate all Christian sympathies of every communion may meet unreservedly in the catacombs. There, in the memorials of martyrs and confessors, we may investigate and cherish the traces of the christian faith, as it was in earliest and holiest days; before the streams that issue from one common source had become less pure by contact with the earth, and before they had tracked for themselves diverging, and in some degree, antagonistic courses.

These and similar causes may account in part for the great number of foreigners that resort every year to Rome. But the interest of Rome does not reside only in works of art, or in monuments of the past; there is a living interest as well. The

dark flowing robes of the ecclesiastics, and the picturesque capes and cloaks of the religious orders, which arrest the notice of the most careless sightseer, by their continued recurrence, sometimes in long procession, sometimes in scattered groups of two and three, in the streets of Rome, are phenomena not simply curious to the eye, but suggestive of grave consideration; they are indications of life and power; of life, it may be, not now in its full vigour, and of power ebbing away, still of a real living agency at work, the presence and operation of which cannot be denied. Rome is the centre of the world to all the myriads who believe in the Papal supremacy. From Rome her emissaries issue to every region of the world to extend and consolidate the limits of the Roman obedience; to bring mankind, as they conceive, within the pale of salvation. To Rome they repair from time to time to render their account of the responsibilities of the commission which she has entrusted to them. It is not intended now to discuss the great doctrinal question of the Pope's supremacy, which lies at the root of the separation between the Roman and other branches of the Church, nor any of the other points of difference in doctrine and practice. But there is another question, which may appear at first sight closely connected with the theological one, which is, in fact, essentially independent of it, though accidentally affecting it in no slight degree—the '*Roman Question*,' as M. About styles it; the question of the Pope's temporal power, of his dominion over the States of the Church; a question, which, in the present conjuncture of European affairs, calls urgently for a solution. In attempting to arrive at a conclusion on this point, some assistance may be gained from the books above mentioned, by comparing the conflicting testimony of those who defend, and those who impugn the present state of things in Rome and the Legations.

It is difficult to classify Cardinal Wiseman's fat nondescript book. It is '*not a history*,' as he admits in his preface, '*not a series of biographies*;' '*not a journal*;' not what are called '*mémoires*.' But it is not difficult, even before reading, to anticipate its character. The readers of *Fabiola* will be prepared for a style wordy, turgid, and ungraceful, yet not deficient in power of an unwieldy sort; for trite quotations not always happily applied, and for a good deal of not unamiable egotism. Indeed, the impression of the Cardinal, which any one would derive from his literary works, is very unlike the ideal of a Bonner or a Hildebrand, such as impassioned declaimers against the Papal aggression have represented him. On the contrary, unless the author and the archbishop are very different, he is a good-natured easy-going man, with more application than genius,

well satisfied with his own part in the performance, and disposed to make the best of things around him; one of those who have the knack of rising in the world. He looks back sympathisingly on 'the Carnival in the good old times,' before its feasting and sports had been curtailed by authority; and the task of 'collating MSS.' calls up in his mind the more pleasing idea of a 'collation' of a more refreshing and satisfying kind. His book abounds in anecdotes, but they are generally deficient in point; and in many cases seem only to serve as an excuse for introducing the mention of his own acquaintance with some person of rank. But those who expect racy and highly-flavoured gossip from his *personal* recollections of the four popes, must be disappointed. He is too discreet and complaisant a narrator to reveal much of their inner life. Nor, on the other hand, does he give much information on social or political subjects. What there is of private or public matters in his pages, is tinted by a pervading 'couleur de rose.' Each Pope in his turn, of course, is honoured with a proper share of compliments; but even persons of far lower degree, or standing in a less friendly relation to the writer, have their share too in the general panegyric. From Queen Victoria, and the French Emperor, from Consalvi and Pacca, down even to the 'active Sanpietrini, and 'the splendid noble guard' of the Pope, and the 'bearers of the canopy,' walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under their heavy burden, to every one is portioned out, and with a liberal hand, their respective eulogy. In a word, one might fancy oneself all the time perusing the columns of the *Morning Post*, or the *Court Circular*. There is the same profusion of common-place compliments; the same tone of indiscriminating deference for all great personages. In one instance this complaisance betrays the author into an amusing dilemma. In speaking of the first Napoleon's quarrel with Pío VII., he seems at a loss how to hold the balance between the colliding claims on his respect of two such men; the one the head of his Church, and his own earliest patron; the other the maker and deposer of kings; and, which is of more moment just now, the uncle and predecessor of one who has great power of serving the cause which the Cardinal maintains, and who has hitherto shown himself not unwilling to exercise his power for that purpose.

We have already spoken of Wiseman's style as awkward and grandiloquent. Without doubt some allowance must be made for a writer, so much of whose time is engaged in other occupations, and has been passed among un-English associations. Still, it would not be right to overlook such flagrant blemishes of style, and, it must be added, downright violations of the English language, as occur in his pages. Some of the sentences

are not merely long-winded and involved, but, to say the least, barely grammatical. When a writer in the eminent position of Dr. Wiseman uses such phrases as a 'stark and strong Providence,' and 'the personal fit of a sepulchre,' (to select only a few of many similar solecisms,) and applies to a boat under water the words 'toppled over and clean dissolved,' it is necessary to protest against such breaches of good taste, especially at a time when a 'spasmodic' style of writing and ungainly affectation of originality in the use (or rather the abuse) of words, threaten to corrupt the simplicity and purity of the English tongue.

Still, in spite of these drawbacks, those who are interested in Rome may pass some hours pleasantly enough among Dr. Wiseman's Recollections, which may serve, at the very least, to recall to mind their own recollections of sunny days of travelling in Italy. As an authority on the 'Roman Question,' his book cannot have much weight, except with such readers as have already prejudged the case, and only seek arguments for a foregone conclusion. We are not accusing him of intentional misrepresentation; on the contrary, even his unscrupulous assailant, the notorious Gavazzi, in his intemperate and scurrilous parody on 'The Four Popes,' fails in convicting him of any important misstatement. But, in truth, there are very few facts of any importance in Wiseman's book; and the tone throughout is that of a plausible advocate trying to make the best of a slender case. He claims the credit due to an eye-witness; but what he has to relate in favour of his own view amounts to almost nothing; and the undeniable bias of partizanship precludes the evidence of even an eye-witness from being received except with considerable abatement. Under the unruffled complacency with which he evidently wishes to regard the existing state of things, may be detected at times a latent uneasy consciousness of the régime, which he defends, being hollow and unsound at the core; even from his own lips escape some ugly admissions in favour of his opponents. He is compelled to allow the existence of discontent and revolutionary tendencies (p. 98). Again, in trying to excuse the disgraceful system, as it may be called, of brigandage in some parts of the Papal territories, he is necessitated to resort to special pleading of the most transparent kind. It is idle to explain away an evil so monstrous, and yet, as was proved during the French occupation, one not irradicable by a strong government, as the result of the influences of mountainous scenery, or the excitable temperament of the inhabitants. Again, in his account of the manner in which the election of a Pope is conducted, it is apparent how tenderly and warily he treads on ground so dangerous, as unable to disguise even from himself the secular considerations and low selfish motives by

which the conclave is swayed—now by the jealousies of the great Roman Catholic powers, now by the well-known preference of the electors, as in the case of Leo XII. whom Wiseman describes as almost '*moribund*' at the time, for the one of their number who seems least likely to stand long in the way of their own respective pretensions.

But the strongest points in the book against its author's case are the very instances which he brings forward for especial commendation of good effected by the government. Let us see what they amount to. We are gravely told, for example, that Leo XII. distinguished his Pontificate by an ordinance forbidding the osterias to retail their *Vino di paese* 'to be drunk 'on the premises;' and by a still more momentous edict, effecting a new arrangement of the ladies' 'seats in the Sistine chapel.' We are told, with the same impressive solemnity, that Gregory XVI. established an insurance company, and made several highly laudable additions to the galleries of art. It is really like Swift's '*Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*,' or the beadle in '*Oliver Twist*' recounting his achievements; or, the '*vacuis ædilis Ulubris*' in Horace, with his limited jurisdiction over pots and pans, and weights and measures. Surely a strong and judicious government would have a better answer to make to its challengers than this. It is not the fault of the men, but of the system. 'The Four last Popes,' if we may trust Dr. Wiseman, were, to say the least, good average specimens of their order, attentive to business, sensible of the responsibilities of their power. If they had not the abilities of a Julius or a Leo, they were at all events, unless we give any credence to the railings of a writer like Gavazzi, innocent of the gross luxury and profligacy of some of their mediæval predecessors—kindly, well-intentioned, decorous, respectable men. They would have been more in place as heads of colleges than as rulers of the state. One would have been a learned Canonist, another a benign and estimable Professor, another a diligent Curator of Museums. Even Dr. Wiseman himself cannot say much for the results of their administration. It is obvious that the daily training, and other antecedents of a Pope, as we gather them from his Recollections of the Four last, are not such as are likely to produce good rulers in temporal affairs. We can easily believe what we are so often told by him, of their gracious urbanity in his interviews with them, and venerable deportment during the performance of their 'functions,' but something else is requisite for the adequate discharge of their responsibilities as heads of the state. Nor is it any answer to this, that the government is really administered by the Cardinal Secretary for the time being. He is trained in the same school,



and affected by the same influences as the Pope himself. The system is one of Clerical Government, and as such it must stand or fall.

On the whole, the impression left on a candid and impartial mind by Dr. Wiseman's descriptions is one of dull stagnation, of inertness and inefficiency; of antiquated prejudices, of short-sighted and narrow-minded policy; in short, of senile imbecility and servile obstinacy in the Government of Rome. We look in vain for any indications of life and progress. Even literature and science seem stifled in the heavy atmosphere of repression and surveillance. Mai and Mezzofanti are names illustrious in their respective specialties; but they stand alone, nor can even they be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. For Mai's ingenious and laborious discoveries of palimpsest MSS., and Mezzofanti's extraordinary gift of conversing in many languages, are no proofs of intellectual progress. The study of theology, and that of the dead languages of Greece and Rome, are those which might be expected to flourish at Rome, even in the dearth of other studies; but even these seem, by their stunted and twisted growth, to betray the depressing influence of the place. The theology is still merely that of the schoolmen; the classical scholarship is of the old contracted and pedantic sort. We read of elaborate 'theses' and 'disputations,' after the manner of the schoolmen, on subjects more recondite than interesting; of Cardinals versed in lapidary inscriptions, and skilful in 'devolving a rounded period,' or in pointing an epigrammatic antithesis in Ciceronian Latin; of one Cancellieri, who wrote learned treatises 'on the head physicians of the Popes,' 'on the country houses of the Popes,' 'on the bite of the tarantula,' &c.; but we find no sympathy with the profound and comprehensive philology which in other countries lends its aid to the researches of history and philosophy. We shall have occasion presently to remark on the utter impotency of all this coercion and restriction to exclude the knowledge of evil. At present it is enough to observe that Dr. Wiseman fails to leave a favourable impression even of the state of literature in Rome. In every point of view, intellectually as well as socially and politically, Rome appears, on his own showing, to be far behind other European states under its present régime, and without the likelihood of progress or development.

If this be the impression left by a writer so zealous for his cause as Dr. Wiseman, we may expect to find our suspicions realised by the writers on the other side. But we need not waste much time on a book like Gavazzi's. It is unworthy of consideration. Most persons are familiar enough with his name and reputation to know how much value can be attached to his

testimony on this subject. Those, to whom his name is not so familiar, will be satisfied by reading a very few pages of his book without caring to read more. From beginning to end it is, as might be anticipated, a violent and sweeping invective; a long, confused, rambling tirade against the Papal system. He declares loudly against the 'Satraps of the Vatican,' as if the (generally speaking) inoffensive old men who wear the red hat of the Cardinalate were nothing less than monsters in the shape of men; and rails at their pomp and luxury, as if the tawdry lumbering carriages in which they ride about were marks of wealth, instead of being, as they are, handed down from one generation to another, rickety and battered like the government to which they belong. He delights in the coarse insinuation of charges, which, if made at all, ought to be substantiated by solid proof, not paraded in a tone of revolting buffoonery. His bitter animosity against Wiseman and the Popes, and in particular against Gregory XVI., towards whom his deadly resentment can only be accounted for on personal grounds, breathes its venom into every line: and the thorough-going unfairness into which it leads him may be estimated from the fact, that he will not allow to these recent Popes even the merit, which belongs to them, of having attended well to the preservation and improvement of the museums. The style of the book corresponds with its contents. It is simply what is usually called 'Billingsgate oratory,' and that of a very tedious kind. Let us pass on to a writer, whose remarks deserve far more consideration.

If it be objected to what has been said, that Wiseman's book refers to a bygone state of things, subsequently reformed by Pio IX., M. About supplies the answer. He declares explicitly that the celebrated Rescript of Pio IX. has been nugatory; and that the clerical régime still remains intact, with the exception of a few laymen being now admitted to clerkships and other offices of a subordinate kind; and he maintains, not unreasonably, that it cannot be otherwise so long as a Pope remains at the head of affairs. He speaks as one entitled to a hearing, both from his intimate acquaintance with Rome, and from his unquestionable acuteness and ability. Certainly some caution is necessary in accepting the dicta of a writer, who commences his book by a formal bow of the most distant civility to the faith in which he professes himself a believer; whose tone is that of a free thinker, not on Roman politics only, but on holier things also; and who sneers politely at the notion of wedded happiness and domestic purity. His style of writing, too, so smart, so pointed and epigrammatic, is one peculiarly exposed, especially in a Frenchman, to the temptation of brilliant falla-

cies. His pungent sayings, and terse racy anecdotes, nay, even his keen and trenchant logic are just what too often betray a writer into inaccuracy and exaggeration. For example, he calls the Roman priesthood 'a caste;' the very thing which it is not, and cannot be by the nature of things so long as the vow of celibacy prevails. But M. About knows well, that the 'mot' will find favour with the multitude; it serves to give point and spirit to his argument; it is too good a hit to be thrown away. Many, if not most of his objections to the Papal Government, are not new; they are merely old objections expressed with a clearness and cogency which give them an air of novelty. Still, with due allowance for these provisos, he well deserves a hearing. Let us listen to the opinion of an observer so penetrating and clearheaded, and so thoroughly a man of the world as well as a man of letters.

M. About adds his testimony to that of many other travellers, or rather of all excepting a very few bigoted Roman Catholics, to the effect that the Roman states are miserably misgoverned; and he insists on the fact that those parts which lie nearest to the seat of government are in the worst condition of all. The taxes are very heavy, not if compared in actual amount with those of wealthy countries like England and France, but, which is the real criterion, in proportion to the wretched resources of the tax-payers. By the arbitrary disbursements of the revenue, a door is opened to every form of waste and peculation. Of course agriculture and trade cannot be expected to thrive under the pressure of such taxation, and obstructed as they are by monopolies and other vexatious hindrances. The life is crushed out of them. In spite of having two such advantageous ports as Ancona and Civita Vecchia, commerce can hardly be said to exist at all; and the natural fertility of the soil avails nothing, while the farmer has to contend with every kind of heavy discouragement both from his landlord and the state. The wines, for instance, of modern Italy, hardly seem worthy of bearing the names so highly praised in the days of Horace. The Campagna, once so fertile, is now by long neglect unproductive and pestilential. The malaria from it is gradually extending its deadly sway more and more widely every year. But it may be urged, that the happiness of a people cannot be measured by material prosperity; that moral and physical well-being may coexist with impoverished finances; that peace and contentment, tranquillity and order, are far better than any abundance of railways and manufactures. But we find none of these blessings to compensate for the want of modern civilization in the Roman states. On the contrary, we find disaffection and lawlessness, crimes of violence and sensuality. Their social

condition is deplorable. The nobles and gentry M. About describes as idle and illiterate. What else can be hoped for of them, subjected in youth to a narrow and cramping education, and debarred in manhood from the responsibilities and distinctions of public life? Any one who has ever seen the pale students of the Roman colleges walking two and two in the streets of Rome, and has contrasted their effeminate and mummy-like appearance with the manly bearing of the young men at the great English Universities, will be disposed to agree with M. About on this point.

The middle classes, the '*mezzo ceto*,' instead of forming a connecting link between those above them and those below, are dissociated by an impassable barrier from all sympathy with their superiors. The peasantry, numbers of whom may be seen flocking to the towns on great festivals, half-clad in their squalid goatskins, are, according to his account, poor, ignorant, brutish. The same class in the towns are either disaffected to the government or only bribed into acquiescence by the old largess of '*Panem et Circenses*;' by the same shallow and shortsighted policy which encourages them to rely on the alms of charitable persons, or a 'lucky' ticket in the pontifical lottery, rather than in their own exertions and honest industry. Justice is so feebly administered, as to be a laughing-stock instead of a terror to evildoers. The army is so disparaged and discountenanced, as to offer no inducement, except to the refuse of society, to enter its ranks. On the whole, it is scarcely possible to conceive any European country in this nineteenth century in so truly forlorn and degraded a condition, both morally and materially, as M. About, and with only too much appearance of truth, describes that of the Roman States to be at the present time.

The Papal Government cannot even plead against this grave indictment, that it does succeed in effecting the one result, which it deems of paramount importance. In the attempt to secure orthodoxy and morality, and to exclude from its dominions the taint of heresy and infidelity, it fails egregiously. It has always been so, wherever coercion over the conscience has been tried; and so it must be while the world lasts; but Popes and Cardinals are slow to learn even from experience.

It is impossible to force men to believe. A belief so created is not belief. No amount of legislative prohibition, no system however inquisitorial of *douanes* and espionage, can impede the free growth and interchange of thought and opinion, or stop the way against the subtle entrance of even the most pernicious errors. The evil is impalpable and ubiquitous as the air that we breathe. It cannot be so dealt with. It can never be

counteracted by a process which aims not at assimilating to itself but at destroying every element of life. Such a policy is like that of the ancient conquerors, of whom it was said, 'solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.' It may deaden the faculties in an unnatural lethargy; it may succeed in checking for a time the expression of opinion; but the stream flows on all the deeper and stronger beneath the smooth treacherous surface, and some day the pent up volume of waters will burst its barriers and sweep all things headlong before it. The gradual decay of faith and reverence in Rome is a fact patent even to the passing traveller. The most cursory glance at the crowds on the steps of the Ara Coeli and in the piazza below to see the exhibition of the San Bambino, may observe year after year more of curiosity for the spectacle and less of reverence for the sacred meaning of what they see. Persons really conversant with the different grades of Roman society agree with M. About that a spirit of scepticism is spreading more and more among high and low. If it were true that the Papal States present a bright example, though not of material greatness yet of morality and religion, then a great argument would be established for the anomaly of government by ecclesiastics. But the Roman states under this government are a scandal and a blot on the map of Europe. The thousands who dwell within their pale are of course the chief sufferers. The evil is reflected from them over the other countries of Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that the see of S. Peter and S. Paul is a hotbed of infidelity, and that its misgovernment gives an occasion of triumph to the enemies of the Christian faith all over the world.

But there still remains one plea in defence of the present state of things to be considered. The interests of the small territory under papal rule are quite secondary, it is argued by Roman Catholics, to those of the Church at large. It is indispensable at any cost that the head of the Church should be independent of extraneous influences. It would never do for him to be the subject of any temporal power. In order to be perfectly free, he must have a territory of his own. In this way they often argue. It might be objected to such a train of reasoning, that the conclusion tends strongly to invalidate the premises. If the existence of one supreme head of the Church cannot be maintained except by such misgovernment as that of which the Roman states are the victims, then, on this consideration alone, and, apart from other difficulties, we may well hesitate before accepting the papal supremacy as of Divine ordinance. But the argument fails in another respect. Those who so argue seem to overlook the fact that the very object for which they consent to sacrifice the welfare of a population

by no means inconsiderable is simply frustrated by any such arrangement. Real independence, as M. About well says, would be something very different from the Pope's present position. It is not independence, but a most uncomfortable posture of complete dependence to be 'sitting on French bayonets.' It is not independence to be compelled, as has so often happened in the history of the Popes, to resort to the intrigues and manœuvres of diplomacy in order to play off one 'protecting' power against another, at one time by seeming to incline towards Austria, at another time to France or Spain. It is not independence to be trammelled and encumbered by the cares of government, by the expediciencies of state-craft, it may chance even by the fearful necessity of waging war. Real independence is to have little or nothing to gain or lose through others. The spiritual power and grandeur of the Papal See are compromised by its temporal relations. As a great spiritual potentate, the Pope may be independent of all earthly powers; as a petty temporal prince his position is and must be degrading and ridiculous.

M. About's remedy, so far as he prescribes one, would be to curtail the Pope's dominions, by taking away the Adriatic provinces. There is a well-known story of the Papal Legate at Bologna, saying, with an Italian shrug, in reply to some question about the popularity of the government which he represented, 'No one likes it except the Vice-Legate, and I am not 'sure of him;' and recent events have shown how gladly the Bolognese would welcome a change. So far it is easy enough to accept M. About's prescription. But why does he stop there? Why, after demonstrating so convincingly that the Papal Government is hardly worthy of being called a government at all, is he content with only narrowing the limits of it, instead of eradicating so incurable an evil? Probably the imperial influences which guide his pen have not yet sanctioned or encouraged so bold a proposal as the utter abolition of the Pope's temporal power. The profound and astute prince, in whose hands the destiny of Italy now mainly lies, may see other impediments in the way, besides the obvious danger of alarming and exasperating the '40,000 emissaries of Rome,' who are at work within his empire, and to whom M. About significantly alludes in one passage, and of provoking them to sound the 'drum ecclesiastic,' hitherto so obsequious in its tone, to notes of 'angry defiance.' For some such reason, most probably, M. About forbears to follow his argument to its legitimate conclusion. But those who regard the 'Roman Question,' not merely from a Napoleonic point of view, but with reference to the prospects of the whole of Christendom, may well ask, whether



something more than mere partition is not required by the exigency of the evils resulting from papal misrule. If these evils could be supposed to be only accidental to, and not radically inherent in the system; if there were any chance of improvement without a thorough change; then we might hesitate to assent to an idea so open, at first sight, to the accusation of being 'revolutionary,' forced upon the mind though it be by all our foregoing considerations. But the experience of history corroborates, what reason divines, that the confusion of temporal and spiritual authority, at any rate in the present advanced state of European civilization, is injurious in its consequences to both, as it is contrary to the analogies of Providence.

M. About rightly styles an ecclesiastical despotism 'the worst despotism in the world.' It is fatal alike to the rulers and to those who are ruled. For the former it is a distraction and a degradation, a situation full of peril, to have to turn from the duties of their high and holy calling to meddle with the administration of the affairs of this world; for the latter, the consequences are still worse; they are placed in a totally false position towards their spiritual guides. They fear and suspect the spiritual fathers whom they ought to reverence and love. They reject with impatience, when enforced by the strong hand of power, the dictates to which they would eagerly give attention, as the utterances of a voice from heaven. They resent the interference, and mistrust the motives, and harden themselves against the influence of an authority which endeavours to constrain instead of persuading, and to convince by force not by reason. The natural results are worldliness, ambition, luxury, and a forgetfulness of their celestial office among the clergy, thus exalted on the dizzy pinnacle of earthly greatness; and among their subjects, either the blind and slavish prostration of men, whose moral and spiritual life is paralyzed and torpid, or a spirit of restlessness and unbelieving rebellion against all ties and all authority, either human or divine.

Such a form of government may be, as Dr. Wiseman calls it, 'patriarchal,' or it may, though with less exactness, be compared to the Mosaic dispensation; but it would not be so easy to reconcile either the theory or the practice of it with the larger and more catholic spirit of Christianity. The startling disparity between the fishermen of Galilee and a modern pontiff is often commented on by controversialists, and sometimes, it must be confessed, with undue emphasis. For it stands to reason, that as time goes on, and circumstances assume new forms and combinations, a corresponding development is to be expected in the outward appearance of the

Church. For example, the Catacombs and the 'Upper Chamber' grow into stately fabrics; the wandering habits of a missionary bishop are changed in converted countries for a more settled and regular routine of work; the Church, in short, acquires a fixed and recognised position, and expands more and more elaborately her organization, and assumes the garb and attitude suited to her rank, as 'in, but not of,' the kingdoms of the world. All this may fairly be conceded. But these are developments not of principle but of details; they are modifications, not of the inner, but only of the outward and visible, life of the Church. To arrogate power and jurisdiction in mundane affairs is a novel principle, and at variance with the tenor of apostolic traditions. While Rome and the Roman States remain as they are, their state is repugnant to and incompatible with the words of Him, who made answer to one asking for His interposition as an arbitrator of earthly things, 'Who made me a judge or divider among you?' and, who taught his disciples, on another occasion, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

In England the principle for which we are contending has become almost a truism. If not as yet universally admitted, it is at all events gaining ground every day, and extorting an assent even from those who are most reluctant. The theory of Church and State being identical has disproved itself. It may take the form of the grossest Erastianism in some minds. Theorists of the late Dr. Arnold's school may conceive an Utopian state in which is merged the distinct life and action of the Church. On the other hand, with the admirers of Laud, the State is degraded to be the mere creature and servant of the Church, tamely executing her mandates, and enforcing them, when necessary, with a strong arm. In either case the confusion is complete. It may be said, that very few persons, if any, among those who are capable of forming an opinion on such subjects, could be found now holding either of these theories in its integrity. But a dangerous tendency in the former direction still exists, and may be observed continually in practice among men of politics. By a strong reaction from the mediæval system, which we have described as prevailing in most exaggerated form at Rome in the present day, they are apt to regard the Church as merely an instrument in the hands of the State; as dependent on the State even for its very existence. That the life and functions of the Church on the one hand, and the State on the other, are essentially distinct, is a point which needs to be plainly asserted at the present time. The political consociation of men, which we call the State, in all its manifold arrangements, in its laws and usages, its sanctions and prohibitions and conventional requirements, is properly engaged about

their temporal affairs, and directs its aim at their temporal convenience and prosperity. The Church proposes to itself a still higher purpose; their happiness not in time only, but for eternity. The two objects to be attained are, as experience shows, really inseparable. These two great institutions, ordained by the wisdom of Providence, each for its own especial end, are evidently intended to work together and assist each other, and so they do in a healthy state of things. Their respective spheres of action, though each rounded and symmetrical in itself, intersect each other. Good morals, for example, are their common ground. Honesty, temperance, orderly and decent behaviour, are inculcated and enforced by both alike; by religion, as a part of duty, by policy, as calculated to promote the welfare of a nation; but even here we may see a difference. The State deals mainly with overt acts, religion mainly with motives and intentions. Again, it is plain that no man can be a good citizen, except so far as he shapes his course according to the teaching of religion, which is the real groundwork of all morality. Nor can any one be a faithful member of the Church, who neglects his duty to his family or his country, or who in any of the various transactions of life, from the greatest to the least, follows any other rule than the law of Heaven. Still, for all this, Church and State are really separate as soul and body, though like soul and body connected by the closest bonds of mutual dependence. As we have already seen how in Rome the Church is forsaking her appointed mission while claiming to wield temporal powers, so in this country there is often danger lest the civil government transgress its proper limits by presuming to regulate questions affecting the conscience and belief of the Church. If unhappily the Church in England has so far alienated from herself, by neglect and owing to other causes, the hearts of the people, that she can no longer be rightly called national, then, in the course of the next half-century, one of two results may be looked for: either the people will return in large and gradually increasing numbers within her fold—a possibility not altogether hopeless to her quickened energies—or the few remaining ties between her and the State will one by one be severed, and she must then resign the privileges and the vantage-ground which naturally belonged to her in her ages past, when Church and State were working in harmony actuated by one spirit, and numbering the same persons in their respective pales. Whenever the latter result shall arrive, the great gain of free and untrammelled action will be a compensation, we do not say whether an adequate or inadequate one, for whatever facilities accrue to her from her present position as national and established.

But it is time to return from thoughts of this favoured island to the less hopeful prospects of Italy. Of that lovely and unfortunate country, the prey of foreign aggression, enfeebled and exhausted by the still more fatal evils of internal degradation, who can prognosticate the future? Whether Italy be destined to lie prostrate under the 'iron heel' of Austria, or under the less galling, but not less real domination of French 'ideas;' whether the outlying kingdom of Sardinia will be able, like Macedon of old, to make Italy a mere appendage to Turin, or united Italy to assert her own nationality from sea to sea, the most far-seeing of European statesmen would be presumptuous to predict. The most enthusiastic friends of Italy cannot but feel how much is wanting, before she can be pronounced ready for self-government. Ingenious, versatile, quick-witted, and accomplished as Italians are, in all that pertains to art; nay, keen and profound as the Italian intellect proves itself to be, and enterprising their spirit, in affairs of state, still we look doubtfully and distrustfully for evidences of the moral solidity, the uprightness, and self-control, the deliberate and enduring energy, by which alone, as everybody shows, success can be achieved among nations as among individuals. The modern Italians have been called a nation of actors; their character has been described as '*having no backbone.*' One thing may safely be asserted. Whatever changes may be in store for Italy, it is impossible for Rome to remain much longer as it is. Nor will the removal of the unpopular Antonelli, nor the introduction of the Code Napoleon suffice, so long as the Government retains its *priestly* character. As there are scarcely laymen in Rome at present of sufficient experience to undertake the government, the change requires time. Rome, like the rest of Italy, has to learn the lesson of self-government. But sooner or later the great change which we have been contemplating must come. Many signs on the political horizon foreshow it. We have already given reasons for expecting it with hope, rather than with regrets or fears. It is not only, or even chiefly, for the sake of the Pope's wasted territory and misgoverned subjects, that we desire to see him relieved of his temporalities, but for still greater reasons. Whenever this shall happen, then one great obstacle will be removed to the reformation of the Roman Catholic Church, and a great step made towards the consequent reunion of Christendom. The obstinate persistence of that branch of the Church in those corruptions of the primitive faith which cause division and estrangement between it and the reformed branches is closely connected, as we have already remarked, with the condition of the Roman See. Rome is the centre of the Roman Catholic world: Rome is, as it were, the

heart, the pulsations of which are felt in every throb through every limb of her gigantic system; from Rome a tone and character is given to the half of Christendom. There is a passage in Dr. Wiseman's book strongly bearing on this point. He dwells on the fact, that what is called 'Ultramontaniam' is encouraged and strengthened by the personal recollections which bind so many of the Roman Catholic clergy, even in foreign countries, to the city of Rome, and the occupant of the papal chair. It is easy to understand this; and to see how the spirit which perpetuates the errors and abuses of that Church has been engendered and fostered by the appetite for power and dominion of a secular kind. The compulsory vow of celibacy, demarcating the clergy from the laity, in order to bind them by new and closer ties to their own order; the compulsory exaction of private confession, subjecting the laity to the 'direction' of their priests; the narrow and jejune education, which Rome enjoins, reducing the mind to submission by a process of exhaustion and exinanition, these are the natural results of that ambitious and self-aggrandising spirit, which we find, though now in its decrepitude, in its coarsest embodiment under the shadow of the dome of S. Peter's. The Pope's secular power is the keystone in the arch; it rivets the structure of Romanistic innovations; if it were removed, they would be more likely to fall. Of course there would be many other difficulties to be surmounted before the great work of reformation could be feasible. But there would be some hope, to say the least, of the enormous pretensions of the Papal See to supremacy and infallibility being relinquished, when the bishop of Rome shall no longer be raised above the level of the other bishops of the Church by the accidents of temporal sovereignty; some chance of the restoration of primitive simplicity both of doctrine and practice throughout the many channels of the Roman communion, when the mass of corruption shall have been cleared away from the fountain-head. Rome itself, the city of Rome, the beautiful, the eternal city, would still retain its proud pre-eminence in the world, as the city of historical recollections, of æsthetical wonders; as the city of galleries, museums, libraries; of paintings and sculptures; of fountains, obelisks and ruins; of basilicas and catacombs, of cloudless skies and elastic atmosphere. It might be, not all this only, but a metropolis also of literature and philosophy. It would be all the more worthy of admiration and love, if disenthralled from the spell which now hangs over it, and regenerated to a new political existence.

ART. VI.—1. *The Monthly Record of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the years 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855.* Four Vols. Longman and Co.

2. *The Mission Field for 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859.* Bell and Daldy.

3. *The Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society for the year 1859.* Messrs. Seeley.

4. *Buchanan's Christian Researches in Asia.*

WE cannot commence a second Article on the wants of the Church's Missions without an expression of deep thankfulness for a practical result, towards which our former Article helped at least to contribute.

The principal suggestions which we then made for an improved home organization have all been substantially embodied in the Mission Union of S. Augustine. This Union is throwing out its ramifications in all directions into the different home and colonial dioceses, and bids fair to be a means of stirring up a deeper spirit of love for Missions, of helping us to realize more vividly our duty to the benighted heathen, of leading us to pray more systematically and more constantly for their conversion; and of promoting among Churchmen generally a more earnest interest, and a more glowing desire, for the speedy and universal diffusion of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

Never, that we are aware of, have such great and so widely extended results been attained in so short a space of time, or a proposition so readily embraced immediately after its first dissemination.

This hopeful state of Missionary organization at home may well prompt to the belief, that a brighter æra than the Church has witnessed for many a long weary year is about to dawn upon her work abroad. In her patience, our Mother has possessed her soul: but surely 'all they from Sheba shall come: the multitude of camels shall cover her, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.'—Isaiah lx. 6, 7. If we are ever spared to behold in



our day a native priesthood and episcopate in our Churches abroad, we shall see 'what kings and prophets desired to see, and saw not.' But for the realization of so blessed and so glorious a result, we feel well convinced that we must change the system of tactics, so to say, which we have hitherto pursued, or at least we must introduce very considerable modifications into that system.

Taking a comprehensive view of Church History, we shall readily perceive that there are three chief ways, distinguishing three different periods, in which mankind in large masses have been brought by conversion into the fold of Christ.

These have been :—

1st. What we will here designate the Apostolic method, which was confined to strictly Apostolic times; namely, those coextensive with the duration of the lives of the Twelve.

2d. The method which was systematically pursued by the early Church, from towards the end of the first until about the conclusion of the fourth century.

3d. The system which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, which witnessed the interesting spectacle of the abundant fulfilment of the prophecy,—'Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.'—Isaiah lxvi. 8.

These national conversions may be again divided into three classes.

Those which, under God, are referable only to the preaching of devoted Missionaries, as was the case with Ireland, and some of the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Those referable partly to political considerations possessing a certain amount of influence as secondary causes; as, for instance, the conversion of the Franks. Under this head we should include also the case of a nation embracing Christianity, in the first instance, merely because the prince embraced it, like Russia, where it is quite clear, from history, that the Russians would have embraced Mahometanism as readily as Christianity, had the former, instead of the latter, met with the approbation of their Tsars.

The third class includes the very few instances in which a nation had Christianity forced upon it at the point of the sword, like the German Saxons and the Prussians. It is almost unnecessary to observe that, of all methods of conversion, this is by far the most unsatisfactory.

We shall find, upon an analysis, that the methods pursued by Missionaries at the present day differ in some important points

from each of the three great systems which we have indicated. It will be very material for the purposes of our inquiry, to enter upon a consideration of a few particulars connected with these systems.

In the first instance, we must premise that it will be necessary, in examining the records of the Apostolic age which bear upon the questions we are about to discuss, to use care in distinguishing between that human and natural agency, if we may so say, which conveys significant lessons for all time, and those other agencies, which were either directly supernatural, or at least imply an extraordinary supernatural power for their efficient and successful working.

In endeavouring then to detect in what points the weakness, or failure, of present Missionary aggression upon the heathen world lies, we shall find ourselves at once directed to what is really the most imminent and pressing want of all the rest, and that is the want of a native priesthood. Christianity never has, and we are well convinced never can, penetrate beneath the surface, never can take deep root in any soil, without a native ministry. And in this one point, of a native pastorate to train the youth of Christian families, and convert such as were yet unchristianized, all the three ancient systems coincide.

If we examine the Apostolic period, what do we find? In Acts xiv. 21—23, we have recorded the plan pursued by SS. Paul and Barnabas. 'They returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples. 'And when they had ordained them elders in every Church' (*χειροτονήσαντες δὲ αὐτοῖς πρεσβυτέρους κατ' ἐκκλησίαν*, that is, had chosen out of the converts in each place some of their own body to be their priests), 'and had prayed with fasting, they commended them unto the Lord, on whom they believed.' It is not too much to say, that these Churches converted by Apostles, who had the power of conferring upon their converts the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost, could not have maintained their ground simply by means of an occasional visit from SS. Paul and Barnabas. They could not afford to dispense with the divinely-appointed institution of the Christian priesthood. Yet is not this just what we have been attempting to do? Need we wonder at our miserably scanty success?

As a further instance of what we mean, we need only turn to the Epistles of S. Paul to Timothy. In them we learn in the most forcible way, because incidentally, the careful provision which S. Paul made for propagating and carrying on the same system which he himself had inaugurated. It is abundantly evident, beyond the necessity of proof, from those Epistles, as well as from that to Titus, that a great part of the work of

Timothy and Titus was intended to consist of the preparation and admission of candidates for holy orders. In the cities, towns, and villages, throughout their respective provinces, they were to ordain bishops, priests, and deacons, as each several case might require.

Again, in the second period, or that which immediately succeeded to the Apostolic age, nothing is more clear than that each country furnished its own candidates for the priesthood. All the three orders, bishops, priests, and deacons, were indigenous, so to say. Let any one read the Martyrologies of the ancient Church with that end in view, and they will be struck at once with the fact, that the names in each country are the patronymics of each fatherland. Their bishops, saints, and martyrs were evidently, for the most part, natives of the land. Again, in the same point of view, let us look at the signatures which are preserved to us, as appended to the early Councils, such as that of Nicæa, for instance, and earlier still. What a strange and varying nomenclature we often find. In many instances, even if there were no other record to inform us, we might easily detect who were Egyptian, Numidian, Syrian bishops, from their names in close affinity to their own mother-tongue. What a wonderful idea does this give us of the spread of the Church in primitive times. What an evidence of its growth and extension as the planting of the Lord. How very different from its diffusion in modern days, amongst all nations not of the European stock. We find no longer a healthy indigenous tree, springing out of its native soil, but a weekly exotic, tended by holy men indeed, fathers and brethren in the faith, come from far, but aliens in race and language from the native converts, speaking to them with but a 'stammering tongue,' and probably never able fully to penetrate into that inner life which, as in each individual man, so in each individual Church, has peculiarities of its own, unfathomable depths of inner consciousness, mighty energies and capabilities for good, of which a stranger would never even so much as suspect the existence.

If each man be a world in himself, how much more is each Church a moral universe. Who can tell but that, in God's wonderful providence, it may be that each individual national Church may be destined, in some peculiar manner, to set forth her Lord's glory, by penetrating into, and magnifying and exhibiting, as it were, some one special attribute of God, as love, or power, or righteousness, or mercifulness? Or again, that each Church, while maintaining the analogy and the unity of the faith, and the common bond of peace and love, should so develop some special doctrine of the Gospel in connexion with some cognate precept, as to show forth and manifest her own

peculiar form of spiritual beauty, and Christian truth and loveliness? Who can tell what may be yet in store for those native Churches of the far East? What unexampled deeds of patience, or of heroism, what radiant gems of thought, what clear illustrations of that divine deposit of the one faith, delivered once for all, which yet has had so many settings, as it were, in the works of fathers and the systems of theologians, like jewels in a casket; what clear harmonizing, and what faithful exposition of some of the higher mysteries and the deep things of God? How they may yet, with the subtlety and the fire of Oriental intellect, show us a depth and a force in parts of God's revelation which the colder and calmer intelligence of the West never suspected?

Yet what have three hundred years of Protestantism, and nearly two hundred years of Protestant Missionary efforts, accomplished? A period nearly equal in extent to that which brought the Roman Empire, and untold barbarous nations beyond its confines, with their thousands of native bishops, and their tens of thousands of native priests, to the feet of Christ, has not given us *one hundred native priests, and not one single native Bishop*. We may well ask in wonder and amazement, can these things be? The answer, alas! must be given: 'It is only too true.'

If we turn again to the Church's work in the middle age, the contrast with our own in this particular respect is quite as evident. Nothing is more striking and interesting in the history of those times, than to see the way in which the Church at once struck her roots deep into the native soil. In an amazingly short space of time after the landing of Augustine, Anglo-Saxon Missionaries converted the remaining kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Anglo-Saxon Bishops presided over Anglo-Saxon Sees, Anglo-Saxon prelates sat in the great primatial chair of Canterbury. That promise which God meant to be a guide to His Church was fulfilled—'Their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them.' Jer. xxx. 21. The great literary saint and luminary of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the Venerable Bede, was an Englishman, who scarcely ever stirred beyond the walls of his monastery.

It was the same in Ireland. Their bishops and abbots, their saints and doctors and confessors, were of themselves. 'Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well. Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of waters in the streets. Let them be only thine own, and not strangers with thee.' Prov. v. 15—17. We talk of the exclusiveness and the bigotry of Rome; but this scriptural and primitive way of propagating the faith made the nations of the West

all her own for more than a thousand years. Will the nations of the East, will the noble-minded sons of Africa, will the tribes who roam the prairies, will the ten thousand coral islands which bedeck the mighty Pacific ever be spiritually ours? Alas! they *might* be; but they never will, unless we change our system; for we believe the fault is wholly to be attributed to a mistaken system. As to the men themselves whom the English Church has sent forth as missionary priests and bishops, we may safely challenge comparison on their behalf with their fellows of any age or clime since the days of the apostles.

Men like Henry Martyn and Heber, Rome would have canonized long since. And Selwyn, and Gray, and Armstrong seem all that even an enthusiast could wish for, personally, in a Christian Bishop: yet, with all this, the question still recurs—Where is our native priesthood? Just an entire generation and a half has passed away since Bishop Middleton landed on the shores of India. Every Maori boy of seven years old when Bishop Selwyn began to preside over the New Zealand Church is now past the age when men are admitted into the English priesthood at home. We repeat, then, the fault must be in the system. It cannot be in the men. It must be something inherently and vitally wrong in Protestant traditions and Protestant feeling respecting the way of conducting missions among the heathen. And men, however holy and devoted, cannot, apparently, at once rid themselves *in practice* of such entanglements. We say in practice, because in theory they are entirely at one with us as to the desirability and the necessity, and even as to the practicability of a native ministry; yet, notwithstanding all this, a native ministry is still something far distant in the shadowy future. If we have not now one hundred native priests in all our churches among the heathen, how many centuries of toil are there yet to come, before the eyes of our children's children behold a native episcopate?

Is not the truth this—that the Anglican Church has forgotten to work after the apostolic model; and that even yet in practice she seems scarcely to believe in the grace of holy orders, as a *great objective fact*? She seems scarcely, even yet, to have faith in her own godlike mission. Oh! would that she might learn a lesson from the narrative recorded in 2 Kings xiii. 14—19:—  
 ‘And Elisha was fallen sick of his sickness whereof he died.  
 ‘And Joash the King of Israel came down unto him, and wept  
 ‘over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of  
 ‘Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And Elisha said unto him,  
 ‘Take bow and arrows. And he said to the King of Israel, Put  
 ‘thine hand upon the bow. And he put his hand upon it. And  
 ‘he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then

'Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance. And he said unto the King of Israel, Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice, and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria until thou hadst consumed it.'

What we purpose is, to examine the all-important question, whether or not there are now in the native Christian Churches of Africa and the East, as well as elsewhere, in connexion with the Anglican Church, the elements of a Presbyterate and Episcopate? And in discussing this subject we shall enter into two other questions: viz. what qualification, moral and intellectual, may be supposed necessary or desirable in a native priest? and secondly, what have been the probable hindrances which have weighed with the Colonial Prelates, so as to have withheld them hitherto from an extensive admission of the natives to holy orders?

In reference, then, to the first branch of the subject, we fearlessly assert, however startling it may seem, that there have existed in India, for the last fifty years at least, and in Sierra Leone and New Zealand for the last quarter of a century, numberless native Christians, who, applying to them every test which would have been applied to candidates for the priesthood in the purest ages, might have nobly done God's work *in any and all* of the three orders of the ministry. We know well what we assert when we say, that there have been countless native converts, or descendants of converts, in India, who have gone to their rest as simple laymen, whom the apostolic and the primitive Church, and the Church of the middle age would have enrolled amongst the worthiest of her bishops and priests, countless numbers who would have been the 'glory' of any Church as the 'Apostles of Christ.' There have been such men. Yet they were not ordained. They sought not orders. They were too good, too saintly for that. Therefore, perhaps, it was that orders were not given. But they were men whom the Church of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil would have even forced, if they had been unwilling, into the exercise of sacred functions.

There are such men now, yet they are not ordained. There are men who, had they been endowed in any considerable numbers with the grace of orders, which it was England's Church to give them, would perchance have carried the torch of holy truth from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; and have lit up such a fire in every city and village of Hindostan as nothing but the crash of final doom could quench.

But we must give the proofs of our assertions. These we are perfectly ready to afford in an induction of particulars, only



premising that we are absolutely overwhelmed with the mass of evidence which we have before us, and that we can scarcely select a hundredth part of what we might, if necessary, lay before our readers.

So far back as 1815, when the first English Bishop was appointed to Calcutta, there were already in communion with the Church of Rome, seven archbishops and bishops, and no less than fifteen hundred native clergy in Southern India alone.<sup>1</sup> This fact shows that Rome found no difficulty in obtaining suitable candidates by hundreds, for the formation of a native priesthood.

In contrast with the Roman system, we read of three hundred converts being the result of Ziegenbalg's labours at Tranquebar, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, together with twenty catechists and schoolmasters, but not of one single native minister.<sup>2</sup> This, indeed, was one hundred years before the mission of Bishop Middleton; consequently there was at that time no way by which persons could be really consecrated to the priesthood in India. Would that when the means were at hand a different system had been at once inaugurated.

Upon other occasions we read of the conversion of natives of high caste, and high rank, but do not find that they received any authoritative commission to preach to their benighted countrymen.<sup>3</sup> In truth, it makes the heart ache to read the history of Protestant missions in India for nearly two hundred years. Over and over again, at Tranquebar, at Trichinopoly, at Vellore, at Tanjore, and a hundred other places, we meet almost invariably with the same melancholy story. The Gospel is preached by holy and devoted men, like Swartz, and Kohlhoff, and Ziegenbalg; the fields seem white unto the harvest; men begin to inquire what this new doctrine is; they are charmed with its sweetness and purity; they believe and are baptized. For a little while all seems to flourish: then comes, first a period when no further advance is made, then deeper stagnation, the death of the old foreign pastors, then a grievous decline, and last, the complete extinguishing of the native Church in that particular spot, or else its sinking into torpidity resembling a state of living death, and the removal of its candlestick out of its place.

It is true that Swartz, at least, did make an effort to raise a native ministry; and in the absence of any bishops of the English Church he admitted several Indians to the Presbyterate, by the imposition of hands.<sup>4</sup> Of one of these, called Sattianaden, Swartz says himself, 'I cannot but esteem this native teacher

<sup>1</sup> 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for 1854, p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 22.

'higher than myself. I never met with his equal among the natives of this country.' Speaking of his ordination, 'It was a most sacred and delightful day to us all. Should I not sing unto my God? May He begin anew to bless us and the congregation, and graciously grant that through this our brother many souls may be brought to Christ.' The sermon preached by Sattianaden was translated and sent to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who thought it worthy of publication, 'as an evidence that the work of God was advancing in India, and the light of the Gospel spreading through those regions of darkness and idolatry.' It is indeed most clear, that such natives of India as have at times, few and far between, been admitted into holy orders, have abundantly adorned the doctrine of Christ, and done honour to their sacred profession. In p. 189 of the 'Monthly Record,' we find the following testimony borne by Archdeacon Shortland, of Madras, to the worth of Mr. Parenjody, a native Clergyman of the Church of England:— 'Six years ago,' in 1853, 'it was said by Archdeacon Shortland, that he had derived unmixed satisfaction from his visitation at Secunderabad,' where Mr. Parenjody was stationed, 'one of the largest of our military stations, in the immediate vicinity of Hyderabad, the capital of the extensive dominions of the Nizam. Mr. Parenjody is labouring faithfully and zealously, and is regarded with just and general respect by the European community. My intercourse with him has been frequent and highly satisfactory; and earnestly as I have hitherto advocated the importance of increasing the number of native Clergymen in connexion with our Anglo-Indian Church, when I observe what has been accomplished by Mr. Parenjody, and consider the firmness and decision of his character, the zeal and energy he has evinced in a new sphere of labour, and the difficulties he has overcome from the opposition, not only of heathen and Mahometans, but of a very numerous body of Romish priests, and an active though small congregation of Socinians, I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of raising up a body of pious and educated native Clergymen for the services of our Missions.' All this, with much more to the same effect from the Bishop of Madras, was written ten years ago. Very much has been said and written upon the subject since, but as far as any practical result is concerned, matters are exactly in *statu quo*, and so they are likely to remain.

Bishop Middleton, in his visitation of the scene of Swartz's labours, appears to have found several native ecclesiastics in charge of Mission Stations.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1854, pp. 41, 42, &c. See also pp. 175 and 205, *ib.* &c. &c.

'From Palamcottah Bishop Middleton writes :—" I have with me a writer, David, who joined me at Tanjore (the son of Sattianaden) ; and he informed me that the party who stood aloof were Christians, who came from Palamcottah to welcome me, and receive my blessing. I went forward to meet them. They were headed by their native priest and my man David. They were about thirty ; and they formed the most remote congregation under Mr. Kohlhoff's care. The priest, a very interesting man, whose countenance resembles the head of S. Cyprian in Cave's Lives, and has almost the darkest complexion I have seen,—addressed me on behalf of his people ; and I, in reply, gave them a suitable exhortation, which David interpreted with great energy, and they received it with every mark of thankfulness. They then opened their Tamul Prayer-books, and sang a psalm of thanksgiving quite correctly, and in good time and melody."

Again :—

'The Bishop speaks very highly of the Christians in Tinnevely district for their orderly conduct. They have several churches and villages under the care of native priests. They are all Protestants, and are much attached to the English ritual.'

The priests referred to in the above extract were of course in Lutheran orders. After the most attentive study of the subject, we are able to come to no other conclusion than that *there are now, in 1859, fewer natives in Anglican orders in India than there were in Lutheran orders in 1815*. This is sufficiently startling to arouse the most apathetic. What, we ask in deepest sorrow, has become of the numerous village congregations, which were ministered to by these native priests in the time of Bishop Middleton ? Alas ! if still in existence, they would appear to be under the charge of laymen, denominated Catechists. Again and again we hear the cry repeated for native priests and deacons.<sup>1</sup> The late lamented Professor Street speaks as follows of the missions in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, at Mogra Hât, and Barripore :—" When I go from 'village to village, and see the native teachers, to whom the 'immediate care of the flock is entrusted, discharging all the 'offices of the Diaconate, except, indeed, the ministration 'of Baptism, I cannot help asking myself, why are they not 'ordained deacons ?' Well may we re-echo this important question : why, indeed ? Yet these are missions in connexion with a Church boasting of her Catholic and Episcopal character. How could any dissenters or schismatics act in a less Catholic manner ?

In p. 112 of the same volume of the 'Monthly Record,' there is another extract from the journal of Professor Street, which, though rather long, we feel inclined to quote, as it will

<sup>1</sup> See 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1854, p. 100 ; and all Missionary Reports and publications, *passim*.

show, once for all, the calibre of many of these converted natives of India.

'Notice of our arrival was sent abroad, and the converts now came dropping in. Among them came a tall, gaunt, blind old man, led by a little girl. After making his salaam he was guided to a mat, and sat down near us. He said he knew not how old he might be, but that he was a man when the Company's lands were measured (1790). As the people kept coming in, he said to me, "Ah! sir, some years ago I was the only Christian: all alone, all alone; but now there are many all about." A conversation then followed, in which allusion being made to 1 Pet. iii. 18—22, the old man quoted part of the passage, and referring to his own baptism, spoke of the Blood of Christ as having washed away his sins, and given him the "Water of Life," the Holy Ghost. "This, sahib," said he, "this is that of which Jesus Christ spake at Jacob's Well;" and then, with a solemnity and correctness of delivery such as I have never seen surpassed, did this blind old man (*who could never read*) rehearse to me, *literatim*, the whole narrative of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria; and then he brought in John vii. 37—39. Next, in reference to the efficacy of Christ's Blood to do all this, he went on to speak of God's almighty power, and particularly in connexion with the resurrection of the body. And I never heard anything more eloquent than the old man's recitation of the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, which he ended by giving, *literatim*, the passage of Daniel iii. 19—29. Again, as a ground of confidence, he went over the history of Elijah's being taken up into heaven, ending by saying, "If this was possible before Christ came, how much more possible now, that the dead be raised and taken up into heaven." He sat the while leaning his wasted body against the wall; but his voice and gestures, and the way in which he was manifestly not doing it for display, produced an impression which will never pass from my mind. "To hear that old man discourse," said Mr. Driberg, "is to me always a reward for a whole day's toil."

As far as spiritual and intellectual fitness goes, it is evident that there was nothing lacking in such a man for evangelizing his fellow-countrymen. Familiarity with mission records leads to the firm belief, that there are hundreds and thousands of such intellects in the Church's mission-field; that there are hundreds and thousands of native converts who are in every way, intellectually, morally, spiritually, adapted for 'the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

It is now several years ago since we read of there being 'eighty young men in the Missionary Institution of Sawyer-pooram in Tinnevely,' who were then under training to be the future pastors and teachers of that rising Church. These eighty young men must, long ere this, have completed their training. Yet we do not hear of any ordinations from their body. We doubt very much if four out of the eighty, or one in twenty, have been admitted to the priesthood, or even to the diaconate. No! we blush to say it, they are gone forth to pass their days as lay Catechists. They do the work of Evangelists. They preach, rebuke, exhort, with all diligence;—

the very qualifications required by the inspired pen of S. Paul in a bishop,—yet they have not had given them what they ought, and deserved to have had,—the grace and authority of the priesthood.

We have been exceedingly struck in reading in the 'Mission Field' for this very year, the Journal of a Missionary, who is there called an Indian Catechist. We presume he is a native of India; possibly one of those eighty Sawyerpooram young men of whom we spoke above. We never recollect to have read anything which proves more satisfactorily and unquestionably at once the fitness of the natives for admission to holy orders: and also conveys, upon the face of it, so crying a rebuke that such men should have to be designated Catechists instead of priests.

*'Monday, January 11, 1858.*—Left Mutialpad this evening to visit the surrounding villages. Reached Almoor by dusk, where the tent had been pitched in a pleasant tope.

*'Tuesday, January 12th.*—Went out early this morning to preach in the village, and continued speaking to several groups till 8 A.M. The crowds that gathered round me were neither large nor composed of intelligent hearers; the greater part being Sudras. I spoke to them principally upon the concern which man should show for the welfare of his soul as well as his body. In the afternoon I visited Chitraynepalla, where I spoke to an assembly of nearly one hundred persons; and was well pleased with the way in which the Word was received. From the reception I here met with, it seemed to me that there was only wanting one man to take the initiative step in joining a religion which all declared to be the true one, and that his example would have been followed by all.

*'Wednesday, January 13th.*—Early this morning I rode over to the village of Mookoondapooram, and spoke to its inhabitants.'

Under the head of 'Willingness to hear,' we find the following remarks:—

'I had a very good opportunity of addressing the heathen as they were assembled from the surrounding villages, and I was always readily and attentively heard. I read often, and explained Christ's invitation to those labouring under Satan's yoke. As one group melted away I went and took up a station in some other place, urging the same truth to different hearers.

*'Friday, January 15th.*—Left Almoor for Rudrar, and on the way preached at two intermediate villages. I returned at seven P.M. to the school-room, and had prayers with the Christians at Rudrar. The passage of Scripture I chose for their consideration was Rev. iii. 14—22, containing God's threat to the lukewarm church of Laodicea, and His promise to those who open the door to Him. Their conduct has for some time been unsatisfactory.

*'Saturday, January 16th.*—Had morning prayers with the Christians, and spoke to them from Mark xiv. 32—42, urging on them the duty of watching and prayer; and the question of our Lord to Peter,—"Simon, why sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch one hour?"'

And so this Catechist proceeds from month to month evangelizing the heathen and building up Christians. It is just

possible that we may be told the man is a European. But this scarcely mends the matter. If so, why is he not ordained when as many clergymen as can possibly be procured are required for the wants of the missions? And certainly it does seem rather hard upon dissenting ministers at home in England, that they should be perpetually branded as schismatics, and compared to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram for doing the very same things that persons in a similar position to themselves in India are not only trained and encouraged, but actually paid to do by a great Church society like the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We frankly confess we cannot understand these things. We cannot penetrate to those hidden springs which guide this apparently anomalous course of action. We must again repeat,—What can the spiritual authorities in India be about, that men so eminently qualified for evangelizing the heathen should be allowed to do that work as laymen, not as ordained ministers of Christ?

Why did S. Paul leave Titus Metropolitan of Crete? 'To set in order things that were wanting, and to ordain 'presbyters in every city;' comprehending, most probably, under the term presbyters, bishops in the principal cities. Remembering the character which S. Paul gives of the Cretans in general, there is every reason to believe that at least as fitting candidates for the priesthood might be found in all parts of India where the Gospel has been preached, as existed in the cities of Crete in the days of Titus.

We constantly hear the appeal made in terms of almost despairing earnestness for educated Englishmen, for men of talent, for the younger clergy to go and undertake Missionary work abroad. This may be all very well. There can be no doubt that it would be the very noblest work in which the flower of our Universities and our choicest young men could be engaged, to go forth and fight manfully for Christ upon the battle-grounds of India, and China, and Africa. This is again and again set before them, and urged home at Missionary meetings in Oxford and other places in terms of such impassioned, thrilling earnestness as Bishop Wilberforce knows so well how to use: yet still there is no response, no adequate effect produced.

It is almost heartrending to read the appeals made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for English clergymen and men from the Universities. It ought to put England's Church to the blush to see all sorts of temporal advantages and inducements held out, as a kind of bait, to men to induce them to condescend to take upon them the apostolic office of Missionary to the heathen.



Now why is this? It is idle to attribute it simply to want of zeal and piety amongst our younger clergy. They have them both, we are convinced, to a degree almost unprecedented in any age. It must be that, notwithstanding all that is said, they do not feel in themselves any *special Divine call* for this peculiar work. It may be that that Divine Providence which works so wondrously and mysteriously in all things, is overruling this likewise, in order to force, as it were, irresistibly upon the Anglican Church abroad, the absolute necessity of giving the priesthood and the episcopate to the native Churches. Just as after all explanations have been offered, it is still difficult to feel that there is no indication of the Divine Will in calling home to Himself three Bishops of Sierra Leone, after an average episcopate of about a year each. It does seem to indicate in no doubtful terms, that, if not a native African, at least an acclimatized European Missionary on the spot, should be appointed to that important post, rather than men accustomed to the pleasant breezes of the North, and the comforts of an English rectory.

This leads us to another point which does show almost more strongly than any other the desirableness of a native ministry, and that is the great loss of physical power consequent upon having the mass of the Missionaries European by birth. Of the 180 European born clergymen employed by the Church Missionary Society, 25, or about 15 per cent. are either at home, or returning on account of health. When we remember the fatal nature of the climates in which so many of these devoted men labour, this proportion is exceedingly small, but when again we remember that the whole of this loss would be saved by the employment of a native ministry, we deem the proportion fearfully large, too large to spare, when every available atom of spiritual power, so to say, is so urgently needed, and ought to be expended to the uttermost.

One more point and we have done with India for the present. We have already seen how easily the Church of Rome found ready to her hand materials for a native priesthood. In so doing she merely followed in the track of a Church as old, and it may be, as pure as herself.

Where the Western Ghauts slope towards the setting sun a Christian Church has existed from the earliest times, claiming an unbroken descent from the Apostle S. Thomas, the scene of whose martyrdom is still shown and revered in India. His disciples, banished from Madras, found a home upon the opposite shore of the Peninsula. There, protected and encouraged by the native princes, they have maintained their ground through the eighteen centuries of Christendom. Wonderful

indeed must have been the light of that city set upon a hill amongst the mountains of Travancore. Unknown of the nations of the West, unknowing of the mighty revolutions which shook the Western world, undisturbed by the thunders of the Vatican, until the Portuguese conquests in the sixteenth century, unmoved by the preaching of Luther, they held on their simple way, and produced, it may be, saints and confessors, whose canonization will never be made manifest until the final doom. Once and once only was the thick cloud which shrouded them from the ever busy, ever restless West, uplifted for the space of 1500 years, and that was by the means of our own Alfred. Of him it is authentically recorded that he sent ambassadors with a message of love and a desire for unity to the Christians of S. Thomas in India, who returned in safety after a three years' absence. They brought with them, in addition to answering epistles of Christian charity and tenderness, several of the rare productions of the East. Nearly 1000 years elapsed before any further intercourse took place between the Church of this Ultima Thule of ours, and that land which even now in this nineteenth century we can scarcely bring ourselves to think of with ordinary every day feelings, without a certain uprising of the spirit of romance in the mind, the vision of a land,

'Far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sand of gold,  
Where the pearl and the ruby and emerald shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine.'

The next English visit to the hills of Travancore after Alfred's ambassadors was that of the celebrated Dr. Buchanan. And in our opinion the chapter which gives an account of the time which he spent amongst this primitive Christian people, is by far the most interesting portion of his *Christian Researches in the East*.

But what we are principally concerned to show is, that the native bishops and priests of these secluded Churches are equal in scriptural learning, in the power of analysis, and in critical acumen to the average at least of the Christian priests in any country of what is called the civilized world.

Our extracts must necessarily be at some length; but even apart from the immediate point which it is our present object to prove, they are sufficiently interesting in themselves to plead our excuse.

*'November 10th, 1806.—Chinganoor, a Church of the Syrian Christians.*

*'The first view of the Christian Churches in this sequestered region of Hindostan, connected with the idea of their tranquil duration for so many ages, cannot fail to excite pleasing emotions in the eyes of the beholder.*

The form of the oldest buildings is not unlike that of some of the old parish churches in England; the style of the buildings in both being of Saracenic origin. They have sloping roofs, pointed arch windows, and buttresses supporting the walls. The beams of the roof being exposed to view are ornamented, and the ceiling of the choir and altar is circular and fretted. In the cathedral churches the shrines of the deceased bishops are placed on each side of the altar. Most of the churches are built of a reddish stone, square and polished at the quarry, and are of a durable construction. The bells of the Churches are cast in the founderies of the country: some of them are of large dimensions. In approaching a town in the evening I once heard the sound of bells among the hills; a circumstance which made me forget for a moment that I was in Hindostan, and reminded me of *another* country.

I had some discussions with a most intelligent priest in regard to the original language of the four Gospels, which he maintained to be Syriac; and they suspected, from the complexion of my argument, that I wished to weaken the evidences for their antiquity.

"You concede," said the Syrian, "that our Saviour spoke in our language; how do you know it?" From Syriac expressions in the Greek Gospels. It appears that He spoke Syriac when He walked by the way (Ephphatha), and when He sat in the house (Talitha Cumi), and when He was upon the cross (Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani). The Syrians were pleased when they heard we had got their language in our English books. The priest observed that these last were not the exact words, but "Ail, Ail, lamono sabachthani!" I answered that the word must have been very like Eli, for one said He calleth Elias. "True," said he, "but yet it was more likely to be Ail, Ail (pronounced Il or Fel), for Hil or Hila is Syriac for vinegar, for one thought he wanted vinegar; and immediately filled a sponge with it." "But," added he, "if the parables and discourses of Our Lord were in Syriac, and the people of Jerusalem commonly used it, is it not marvellous that His disciples did not record His parables in the Syriac language, but that they should have recourse to the Greek?" I observed that the Gospel was for the world, and the Greek was then the universal language, and therefore Providence selected it. "It is very probable," said he, "that the Gospels were translated immediately into Greek, as into other languages, but surely there must have been a Syriac original. The poor people in Jerusalem could not read Greek. Had they no record in their hands of Christ's parables which they had heard, and of His sublime discourses recorded by S. John?" I acknowledged that it was believed by some of the learned that the Gospel of S. Matthew was written originally in Syriac. "So you admit S. Matthew: you may as well admit S. John; or was one Gospel enough for the inhabitants of Jerusalem?" I contended that there were many Greek and Roman words in their own Syriac Gospels. "True," said he, "Roman words for Roman things." They wished, however, to see some of these words. The discussion afterwards, particularly in reference to the Gospel of S. Luke, was more in my favour.

Thus we see that one of these native Indian priests was no mean antagonist for the great and learned Dr. Buchanan in one of the most abstruse and interesting questions which have engaged the attention of biblical scholars—the original language in which the holy Gospels were written.

In subsequent conversations with other priests and bishops which are too long to quote, Dr. Buchanan found these men

making converts occasionally from the highest class of the Brahmins, and prepared to engage with enthusiasm in the work of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongues of India. They were found well acquainted with the true Scriptural doctrine of ecclesiastical polity; and we think modern Dissenters would not find it very easy to answer their questions relative to the threefold order of the ministry.

So much for the interesting native Church and people among the hills of Travancore. And as far as we can judge from the journals of our Missionaries, and the annual and other reports of our two great Missionary Societies, the native catechists of the South, as well as in other parts of India, appear to exhibit equal natural abilities.

Many, to begin with, are conversant with two languages; such, for instance, as the vernacular of the part of India in which they may happen to live, and the sacred Sanscrit. In the mission seminaries they are, we believe, invariably taught English, and this they acquire with sufficient accuracy to converse in it with fluency, and compose it idiomatically. In addition to this, we read in accounts of the periodical examinations that the students in the higher classes exhibit a creditable knowledge of Latin, and are also able to translate the Greek Testament, and the Anabasis of Xenophon. Besides these they frequently are taught Euclid and other branches of European learning. Christian David, a native Hindoo, who was ordained by Bishop Heber, was in the habit of preaching in English to the residents of our nation for many years, at one of the principal stations in Ceylon. This he did extempore; and his discourses were considered, by no mean judge, models of chaste eloquence. He gained the universal esteem and affection of all the English with whom he came into contact. Indeed it is recorded of him that for a long period he alone supported the interests of the Anglican Church at the station to which we have referred. Could more be said of any missionary whom England has ever sent out.

If such men as Christian David (and it is to be remembered that there are many like him in abilities and devotedness, who have not like him been counted worthy of admission into Holy Orders) are not to receive Ordination from the Bishops of the English Church, we should like exceedingly to know what is the standard of *literary* attainment which they are expected to achieve? We find them frequently masters of two languages, and fair proficient in other two. How different from the great Fathers of the Early Church! How very few of the Orientals knew any other language but Greek; and how few of the Western Church were familiar with any other tongue

but that of Rome. Yet, can we ever expect to see again the like of the Chrysostoms, and the Gregories, and the Cyrills, the Augustines and the Cyprians?

How different too was the conduct of S. Patrick in his great work of evangelizing the Irish. Of him, it is related, that he left at his decease 3,000 priests, with bishops in all the important towns in Ireland. This he was enabled to do, not by requiring a high amount of literary qualification in addition to moral and spiritual aptitude for the work of the ministry. But when this latter evidence was satisfactory, he only enjoined upon the candidates for Holy Orders that they should be well acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and in particular that they should be able to recite the whole of the Psalms by heart.

We have then, we trust and believe, clearly and satisfactorily established these points—that there are in sufficient numbers the materials for the formation of a native ministry, at least in India; and that our missions have languished, and must of necessity continue to languish, until we have courage to form a native ministry.

We must reserve for a future occasion an examination of the Sierra Leone Mission, with its bearing upon the evangelization of Africa; and what is perhaps, for our purpose, the most forcible example of all, and at the same time the most melancholy, the native Church of New Zealand. We shall then endeavour to show the hindrances of various kinds which have lain in the way of the colonial prelates, and suggest what may, in the providence of God, prove eligible methods for their removal.

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ART. VII.—1. *The Order of Nature considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation. A Third Series of Essays.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman & Roberts. 1859.

2. *The Epistles of S. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans; with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By the Rev. BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1859.

THE two Oxford Professors whose names appear at the head of this article would probably be classed, by an indiscriminating public, as belonging to the same school of theology. And if people will make the arbitrary division of opinions existing within the pale of the English Church, as Evangelical, Latitudinarian, and High Church, no doubt they must be ranked together in the second, and as its name would almost imply, most comprehensive section of the three classes. It is only because it is so comprehensive as to embrace almost every form of belief and unbelief, that it can include both these gentlemen. There is, perhaps, scarcely any other classification which could be made to embrace them. They belong to different generations, and represent entirely distinct lines of thought. They have few natural gifts in common, and exhibit the results of an education as widely different as is conceivable. The Savilian Professor of Geometry has attained an eminent and well-deserved reputation, for his mathematical and physical knowledge; whilst the Regius Professor of Greek has probably not even the most elementary acquaintance with algebra or geometry. The one is overwhelmed with a sense of the importance of the inductive philosophy; the other, perhaps, is scarcely possessed of any knowledge of physical science that can be called his own; and whilst one would almost consider the processes of induction as synonymous with the exercise of the intellectual faculties, the other is wrapt up in the abstractions of metaphysics and the phenomena of thought. Were they to come into collision, they would have no battle-ground on which to fight, they would not even understand each other, and would have no basis of agreement from which to start their differences. They are unfortunately



enlisted on the same side, and that side is opposition to the truths of Revelation. The results at which they arrive are frequently the same; but they travel by very different roads. The field of error is wide, and is traversed by many divergent paths; and whilst there is but one temper of mind by which the truth can be ascertained, there are many defects of mind, whether they be classed as mainly intellectual or moral, which lead in the opposite direction; and both these gentlemen are beset with prejudices which betoken that very narrowness of mind of which they are such conspicuous accusers in their brethren.

Professor Jowett's lucubrations have landed him in a denial of the doctrines of the Church; Professor Powell's have induced him to dispute the facts of Revelation. They both ought to be alike the impugnors of the facts and the doctrines. We can, nevertheless, understand that the latter has honestly chosen his *locus standi*; whereas we profess our utter inability to defend Mr. Jowett's subscription to the Creeds of the Western Church and the Articles of the Church of England from the charge of dishonesty.

In saying what we have ventured to put out with regard to these writers, we trust we shall not be understood as referring to anything beyond their writings and publicly expressed opinions. We can have no desire to insinuate indirectly against Professor Jowett that he is consciously dishonest; we also wish to correct the impression, which perhaps may have already been produced, that we have more sympathy with Professor Powell than with Mr. Jowett. On the contrary, there is a tone of earnestness and reality about the latter which enlists our sympathies and excites our regret for his aberrations, and that perhaps the more because we fancy that we can see the very intellectual defects of mind which have led him so far astray. He is unfortunately one of the number of those who have once been much nearer the truth than they now are; and there is a bitterness about his assertions as well as an arrogant tone of dogmatism, when he is touching upon doctrinal subjects upon which he has changed his views, which does not appear in other parts of his work. His is one of those restless minds that cannot be content to rest upon little evidence which is real, and is willing to sacrifice in succession everything to which objections can be raised which he is unable himself to answer. Moreover he appears at times extremely ignorant of the workings of the human mind, excepting those most closely connected with the intellect, and is apt to believe others insincere and dishonest because they accept and act upon conclusions which do not appear to him logically proved. His knowledge of human nature, such as it is, is all derived from the study of

history, and a thoughtful observation of human character, but he does not appear to us ever to have entertained that intimate friendship with others which is necessary to appreciate either its dignity, its littleness, or the inconsistencies in which it exhibits itself. And there is a melancholy sadness of tone in his writing which shows that he is ill at ease under the scepticism which he has adopted, and which is strangely contrasted with the light and superficial and impertinent tone adopted by most of those who may be said to belong to the same school with him. In all these respects Professor Powell has nothing in common with him; he writes exactly in the tone of one whom it would cost nothing to surrender all his religious convictions, provided only he could feel satisfied that such surrender was imperatively demanded by the advances of physical science; he would offer up all his most cherished fancies to the Moloch which he seems to idolise, the 'Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy.' He takes his station, as it were, outside the system of Revelation, and criticises it from a single point of view. He has no doubt of the paramount claims of induction, the absolute certainty of its conclusions. If Revelation does not militate against it, so much the better. The Old Testament must be given up because it does interfere with modern science; but the author has made a curious,—discovery shall we call it or invention?—of the utter and entire independence of the material and the spiritual world, the result of which is that the New Testament neither does nor can interfere with any present or future abstractions as established by induction in the physical world. It is fortunate for him that his faith in this discovery is quite unbounded, and that he believes the position he has assumed to be entirely unassailable. He is perfectly at home and comfortable in his convictions. He is of a joyous temperament, and is unable to understand the gloomy doubts which have suggested themselves to most people who have ever thought deeply on religious questions. Everything presents itself to his mind as a matter to be settled by intellectual investigation. All that belongs to the affections is not merely set aside as irrelevant, which it is, to his particular purpose; it is not so much that he ignores the yearnings and distresses of other minds, but that he is not even aware of their existence. He is so goodnatured, that he would be less humorous if he could understand that his humour gave pain to those who differ from his opinions. In all these respects, in views of life and tone of thought, it would be hard to find another mind so antagonistic to his as that of Professor Jowett. The latter is too serious almost to entertain a jest, and the state of perplexity in which he long has been and still is, shows itself in expressions of

irritation, which are not the less real because more than half-concealed, against theories which he cannot but see are productive of some good results. The narrow-mindedness of the Evangelical school is the principal object of Professor Powell's good-humoured sarcasm—the bigotry of the Anglican school is the mark at which Mr. Jowett's envenomed shafts are secretly directed. In the curious alliances of incompatible creeds and attempts at union of unsympathising parties which the last thirty years have witnessed, none is more remarkable than the willingness of Professor Powell to tolerate the extremest views of sacramental grace, and the occasional approach of Mr. Jowett to the Evangelical school, to whose single Shibboleth of doctrine he is the principal opponent of the day. We shall have completed our portraiture of the two Professors when we have said that the one is particularly contented in the position which he occupies, and sanguine as to the results of the future, nothing doubting of the eventual triumph and success of his own opinions in science and religion; whilst the other is as distrustful of coming events as he is discontented with the present attitude of belief throughout his little world of Protestantism.

We have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of Professor Powell's avowal of opinion that, 'so far as we can reasonably speculate on such a point, it can hardly be doubted that, at the present moment, though there exists among us a very considerable amount of scepticism, and even positive and avowed disbelief in Christianity, as a Divine revelation, or in its peculiar doctrines in detail, that disbelief may be, in all cases, traced up to the influence, not of physical, but of metaphysical and moral speculation.' It never seems so much as to have once occurred to his mind, that the disproof of the historical character of a very essential portion of the Old Testament, which he considers as established by the discoveries of physical science, can be thought by any one to affect the position of the New, much less that there are many who will consider that the sacrifice of the New Testament is the legitimate consequence of the demolition of the Old. He himself evidently considers his view of the Old Testament as quite consistent with the most sincere belief in the New; that Judaism is a thing with which the doctrines of Christianity have no connexion which can any longer be deemed important.

The second of the three volumes which this author has published in the course of as many years, is entitled 'Christianity without Judaism.' If he had condescended to use a metaphor, the title would have run, 'The Flower without a Root.' And indeed, even upon the ground of inductive science, with which alone he concerns himself, it is difficult to see how the facts in the New Testament can stand the test which is so triumphantly

urged against the narratives of the creation, the deluge, the standing-still of the sun, and the going-down of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz. It is true the two latter events stand on different ground from the former, being represented as direct interferences with an established order of things;—the history of the deluge being, however, chiefly distinguished from these in that it is not so obviously contradictory to well-ascertained laws of nature. Readers, then, of the volume on Christianity without Judaism might fairly have demanded of the author some account of his adoption of Christianity in spite of the miracles, which are contradictory to the known laws of nature. In other words, the author might fairly be called upon for a 'theory of miracles.' And this third volume appears at first sight likely to supply the demand; but, though nearly half the book is occupied with the subject of miracles, there is absolutely no attempt at a solution of this difficulty. It is needless here to adduce the arguments, familiar to all thoughtful readers, of the adoption of the most commonly ridiculed miracle of the Old Testament by a writer in the New, as being true in the exact letter—or others which will at once occur—to show that the Old Testament cannot fall without dragging the New after it. We have no wish here to argue the general question, but are only urging against Professor Powell the inconsistency of not pressing the unalterable laws of the physical universe to the disparagement of the recorded miracles of the New Testament. We proceed to give a short account of the volume placed at the head of this article—regarded as a sequel to the author's previous publications—before we go on to notice more at length the work of Mr. Jowett, and the alterations introduced into his second edition. Let us premise that Mr. Baden Powell is, all unconsciously to himself, enveloped in a subtle atmosphere of Pantheism. We say unconsciously; for probably no greater surprise than such an accusation could occur to him. Throughout the first series of Essays, as well as the third, he distinctly argues for a Supreme Mind, an Intelligent Cause, a Moral Cause, a Supreme Reason, an Immensity of Intelligence, the Infinite Source of all things, All-pervading Reason of the Universe, the Divine Perfections, Manifestation of Divinity, Sensible Manifestation of Supreme Intelligence, and the like;—these are expressions with which the pages of the first set of essays teem, but they are ideas which the argument of neither of the volumes is adequate to reach. He does not deny, but rather, on the contrary, admits the argument from spiritual sources; and is content that the argument from physical science, to which he exclusively devotes himself, puts no hindrance in the way of its conclusions. We could almost have fancied the

following passage, extracted from Dr. Newman's recent 'Lectures on University Subjects,' had been provoked by the very work which we are reviewing, if the author had not in his summary of the contents given us November, 1855, for the date of its delivery. Speaking of natural theology, the author says:—

'I do not hesitate to say that, taking men as they are, this so-called science tends, if it occupies the mind, to dispose it against Christianity. And for this plain reason, because it speaks only of laws; and cannot contemplate their suspension, that is miracles, which are of the essence of the idea of a Revelation. Thus the God of natural theology may very easily become a mere idol; for He comes to the inductive mind in the medium of fixed appointments, so excellent, so skilful, so beneficent, that when it has for a long time gazed upon them it will think them too beautiful to be broken, and will at length so contract its notion of Him as to conclude that He never could have the heart (if I may dare use such a term) to undo or mar His own work; and this conclusion will be the first step towards its degrading its idea of God a second time, and identifying Him with His works. Indeed, a Being of Power, Wisdom and Goodness, and nothing else, is not very different from the God of the Pantheist.'—*Lectures*, p. 260.

Some account of the Essays in this first volume seems necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the position from which the author starts in the third volume, the title of which is placed at the head of this article. It is entitled, 'Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation,' and came out about four years ago. They are but slightly connected, though all more or less bearing on the subject of 'Induction'—which appears to be uppermost in the author's thoughts, but of the logic of which we think he entertains vague and unsatisfactory notions. It is not necessary to allude further to the middle essay, which was provoked by the singular literary phenomenon of the appearance of the two works on the Unity and Plurality of Worlds, perhaps the most interesting publications of the day, in which two distinguished philosophers took opposite sides on a subject on which there was absolutely no evidence whatever. The author holds the balance between them; and all that need be said of the critique is, that, like the works it criticizes, its principal value consists in the incidental information which the reader gains in his attempt to follow the argument of the author. As this second essay of the first series gives us little or no help towards forming an estimate of the purpose of the writer in composing his third series, it may be dismissed without further observation. It is in reality the first and the third Essays in this first series that are introductory to the recently published volume. They respectively treat of 'The Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy,' and 'The Philosophy of Creation.' In the first, the author has given us his views on

a considerable variety of subjects, more or less connected, under the different heads, 'The Inductive Principle,' 'The Unity of Sciences,' 'The Uniformity of Nature,' 'The Theory of Causation,' 'Final Causes,' and 'Natural Theology.'

In much of the matter contained in this essay the author appears to us to be attacking a shadow, or at least to be considerably exaggerating the views of those to whom he alludes, and between whom he, as it were, attempts to mediate. In explaining the processes of induction he broadly states two views, one of which is supposed to assert that there is an intuitive faculty which impresses the proper form on the facts collected, whilst the other is represented as believing that knowledge is derived from observation. Now it is true that two classes of writers are apt to represent the inductive process respectively, the one as too merely dependent upon observation, and the other as too much disconnected from it; yet it really did not require such an elaborate dissertation to establish against the one class of writers, that in every inductive process there is an assumption of some generalizing principle, nor against the other that this assumption is not antecedent to all experience whatever. Neither do we find fault with the author's view, which is a reasonable account of things very clumsily expressed. Thus he tells us that in induction what is superadded to a mere collection of facts, is the assumption that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are similar to the few actually examined.' Now if this proposition be accurately weighed, it will be found to amount to no more than the tautological statement, that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are of the kind in question.' The real difficulty is to fix upon 'the kind in question,' and on the right or the wrong fixing depends the truth or falsehood of the induction. We are here forcibly reminded of the '*hic et ille et iste magnes trahit ferrum, ergo omnes*,' of Aldrich's Logic, where the author never probably stopped to inquire whether he had got any further than the truth, that a magnet is a magnet, or a stone attracting iron is a stone attracting iron. However, as we said before, we are not really at issue with Professor Powell's view, but only demur to his mode of expression. Neither is there any necessity, for our present purpose, to follow him minutely through this essay, or to lay down the exact positions in which we concur, or those from which we differ. We will only observe further, that there are some interesting remarks on the subject of the Unity of Sciences, and their approximation towards exhibiting the unity of nature. One passage is very happily expressed as follows:—'All science is 'but the partial reflection on the reason of man of the great all-pervading reason of the universe. And thus the unity of



'science is the reflection of the unity of nature, and of the unity of that supreme reason and intelligence which pervades and rules over nature, and from whence all reason and all science is derived.' We cannot give an equally unqualified assent to the passage which is quoted from Oersted, at the end of the next section:—'The progress of discovery continually produces fresh evidence that nature acts according to eternal laws, and that these laws are constituted as the mandates of an infinite perfect reason; so that the friend of nature lives in a constant rational contemplation of the Omnipresent Divinity. The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and these are the thoughts of God.' We fear the lives of many eminent physical philosophers will bear ample testimony to the truth, that men may be intimately conversant with nature, who are far estranged from God. Nay, we even are inclined to think that the idea of order, by itself, and as distinguished from that of will, has a direct tendency to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of God, and to fix the thoughts upon a mere vague abstraction instead of a personal superintending Deity.

The result of the whole appears to be, that the author is satisfied that induction proves the eternal and universal maintenance of the order of physical causes; from which, he adds, the immediate inference is, a Supreme Moral Cause, distinct from and above nature.

It would not be easy to conjecture what was the subtle link by which an essay on the relations of Judaism and Christianity served to connect two subjects which, however similar to each other, are so distinct from their connecting chain, as 'The Unity of Worlds,' and 'The Order of Nature.' The intervening volume is, in truth, meant as an apology for—or perhaps we should rather say, a justification of—the disparaging views of the Old Testament which the author has adopted, in his zeal for the results of the inductive philosophy. We could imagine that the tone of this volume had been a little sharpened by the objections of religious people in general, and perhaps especially of Scotch Presbyterians, as to the proper mode of spending Sunday, and as to the general duty of attending public worship—of coming to church before the commencement of the service, and the like. The immediately practical point of the volume is, to show that it is absurd to suppose it can be wrong to do on Sunday what is allowable to be done on any other day of the week. Most people will demur to a statement so definitely expressed as this; though it is to be hoped that well-educated members of the Church of England, at least, are cognisant of the fact that the Sabbath and Sunday are two distinct days. The more general view in which this is enveloped,

might have been expected to be, that Christianity has superseded the obligations of the Jewish law ; but the volume would be characterised more truly by the description that its purpose is to show that the old dispensation has so passed away, and the Old Testament books so superseded, that they are no longer of any use. The author seems, indeed, to treat them as if it would make little or no difference if they never had had any existence. It does not concern us now to controvert this position. Our object is simply to give an account of the point of view from which the author writes the volume on 'The Order of Nature.' In discarding the Old Testament, the author has found his solution of the difficulty, of the irreconcilable opposition which exists between the truths established by modern science, and any possible interpretation of the statements of the historical books of Moses, Joshua, and the Kings.

The present volume may be described as an attempt to show how the progress of natural philosophy has partially, and ought wholly to have, emancipated the minds of rational beings from the idea of miraculous agency. Accordingly, the first essay in the volume consists of an historical sketch of the progress of physical science as bearing on religious belief. This occupies nearly half the volume, and is followed by another essay, not very dissimilar in character, entitled, 'Nature and Revelation.' If the view which we have been ascribing to our author be correct, the subjects of the remaining two essays in this volume seem to follow as a matter of course. The miracles of the Old Testament having been put out of the way by the help of the inductive philosophy, some account of those of the New Testament, which seem not easy to be included in the abstractions of physical science, may fairly be expected of a writer who professes to receive the writings of the New Testament not merely as authentic documents, but as, in some sense at least, dictated by inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

As might be expected, the author dwells at great length on the points which science has successively established counter to the current belief of people, who imagined that the Bible and the Church were committed to the opinions which they themselves entertained. Instances of this have been found in great numbers, and will continue to be found so long as science shall continue to advance. It could not possibly have been otherwise. We can have no desire to deny the facts, though we should not have exhibited them exactly in the way in which our author has paraded them, nor for precisely the same object. The most useful purpose which such an array of antagonisms between Science and what was thought to be Revelation, could be adduced to serve, appears to us to be the

following; viz. to be urged as a plea in behalf of caution for the future, and for patience in the event of science appearing to contradict revelation itself. We can only regret that the author appears to feel so little sympathy for the, if erroneous, yet at least religious, distrust of scientific investigations, before they have become established truths, which naturally at first sight shock the prejudices of religious people. No sceptical writer in his desire to show up the absurdities of religion, could fasten upon cases of this kind with more apparent avidity than Professor Powell. What he considers bigotry is to him an especial object of aversion; and perhaps no stronger instance of this aversion is to be found, than in the ridicule with which he assails the dislike to the use of chloroform in cases of parturition, which at the first introduction of the practice was almost universally felt. We have had occasion in a previous number of this Review<sup>1</sup> to allude to the relations of science and revelation, both as regards the abstract question, and with respect to theories of education. We need not, therefore, repeat our opinion here, and shall only observe further, that our author, who takes upon himself to censure previous ages for their narrowness of view, should be careful not to misrepresent ancient authors, or accuse them of holding views which they really do not hold. There is one glaring instance of this in the volume before us. At p. 39, he informs us that 'Augustine denied the existence of Antipodes as irreconcilable with Scripture.' Now we should have been glad to see the passage from S. Augustine referred to, instead of the secondhand quotation from Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' in the note. Till we are better advised on the subject, we shall continue to think that S. Augustine nowhere asserts this. The passage to which, we have little doubt, reference is made, is in the *De Civitate Dei*, where the author objects to the fable of the existence of men on the opposite side of the earth, on the especial ground that it is a mere conjecture, unsupported by the traditions of history or considerations of reason. We should not, however, be doing justice to the volume before us, if we did not allow that it contains a great deal of very interesting as well as useful matter. The historical sketch is of necessity very slight, but it conveys a considerable amount of information as to the attitude in which men of science have from time to time stood towards the received opinions of the age in which they lived. Little as the reflections we feel disposed to make coincide with the author's, we have to thank him for several remarks which lead

<sup>1</sup> See *The Christian Remembrancer* for April, 1859, Article on 'Science and Revelation.'

to trains of thought very different from what he himself could have anticipated.

There is one especial characteristic which seems to excite his wonder, existing, as it seems to have done, in the minds of many men of science, as, for instance, Locke, Newton, Whiston, and, we doubt not, a great number of others: it is the coincidence of an implicit faith in miracles, with inveterate dislike and undisguised disbelief of mysteries of doctrine. It is not surprising that this should have appeared so unaccountable a phenomenon to one who, on the contrary, makes no objection to any amount of the mysterious in the region of pure faith, so long as he can procure an acquiescence in his denial of the miraculous on the ground that it is an infringement of the majesty of science.

The phenomenon itself is well worthy of notice; not, indeed, as presenting any remarkable deviation from the natural order of things, but because it illustrates the connexion between a right faith and a well-balanced state of mind, a connexion which, to say the least, is not prominently brought forward in the volume which we are reviewing. We say, then, that it is but natural that the tone of mind which revolts at the idea of mystery in religion, should unhesitatingly adopt that of the miraculous in nature. A belief in the miraculous is so far from implying credulity, humility, or self-distrust, that it may be, and very frequently is, the consequence of a hard and logical mode of viewing the subject. Again, there is so wide an interval between the commonly alleged cases of miracles and the phenomena of nature, which have been brought by mathematical investigations under the head of general laws, that the belief in them might result from the mere natural tendency in the mind to fancy itself possessed of a much more powerful instrument of analysis than it really has. Thus a miracle may be easily assented to on the mere numerical calculation of the probabilities of coinciding testimony, which can easily be shown to increase in a proportion vastly greater than that of accumulation of evidence from observation of facts. The miracle is professedly outside the domain of science, on which, if so be, the philosopher prides himself, and he may have no particular temptation to deny it. It would be natural, so to say, for such a person to believe the alleged miracles of Buddhism, supposing them well authenticated, without troubling himself further as to the form of religion in whose service they were enlisted. We should not be surprised at hearing any one proclaim his belief in the miracle said to be performed by Vespasian on the concurrent testimony of the crowds who witnessed it, and this quite independently of any view, whether of supporting or impugn- ing the

truth of the narratives of the miracles in Scripture. We can, so to say, draw a distinct line of demarcation between the ordinary and the miraculous, and we are satisfied in being able to do so; but the mysterious in doctrine is closely connected with subjects almost within our grasp. We can argue about them; we can see some scattered rays of light. The mysterious, as it were, proposes itself to us to be received conditionally on our submitting to its terms; it does profess that it will gradually unfold itself, not to reason but to faith, and exacts of us that childlike submission, that self-sacrificing homage, which philosophers of modern times have often shown themselves as unwilling to render as their predecessors in the infancy of the Christian Church.

We suppose if there is one view which represents the essays in this volume, and their different portions, it is this, that nature is absolutely invariable: their author does not ignore revelation, but contents himself with the averment that the provinces of nature and revelation are entirely distinct; he would insist not only that they do not, but that they cannot interfere. There is a somewhat remarkable agreement, considering how independent the sources are, between the mode of expression adopted by Professor Powell, and the clear statements of Dr. Newman in his lecture on 'Christianity and Physical Science,'<sup>1</sup> as to the distinction between knowledge natural and supernatural. But there is an equally remarkable contrast exhibited in the two writers, in that the former appears to keep out of sight the points of approximation, which Dr. Newman, with his usual felicity of diction, has characterised as two great circles of knowledge which intersect; 'first as far as supernatural knowledge includes truths and facts of the natural world, and secondly, as far as truths and facts of the natural world are on the other hand data for inferences about the supernatural.' Still more striking is the contrast with regard to what they respectively say as to the methods of the science of physics and the science of theology. With regard to the provinces of the two sciences both are exactly agreed. We will express their agreement in Dr. Newman's words:—'If then theology be the philosophy of the supernatural world, and science the philosophy of the natural, theology and science, whether in their respective ideas, or again in their own actual fields, on the whole, are incommunicable, incapable of collision, and needing at most to be connected, never to be reconciled.' The distinction of the methods of the two is also beautifully

<sup>1</sup> See *Lectures and Essays on Heavenly Subjects*, by John H. Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London, 1859.

drawn out by the same writer; and we must quote one passage of this to illustrate the difference between the two writers:—  
 ‘The physical treats of efficient causes, the theologian of final.  
 ‘The physical tells us of laws, the theologian of the Author,  
 ‘Maintainer, and Controller of them: of their scope, of their  
 ‘suspension, if so be, of their beginning and end.’ Now Professor Powell makes no allusion to the methods of theology. He is content to speak of it as the region of faith, and probably if he did entertain the thought at all, would not insist very strongly upon theology being a science, or if a science, would scarcely like to acknowledge a region of thought almost entirely deductive; and here it is that our author diverges so widely from Dr. Newman. He would admit any amount of miracles, so called, so long as they should be confined to spiritual things; or so long as they do not interfere with the indisputable conclusions of the inductive philosophy. For these conclusions, it must be remembered, he claims an amount of certainty far higher than on his principles he has any right to; and as we have before seen, the absolute uniformity of nature is but an hypothesis, towards proof of which the inductive philosophy makes but very faint advances—whatever evidence there may be *deductively* produced for it from what revelation informs us as to the Being and Attributes of its Author. But whilst on the true theory as to the relation of the inductive philosophy to the deductive system of theology, there is really no antagonism, because so far as the disciple of revelation should speak of events as miracles, it would be, by the very force of the term used, but a testifying to the laws of the universe, of which laws miracles are called violations—the law being admitted on the very ground that the event is exceptional (established by testimony or in any other conceivable way): yet, on Mr. Powell’s view of matters, miracles can have no place. The description of such events in the Old Testament is got rid of by a very summary process.

We are unable to interpret our author’s language otherwise than by describing his view to be that the New Testament is all that we Christians are now concerned with; that the Old Testament has passed away, not in the sense of Christianity having sprung up from and developed out of the old dispensation, but in that it has entirely superseded and destroyed it; not as if Judaism had pointed the way to Christianity, but as if Christianity had proved the absurdity of Judaism. He actually objects to any compromise as to this matter. He has not common patience with those who attempt a defence of the Mosaic account of creation, on the ground that it is not the text itself, but the meaning attached to it by its readers, that is at fault, when any discrepancy is alleged between science and scripture. He ridi-



cules the idea as simply absurd. These, we are told, are only '*false conclusions* deduced by its votaries—*false interpretations* which yet are identical with the *very words* ;—fallacious *conclusions*, which, notwithstanding, are directly asserted in the *very terms* ; and, nevertheless, the historical authority of the passages, and their surpassing importance, are to be strictly maintained !' (p. 224.)

And now, we suppose we have said enough on this subject to make most of our readers ask the question, at least in thought, What is the mode, then, in which the miracles of the New Testament are to be adjusted to the necessity of scientific order? We must confess to having read the work quite through without discovering the answer to this question. The fourth essay, which is denominated '*On Theological Views of Miracles*,' is intended to supply the answer; but the author's view is expressed so vaguely as to be hardly intelligible. Yet, though the conclusions themselves are wrapped up in some obscurity, yet the whole tone of the work, together with scattered observations here and there, helps us to understand that his meaning is that there are no occasional interruptions in the physical economy of the world. But let not the reader go on too hastily to suppose that the author disbelieves in the reality of the miracles of walking on the sea and the resurrection of the dead. Singular as this state of mind may appear, there is no reason whatever to question the author's firm belief in these as facts. Singular as may be his opinions as regards disbelief in the historical character of the Old Testament, and acceptance of the New, there can be no doubt that it is a perfectly sincere and genuine expression of opinion. And equally sincere is his acceptance of the exact letter of the narrative of the Gospel, however antagonistic it may seem to his favourite theory of the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature. How to reconcile these two is the difficulty. In the case of what are sometimes called moral miracles, the difficulty may appear less. Such instances of divine interference, if so we may speak, *seem* to be less at variance with known physical laws; and people who do not think deeply may be satisfied perhaps with the somewhat vague explanation that they belong to the region of faith and not of reason. Persons who cannot bring themselves to think of the world of mind as being so entirely distinct from that of matter, who cannot make so absolute a separation of the domains of faith and of reason, might indeed suggest some awkward difficulties in the way of such explanation; but the real question will be rendered much more intelligible if issue is joined in the case of physical miracles so called. Physics cannot be designated as the domain of faith, and the only conceivable reconcilia-

tion of a belief in the absolute uniformity of nature, which admits of no interruptions, and in the facts denominated miracles, and generally spoken of as violations of natural law, is by means of the assertion that these latter are not real, but only seeming violations of law, or interruptions to uniformity. And this is the view which is first prominently put out at the commencement of the second essay, entitled 'Nature and Revelation.' The invariableness of natural laws, the assertion that there are no real exceptions, clothed, however, in the safe language of 'the one grand principle of law pervading nature, or rather constituting the very idea of nature,' is the ground upon which the author here takes his stand, asserting that 'the whole of the ensuing discussion must stand or fall with the admission of this grand principle' (p. 230). What is meant is sufficiently obvious; and on this point the author will admit of no compromise. He first falls foul of Mr. Mansel, who has been guilty of the following extremely innocent statement, that 'In the material world, if it be true that the researches of science *tend towards* (though who can say that they will ever reach?) the establishment of a system of fixed and orderly recurrence; in the mental world we are no less confronted at every instant by the presence of contingency and free will.' The sting of this sentence appears to lie, not in the direct statement, which one would have thought obvious enough to any reflecting mind, but in its hypothetical character.

Professor Powell cannot abide that his favourite maxim should be so lightly treated as to be prefaced by a conjunction, and goes on to accuse Mr. Mansel of an absurd jealousy of physical science for suggesting the question, 'What right has philosophy to build on material principles alone, and not to take mind into account,' and for contending 'that moral truths' (we suppose Professor Powell means mental emotions) 'are facts of experience to the full as real and certain as the laws of the planetary motions and chemical affinities.' We were quite at a loss when we first met with this savage onslaught on the Bampton Lecturer from the pen of one who is generally courteous towards other writers—even those who differ from him so widely as the infidel writers of the day; but upon referring to the note to the passage in the Bampton Lectures alluded to, we at once see the explanation of the whole outburst. After quoting the words of Theodore Parker, 'I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law the constant mode of operation of the infinite God,' the author has added the following passage: 'Professor Powell in his latest work, though not absolutely rejecting miracles, yet adopts a tone, which, compared with such passages as the

'above, is at least painfully suggestive:' quoting from the volume on 'Christianity without Judaism' the words, 'It is now perceived by all inquiring minds, that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal and eternal law and order, are at once the basis of all rational theology, and give the death-blow to superstition.' Unhappily, the hint Mr. Mansel has suggested has been quickly verified. The absolute rejection of miracles, which had not been definitely announced in the previous volume, is made the point of the present work. The author is quite heedless of the inevitable inference in philosophy, that where all is order and unalterable law, there is no room for will. The difficulty, which he does not disguise, he says, 'can only be answered by appealing to those immutable laws as the sole evidence and exponent we have of supreme volition; a volition of immutable mind, an empire of fixed intelligence.' His theory of miracles may be summed up in the short statement that they are neither more nor less than exemplifications of the laws of nature, and that their appearing to contradict those laws is simply owing to our present inability to group the general principles which will include them together with the ordinary phenomena of nature, an inability which, there can be no manner of doubt, time and the advance of physical science will eventually remove. This opinion is supported by a considerable weight of authority, if, indeed, the reader could only be brought to believe that the eminent names quoted could truly be cited as advocates of the same view. But, unfortunately, the agreement between these writers and the author is limited to this, that others, following Bishop Butler, allow that, for all we know, miracles may form part of a scheme which is governed by general laws—an admission which falls considerably short of the assertion that miracles are instances in which the laws of nature are exhibited, and which by no means carries with it the smallest probability that their being so will be evidenced hereafter to philosophers. As we have thus been made acquainted with what is to appear as the conclusion of the investigation, the third essay might be thought superfluous. Its object is to give a cursory and superficial account of the Rationalistic and other theories of miracles. But little as the argument of this volume demanded any such account, we cannot but rejoice at its appearance, for there is in reality no English book which gives so systematic an account of the ridiculous theories adopted by German Rationalists and others, with the view of getting rid of the historical narrative of the miracles of the New Testament. We can only conjecture that the object of its insertion here is to show how widely prevalent are certain views which all religious people would

deprecate, and what extravagant courses people will adopt in their endeavours to explain away things which do not admit of explanation from the principles of physics as established by the inductive philosophy; and thus to prepare the way, by a sort of compromise, for the adoption of the author's view. However, whatever might have been the object, we are glad to be put in possession of so intelligible an account of the five leading theories of miracles. German Rationalism has reaped the full advantage to be derived from the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. It is time that its real pretensions should be known; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that the more widely disseminated is the true knowledge of its doctrines, at the present moment, the less influence will they exert over English minds. For the sake of those who may not have the opportunity of reading Professor Powell's work, and at the risk of incurring the charge of obscurity,—by giving an abstract of an abstract, an epitome, as it were, of a mere brief analysis,—we will give the heads of the seventy pages which this essay occupies.

The theories are classed under five heads. 1. The Naturalistic, of which Paulus is the principal exponent. 2. The Mythic theory of Strauss. 3. The Subjective theory, represented by Feuerbach. 4. The Psychological theory, adopted by Ewald; and, lastly, 5. The Doctrinal theory, of Neander. The first account, which is called the naturalistic, is, as its name imports, an attempt to explain away the character of a miracle by assigning it to natural causes. Now, a theory which is simple and easy, is, on any subject, undoubtedly entitled to a hearing. In proportion as it makes a demand upon the disciple for faith in particular subordinate assumptions will it be felt to be unreasonable. If the various narratives of the Gospel could be reduced to the head of natural events by any uniform process, such theory would require a very careful examination, to see whether it could reasonably be considered as embracing every single case upon record. But under the system of Paulus we are obliged to acquiesce in the statement, that some of the events recorded did not occur at all in any shape whatever; as well as in the conjecture, that men—who were ignorant, and whose feelings were excited—described what appeared to them as what really happened. Again; coincidence of circumstances is made to go a great way towards explaining some of the alleged miraculous interpositions, whilst the natural tendency to exaggerate reduces both the occasions of feeding thousands of hungry people with the provisions which a few of them happened to have brought with them, to an ordinary distribution of food to the multitudes who had forgotten to provide

themselves. The cures of the sick, the restoration of a lost sense, the ejection of demoniacs, are knocked off from the list of miracles; sometimes by resorting to the effects of imagination; sometimes, again, by attributing imposition to the person cured, and characterizing the cure as a detection of the fraud. Sometimes, what has been considered an exertion of power is merely a declaration of a cure which had been by some means or other previously performed; and the instances of raising the dead, are obviously referable to the case of suspended animation. The Birth, the Death, the Resurrection and Ascension, are subjects too sacred for us to follow, through the childish interpretations assigned to the narrative of them. Our author, as usual, speaks tenderly of the tone of mind and purpose of many of those who have adopted these methods of interpretation. Without taking the trouble to say another word on this subject, we feel we may safely leave such a mass of nonsense to the reader's common sense to judge of. It is, however, perhaps due to Professor Powell, to quote his calm and moderately expressed opinion of this hypothesis:—'With-  
'out going into more details,' he says, 'it will probably suffice  
'to remark in general on such explanations,' that 'although  
'in some instances they have a semblance of plausibility', 'yet  
'it cannot be denied that, in the incessant attempt to find or  
'force such interpretation in every case, the resources employed  
'are often of a trivial, far-fetched, and laboured kind; and the  
'immense multitude of coincidences, and combinations of circum-  
'stances, and extraordinary occurrences, which it thus becomes  
'necessary to suppose concentrated in one short period, presents  
'too complex a mass of hypotheses to furnish a real and satisfactory  
'theory of the whole series of the evangelical miracles' (p. 333).

The author does not offer any similar defence of the antagonistic theory of Strauss, which he urges for that of Paulus and Eichorn. He contents himself with describing it in general terms, as a theory which accounts for the narratives of the Gospels and Acts, on the broad ground that they were written to exalt the Messiahship of Jesus, and to show His correspondence to the typical character foreshadowed in the old dispensation. In carrying out this view, it is necessary to represent the variations of the four Gospels, the amount and character of which is exaggerated to the utmost possible limit, as the natural result of the combination of fragments from different sources, the origin of which is wholly unknown, and their authenticity therefore doubtful. The difficulty of drawing any exact line between history and fiction, the necessity for enveloping the Messiah in an atmosphere of at least as much mystery and miracle as the old prophets, the proneness of human nature to

exaggerate the feats ascribed to its heroes, are all made to play their part in disparaging the historical character of the narratives. The death of Jesus is supposed to have terminated the temporal hopes of His followers, who immediately, in their highly wrought-up state of feeling, resorted to the belief in a spiritual kingdom; and the unusual excitement of the Feast of Pentecost contributes to form the germ of the myth of the resurrection and ascension. Our author offers to go a considerable distance along with Strauss, in his admissions, but thinks that, upon the whole, the hypothesis is 'of so extremely overstrained and improbable a character, when applied generally, that the sober critic—to say nothing of the devout believer—may well be staggered at the contemplation of it' (p. 346). Strict logic does not appear to be the strong point of Strauss' system. If the reader can follow him through his adjustment of his disbelief in history, with his faith in doctrine, we can only say he is possessed of powers to which we make no pretension. We quote Professor Powell's translation, apparently made from the French, and not from the original:—'The author knows that the internal essence of Christian faith is completely independent of his critical researches. The supernatural birth of Christ, His miracles, and His ascension into heaven, remain eternal truths, to whatever doubts the reality of the facts in the light of historical events may be subjected. This certainty alone can give repose and dignity to our critical examinations, and distinguish them from the explanations, on natural principles, of former ages; explanations which, claiming to overthrow at once religious truth with historical fact, were necessarily marked with a character of frivolity' (p. 349). He adds, that a subsequent chapter will show that the dogmatic sense of the life of Jesus has sustained no loss. The 'dogmatic sense' is to the following effect:—'We conceive Christ as he in whose spirit the unity of the Divine and the human has risen, for the first time, with energy, to such a point as to leave in His entire moral nature and life no more than an infinitely small value to anything impairing that unity; and who, in this sense, is unique and without equal in the history of the world, although the religious spirit, attained and promulgated by Him for the first time, has not been able, in detail, to withdraw itself from the purification and extension which results from the progressive development of the human mind' (p. 350).

The subjective theory of Feuerbach, is, as its name imports, an ascribing of external events to the effects of imagination, the earnest aspiration of the soul reflecting upon itself, and realizing its thoughts by the sole influence of intense internal conviction. And the existence of the belief in the miraculous is accounted for



by the perpetual antagonism between the religious principle and the recognition of external nature, from which arises the supposition that the laws of nature must be subdued to the superior power of religious faith. The curious psychological fact of the antagonism alluded to, if true, certainly deserves a fuller investigation than it has yet received.

We cannot congratulate our author on his choice of a name whereby to designate Professor Ewald's view, as developed in his 'Life of Christ.' He calls it the psychological, because of its seeming to depend on the supposed existence of a peculiar kind of action of spirit on matter. If he seems scarcely to understand Ewald's view, that is not to be wondered at; for it is hardly possible to make a consistent theory out of the vague expression of sentiments which appear sometimes to approach the subjective view, sometimes remind us of the naturalistic, and occasionally approach what we may call the common-sense view, or the commonly received account that things took place as they are described to have taken place. As a specimen of one description, the author quotes the miracle at Cana, which is interpreted symbolically,—'It was the joyous influence of His spirit which made the guests drink water as wine.' The author is not particular as to ascertaining the exact meaning of Professor Ewald. It is sufficient for him if he can extract from his writings enough to enlist him as an advocate for some broader principle of interpretation than 'the narrow and generally renounced notion of real violations of the order of nature.'

We need not follow the author through what he calls the Doctrinal Theory of Neander, which is scarcely entitled to be considered a theory at all. It consists, in fact, of remarks, many of which are true, though very misty, in which he seems to lay stress on the qualifications of mind which are fitted for the reception of miraculous truth, a part of the subject which is certainly kept much in the background by Professor Powell. With regard to the rest, Neander strikes us as writing, as it were, in sight of heresy. He writes more like a person before whose mind various erroneous views were floating, against which he desired to express himself cautiously and vaguely, than as if he wished to put forth any particular definite theory. And, in point of fact, there does not appear any reason to suppose that he deemed any theory at all necessary. The summing up of this chapter is expressed in terms nearly all of which we could adopt; but the reader will easily see that we entirely dissent from their whole tone, and their evident implications:—

'The literal sense of *physical* events impossible to science cannot be essential to spiritual truth; nor have contraventions to natural order any necessary connexion with vital Christianity. The philosophic thinker,

whatever view he takes of any, or all, of the rationalistic speculations, will perceive that the grand inductive principle of the immutable uniformity of natural causes—the sole substantial ground for belief in a supreme moral cause !!!—must ever remain unassailed; and firmly grasping this broad principle on the one hand, and perceiving the entire spirituality of Christianity on the other, he will repose on these convictions, and admit that the miraculous narratives of the Gospel may be received, for the divine instruction they were designed to convey, without prejudice to the invariable laws of physiology, of gravitation, or of the constitution of nature.'—P. 376.

The following essay, on Theological Views of Miracles, is intended to represent in a still stronger light the perplexity in which the whole subject is involved, by dilating on the conflicting opinions of Protestants as to ecclesiastical miracles, and contains some hard hits against them for dealing with the miracles of the first few centuries on precisely the same principles as they object to in the rationalistic treatment of the miracles of Scripture.

The difficulties in which the subject of miracles is involved, by the admission of all parties, are made use of, principally, in showing that they are always regarded by the spectator, or the hearer, or reader, as the case may be, in a light which is brought to the subject, not one derived from it; and amidst the immense variety of opinions expressed, the shallowest and the profoundest thoughts being huddled together in indiscriminate confusion, the author seems to gather,—one point in which they meet, one focus towards which they are all converging,—that miracles have nothing in them of the nature of intellectual evidence. We will give the last paragraph of the analysis, just as it stands, before the general conclusion:—

'Thus, on every ground—from the nature of the case, from the arguments of the learned, from the practical confessions of the unlearned, from the admissions of the orthodox, and the controversies of the heterodox,—on the combined consideration of the remarks last made, and the facts and authorities formerly cited—we can only arrive at the conclusion that the belief in miracles, whether in ancient or modern times, has always been a point, *not of evidence* addressed to the *intellect*, but of *religious faith* impressed on the *spirit*. The mere fact was nothing: however well-attested, it might be set aside; however fabulous, it might be accepted, according to the predisposing religious persuasion of the parties. If a more philosophical survey tend to ignore suspensions of nature as inconceivable to reason, the spirit of faith gives a different interpretation, and transfers miracles to the more congenial region of spiritual contemplation, and divine mystery.'—P. 440.

We have quoted this passage in order to enable the reader to see that the confusion of thought, which he has perhaps been for some time wondering at, exists not in the reviewer, but in the author reviewed. Such an elaborate disquisition on miracles, and such an extensive classification of the different theories that have been put out, one would have expected to result in the proposal of some counter theory, which should have explained

the *facts* recorded in the New Testament—*e. g.* the actual instances of resurrection from the dead—and placed them in their proper position as regards the invariable sequences and unalterable laws of nature:—

‘Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?’

We can only answer, that the result to be gathered from the investigation is contained in the passage we have just quoted. We gather that miracles in general make no appeal to the intellect. We gather, also, the reason why they cannot make such appeal to an enlightened age; viz. that the philosopher knows that though he may be unable to explain how it is so, yet that it is certain that there is nothing really extraordinary about them, but that they are manifestations of the ordinary laws of nature, and that they will, in all probability, some day be proved to be so; but whether or no, it is certain that they are so. Some people may think it a slight objection to this view that Scripture does, in fact, appeal to miracles in the light of evidence. But we are not attempting here to controvert the author's view. The mere statement of it will, we are persuaded, carry its own condemnation with it. But we may be permitted to call attention to the author's entrenching himself in theory, and standing so aloof from the facts of the case. The resurrection and the ascension are either true or false. Does the author really mean that the theory of gravitation will ever be so modified as to include the latter of these facts; or that the increasing experience of the law of death is at all going in the direction which will enable us to include the former in a generalization of nature?

This latter instance suggests to us a remark which may perhaps be found useful. Resurrection is an instance of a miracle in the ordinary sense attached to the word miracle; viz. a violation of a law of nature. Now this is a law of experience; that is to say, a law based on experience, and therefore possesses the inductive character of failing of absolute certainty. As an abstract question, it is a problem what amount of independent testimony is necessary to establish the probability of a given assertion of a resurrection, in the face of the antecedent improbability of hitherto uniform experience, partly personal, partly derived from testimony. However, this would be, as we have said, a mere abstract problem, not corresponding to any known conditions of fact. The real state of the case is this, that the law of death is not a mere law of nature, but a law of Revelation, and the resurrection is a miracle which, if we may be allowed the expression, violates a law of Revelation. This consideration appears to us to throw considerable light on the relation in which miracles stand to the law of nature. The

doctrine of the resurrection is so wrapt up with what Revelation tells us about death as the penalty of sin, that, viewed in one light it appears as an exception, whilst, in another and more comprehensive point of view, it forms part of a grand system, the harmony of which we are permitted to some extent to see. Shall the two instances on record in which man was exempted from the common lot of humanity, and the occasional reversal of the ordinary working of nature in the restoration of the dead to life, under the Old Testament dispensation, then be regarded as exemplifications or violations of the law of death? In one sense they are obviously exceptional. And again, in another sense, they may be regarded as typical of the Christian doctrine, and so appear as instances which fit into an harmonious whole. This question may be difficult to answer, but the very difficulty is instructive, if it accustoms us to the thought that the border-territory between the natural and the miraculous must of necessity ever remain undefined; that whilst there are events which manifestly fall under well ascertained generalizations, and others which as clearly do not, no definition will ever meet those cases which lie between the two extremes; that we cannot hope to lay down any law which shall precisely distinguish them, if only on the ground that inductive science can never lay open to our view the whole of nature, and cannot give us the slightest glimpse at any portion of the supernatural.

We have one more objection to urge, further illustrative of the unpractical and irreligious view which pervades this volume. We ask in what domain is the province of prayer, and where can it be considered to be possessed of any efficacy? The author's answer would be readily given: that it has to do with the spiritual and not the material world. But who is to distinguish between the spiritual and the material?

'The belief,' he says, 'common to many nations, but an essential point in the religion of the Jews, that famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance, and the like temporal and natural events, were judgments or blessings, brought about as express retributions by direct divine interposition, though deprived of its religious importance by the essential principles and very nature of the new dispensation, was yet doubtless sometimes alluded to by the apostles, but never in such a way as either to contravene the spiritual future and unseen nature of the sanctions held out by the Gospel, or to stand in any contradiction to the advance of modern knowledge, by whose light all such events are seen to be the results of immutable laws, and a part of the fixed order of the natural world, which constitutes the idea of Divine Providence.'—P. 454.

Is it indeed true that we know so much about the recurrence of famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance? When we can calculate their periodic times as we can those of the planetary bodies, it will be as reasonable to

expunge from the Litany the words, 'from lightning and 'tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, . . . good 'Lord deliver us,' as it would be absurd now to call upon God to invert the laws by which the universe is worked for our special benefit. So much for the Order of Nature considered in reference to the claims of Revelation.

In going on to notice the second work which has been placed at the head of this article, we must premise that we do not intend to review the book as a whole. It is made up of so many and such incongruous parts, that the mere description of it as a literary production would take up the whole space usually devoted to one subject in a *Quarterly Review*; and we should certainly neither be doing justice to the author's merits or demerits, nor should we afford much either of entertainment or instruction to our readers, were we to make any such attempt. It has already, whilst its first edition was before the public, been noticed in this *Review*. And, in what we say of this second and altered edition, we shall avoid, as far as may be, trespassing on ground which has been already occupied. The title-page informs us tolerably exactly, at least with as much exactness as can be expected from a title-page, of the contents of the publication. But, whereas it is usual for second editions to specify that they appear with alterations, amendments, additions, or modifications, Mr. Jowett professes no such thing; but, instead of professing, he has in this instance performed. He met with some severe handling from critics, and there were some awkward mistakes which we do not wonder that he should have preferred altering in silence, whilst some he has left unnoticed and unaltered; and the author has undoubtedly consulted his own reputation best by simply stating in his introduction that 'he has to thank many critics, unfavourable as well as favourable, for the attention which they have bestowed upon his 'work.'

Again, we do not profess to analyze or refute the different erroneous positions and fallacious arguments with which these volumes abound. Especially do we wish to avoid the sacred doctrine of the Atonement, which, undoubtedly, is not a doctrine of faith to Mr. Jowett in the same sense in which it is ordinarily held by Christians of all schools in this country. There is, indeed, no necessity for touching on these points any further than as to their indirect effect upon the whole of Mr. Jowett's teaching. And, before we go on to notice the particular point on which both the writers of whom we have been speaking have written, and on which both are open to criticism, we will content ourselves with expressing our approbation of the im-

proved scholarship of the present edition. The mistakes are not so numerous as they were in the previous edition; and some of the bad accents have been corrected. One might, indeed, have expected a Regius Professor of Greek both to have known the Greek accents and to have a sufficiently accurate eye to superintend the printing of a Greek text, especially, as in this instance, there is not the excuse of a small and illegible type. Still, though the printing and accentuation are by no means perfect, there is, as we have said, a considerable improvement. There still remain such anomalies as *καὶ γὰρ*, in spite of Porson's Preface to the Hecuba; and we are afraid that *καθὼς*, so printed in the text and so copied in the notes, indicates more ignorance in the Greek Professor than inadvertence in his printer. Such mistakes are, in themselves, trifles; but the perpetual recurrence of errors in the Greek text, if it proves nothing more, at least proves great carelessness on the part of the author; and indicates the slipshod character of mind which is eminently conspicuous throughout these volumes. We have met with as many as five mistakes in one half-page; we do not insist upon these as evidencing want of scholarship, which is abundantly shown without their help, but are content if they be thought to establish against the author a presumption of inaccuracy of mind, which will be more fully indicated in what follows.

There is probably no point on which the two writers whose works we have been noticing stand in more striking contrast, none which illustrates the slight sketch with which we commenced this article better, than the respective lines which they have taken with reference to Natural Theology. Mr. Jowett's book is a work of very heterogeneous elements, bound together by the single link of being thoughts which are the production of the same mind, and possessing a sort of consistency such as might be expected. The dissertations which are interspersed at intervals,—sometimes in the middle, sometimes at the end of an epistle,—have frequently little or no relation to *exegesis*, strictly so called, yet they have always some connexion with the text. They are like the day-dreams of a thoughtful mind, allowing itself to wander from its immediate subject to gather up such fragments of truth as may casually present themselves to it. Unlike his friend, and we suppose we may call him his colleague and coadjutor, Dr. Stanley, who is incapable of deep thought, and whose dissertations remind us of the polished themes of a schoolboy, elaborately varnished with superficial descriptions, Mr. Jowett seems quite to despise such external aids; his sentences are pregnant with thought, and are always suggestive of much more than is expressed; and, irrelevant as



are some of the dissertations to the general design of a commentary on Scripture, we do not feel disposed to quarrel with him for using isolated texts or episodes as pegs on which to hang his dissertations. The Essay on Natural Religion is the longest in the two volumes, occupying between sixty and seventy pages, and is a sort of appendage to the passage in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where S. Paul speaks of the state in which the Gentile world were, as to the knowledge of God. Little as we can agree with Mr. Jowett's disparagement of the value of the commonly received evidences for the existence and attributes of the Almighty, we are bound to state that we sympathize with his view of the case far more than we can with the opinion of Professor Powell, which is, intellectually speaking, nearer the truth. Looking at the matter in a merely logical point of view, we cannot deny that the latter is right in his assertion that the 'existence of mind' is what comes out from an investigation of the phenomena of the physical universe. What we object to in this writer is, that he entirely ignores the gap that exists between the idea of this god of nature and Him who has given us a revelation of Himself in the books of Scripture, and the existence of the Christian Church; and what deserves our strongest reprobation is the light and indifferent tone of all his books, seeming to imply that the writer does not care whether the student should proceed or not beyond the elementary idea of an Eternal Mind, from which he is argumentatively unable to escape. Mr. Jowett, on the contrary, is quite aware how little value such knowledge possesses; nay, he is oppressed with the contemplation of the little effect produced on the mass of mankind by the true knowledge of God, as He has revealed Himself in the Bible, and his thoughts have evidently been much occupied with this subject. We can scarcely doubt that sceptical thoughts have often suggested themselves to him, and that this one consideration is the main key to the unhappy position of belief in which he finds himself, whilst the habit of mind which incapacitates him from believing what he cannot prove in Revelation, leads him also to undervalue the evidence for the belief in God which is producible in nature. When we have added that he likes differing from anything that looks like a *textus receptus*, we have done with our analysis of the state of mind which accounts for the Essay on Natural Religion.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that the mode in which S. Paul speaks of natural religion is entirely with reference to practical results, and wholly regardlessly of intellectual difficulties; he takes it for granted that the eternal power and godhead both could be, and were, understood by the things that are made, and that moral depravity was the cause of the darkness

that had come over the heathen world. This degradation of humanity, which appeared to S. Paul so shocking, and which he reprobates so strongly, Mr. Jowett thinks it impossible for us in this day to view in the same light. The universality of it, which is the point pressed by the apostle, is in our author's opinion its principal excuse. Our classical education prevents us from being able to see things from the same point of view, and therefore S. Paul's point of view is the wrong one—such is really the conclusion, and the inconclusive argument by which it is supported, of the first section of this Essay. The inexcusableness of the sins of the Gentile world was owing to the fact that they knew better. The excuse that is offered for them in this Essay is, that 'men in general do as others do' (ii. 432). And this is mixed up with such deep and thoughtful, and in the main true, remarks on the difficult questions of human responsibility, and the force of external circumstances, and the difficulty of adjusting cases, and assigning the right degree of blame to crime, that many readers would scarcely notice the evil tendency of the pages of which we have just given a short epitome. In entire consistency with this view we find the author looking forward to the time of the 'Church of the Future'—when Christianity and the Mosaic dispensation will begin to be understood in themselves, and in their relation to each other; because we shall be able to see them in their true proportions as compared with Buddhism and those other religions which have been steps in the education of the human race; when Christianity shall no longer be regarded as protesting against all other religions, but as their crown and perfection and fulfilment. S. Paul tells us that the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ: Mr. Jowett would add to this, that there have been many schoolmasters to bring men to Christ, and amongst them would appear to include the very forms of religion which alike issued from, and resulted in, the vilest prostitution of human energies and thoughts. And the awful resemblance between the externals of Buddhism and Christianity is urged as if the parallelism of their history implied something approaching to an equality in their value, whilst the very faults which exist amongst Christians seem to bring Christianity down nearly to a level with those forms of religion which exhibit similar corruptions. Mr. Jowett's is exactly the point of view from which we should expect an intellectual Buddhist to regard matters just after he had convinced himself that the facts of science to which Buddhism stands committed are not true, and that the circumstances of its annals would not, upon the whole, bear comparison with the authenticated history of Christianity, and who feels that the idea of the Gospel fits in to the requirements of his moral nature in some

respects more nicely than the religion in which he has been educated. Yet, withal, it is quite true that the knowledge which the heathen possess of God may be made use of as a stepping-stone by which they may be guided into truth; and it may be said that the difference between the views,—one of which speaks of it as a stepping-stone and the other as a schoolmaster,—is, after all, a difference only of degree, and not of kind. We will not stop to argue this question, which is in this instance perhaps only a question of words; we can have no wish to disparage the value of the relics of truth which exist in false religions, only we protest against the doctrine which would speak of Christianity being a development of heathenism, as it undoubtedly is of Judaism, rather than as antagonistic to every existing form of faith in the world. The religions of the world, whatever they may once have been, have all successively degenerated, with the advance of civilization, into the most monstrous immoralities. And this leads us on naturally to notice the groundless assertion of Mr. Jowett, that ‘The theory of a ‘primitive tradition common to all mankind has only to be ‘placed distinctly before the mind to make us aware that it is ‘the fabric of a vision’ (ii. p. 461). It is a fashionable theory with infidel writers that religion has sprung up, with a sort of spontaneous growth, in the mind of man, and first having exhibited itself in the uncouth form of nature-worship, has gradually developed into that which may be regarded as its highest manifestation, the nearest approach to some ideal standard to be reached in some remote epoch of the future. And we confess we know not how to distinguish Mr. Jowett’s view from this representation. The view itself, of course, discards the account of the creation and the fall of man as given us in the sacred writings—the mass of its advocates make no scruple of avowing their disbelief in the truth of any such tradition. Amidst numerous hints which seem to show that Mr. Jowett has no sympathy with the ordinary belief of Christians,—either on these historical points or the doctrine of Atonement, so intimately connected with them,—we find no distinct avowal of any such disbelief; and there is so much of truth and beauty in his observations on the relations of natural and revealed religion—and the observations themselves are scattered over his pages in so detached a form, yet so dreamily and vaguely connected with each other—that we scarcely know where we begin to differ from him. Each separate statement is capable of a fair interpretation; whilst the picture presented by the whole reveals to us a mind ill at ease amidst sceptical vagaries, and yet fancying itself to have found a resting-place for its faith. Thus ‘Revealed religion presupposes natural’ (ii. p. 457). There is a sense in which this is

true. The missionary cannot work upon the heathen, with a view to their conversion, without appealing to some belief which they have within themselves; you cannot, in other words, expect a message to be received unless the existence and authority of Him who sends it be recognised by the recipient. But it would be simply absurd, if it were not in the highest degree irreverent, to speculate upon the case which the author puts—‘Let us imagine a first moment at which Revelation came into the world: there must still have been some prior state which made Revelation possible.’ Now the account given of the dealings of God with the first man is either true or false. On the former supposition there is literally no conceivable use in discussing the question of the priority of natural or revealed religion; nor again, if there were, would there be any conceivable means of arriving at any decision on the matter. The importance then of the question rests solely upon the hypothesis that the historical account of the first chapters in Genesis has no claim whatever upon our belief. It is important to observe this, because the reader of Mr. Jowett’s lucubrations should know beforehand who are the people with whom he casts in his lot. Many who would be unable to unravel the entangled skein of truth and falsehood, to distinguish between what is superficially glittering and what is substantially good, may pause before they begin, and look full in the face at the consequences to which his theories will inevitably lead them, and the company with whom they will be associated in the course of their investigations. If it is an ascertained fact that there were no dealings between God and man anterior to the time of Moses, the case which Mr. Jowett puts is full of force; and no doubt a highly interesting argument it would be, if we could put out of sight the truth that the claims of Moses would be themselves disproved by the admission of such an hypothesis. But it suits Mr. Jowett to ignore,—first, when he cannot disprove; secondly, in cases where his readers would be frightened at the too open statement of his scepticism.

Setting aside, then, as valueless, and mere childish delusions, unworthy of a philosophic mind, the direct intercourse which the oldest books of history which we possess, and which some people still think inspired, state to have taken place between the first created pair and their Creator, we quite agree with Mr. Jowett that the theory of a primitive tradition common to all mankind is a baseless fabric, and, even if conceivable, is inconsistent with facts. As to the earliest forms of worship met with in profane history, it would be idle to pretend that they present much resemblance to the adoration of a Being such as Him whom Paley attempts to demonstrate from the

analogy of the watch and its maker. Ancient history certainly does not countenance the idea of a general religion, but tells us of particular, national, and we may add, perhaps, individual, religions, and these standing in most remarkable relations, whether of development and advance, or of degeneration and decadence, to each other. The light which recent researches have thrown upon the religions of the world would seem very little to fall in with the view which infidel writers are so partial to, of man in his savage state finding his religion amidst the war of the elements or the powers of nature whose beneficial effects he feels, and then, as civilization advances, gradually imbibing the idea of anthropomorphism, from which he as gradually emerges into the full blaze of light which the conception of the Absolute sheds over his soul. On the contrary, it will be found that worship has alternated between the abstract and the concrete, the material and the ideal, the visible and the invisible, now advancing, now retrograding, and sometimes varying, so that it is scarcely possible to speak of it as entirely an advance or a retrogression, but partaking of both these qualities. We say the facts are at variance with the development theory of religion. A primeval revelation is, in fact, the only reasonable account that can be given of the fantastic forms of religion which the history of nations presents to us. Under this view the different religions of the world, with the wondrous approximations to truth which underlie them all, and the clearly traceable connexion between their degradation and the immorality of their votaries, are consistent and intelligible. The other theory can only be rendered apparently consistent by taking large averages, ignoring exceptional cases, and allowing Christianity its place in a series beginning as far back as history will allow, and extending forwards to the future, when, in the advancing tide of knowledge, itself will appear like the mere aspiration of humanity in its infancy.

It is no uncommon thing to see people, who are bent on supporting a false theory of religion, entirely losing sight of the plainest truths, and having their judgments warped in such degree as to make a reflecting mind pause to inquire how far it is an instance of judicial blindness. Nothing in the whole of this Essay has astonished us so much as the assertion that the elder religions of the world have no idea of right or wrong, seeming to be wholly devoid of moral elements. The author appears bent on exhibiting his own ignorance and partiality, and, instead of confining himself to vague statements,—which assuredly would have suited his purpose better,—he instances Homer and the tragic poets. That there may be no misapprehension, we must quote his exact words. ‘No action in

'Homer, however dishonourable or treacherous, calls forth moral reprobation. Neither gods nor men are expected to present any ideal of justice or virtue; their power or splendour may be the theme of the poet's verse, not their truth or goodness' (p. 465). And again, in the same page, 'Ideas of right and wrong have no place in them.' We will just quote the first instance that occurs to our memory, which is one of a thousand passages in Homer which imply a distinction between right and wrong, independently of their results, and, for a complete answer to his assertion, refer him to the elaborate essay on the subject in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's 'Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age:—

*ἔχθρὸς γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀἰῖδα πύλησιν,  
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.*

If the professor of Greek has studied Homer superficially, he appears equally ignorant of later Greek writers. The deep thoughts of vengeance overtaking sin in a mysterious way, of crime never escaping retribution, and the mystery of the inequality of punishment which awaits the sinner here, as well as the sufferings which fall upon the innocent; the hints of deliverance, and a coming expiation for sin; the appreciation of purity and chastity, which appear throughout the tragedies of Æschylus, and which invest them with so profound an interest—all these points are summed up in the cold unsympathizing statement, that 'A later age made a step forwards in morality, and backwards at the same time; it acquired clearer ideas of right and wrong, but found itself encumbered with conceptions of fate and destiny. The vengeance of the Eumenides has but a rude analogy with justice; the personal innocence of the victim whom the gods pursued is a part of the interest in some instances of Greek tragedy' (ii. 465). It suited Mr. Jowett's theory to find a slight advance in morality in Greek literature, and, accordingly, he had no difficulty in finding it: yet we must confess that it seems wonderful to us that he should have repeated these statements in his second edition, in the teeth of the powerful analysis of this subject which appeared from the pen of Mr. Gladstone in the interval between the publication of his two editions.

The last two sections of this Dissertation on Natural Religion are occupied with an attempt to disparage the ordinarily alleged proofs of the being of a God, and to exalt its value as being, in the author's view, the ordinary religion of people who are neither very good nor very bad; 'the average, as it may be termed, of religious feeling in a Christian land;' or what he seems to use as a synonymous expression, 'the leaven of the



Gospel hidden in the world.' Mr. Jowett might with equal truth have alleged that two distinct things are identical; in fact, he does say so, though not in so many words; and having said this, we shall spare ourselves the vexation of arguing the case further, or urging any reasons why we decline to regard our fellow Christians, however lamentably they may fall short of the Gospel standard of morality, as living under a system of natural rather than revealed religion. Alas! those who have ceased to pray to the God of Revelation, in whose worship they were taught from their infancy, are not often to be found on their knees before the God of nature; and there is more of danger in the pantheistic spirit amongst those who have altogether ceased to hold converse with God than in the avowed belief in Pantheism, which meets us here and there in works of which it is difficult to say whether shallowness or conceit be the more prominent characteristic.

In the prosecution of his task, Mr. Jowett begins with the celebrated argument from final causes and the defects which are incident to it. And here Mr. Jowett might have made a better case if he had read what others have said on the subject, instead of drawing wholly from the resources of his own mind. The objection which Hume so acutely conceived and so concisely expressed to the form of this argument has been noticed by us at length in a previous number of this Review.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Jowett's objections may be classed as follows:—That matter is not life, that regularity is different from irregularity, that a part is not equal to the whole. We are almost at a loss to imagine what the phantom is which he has conjured up as an antagonist to be knocked down. It may be admitted that Paley and other writers on the evidence from final causes have sometimes overstated their case, and have not been careful to distinguish the exact amount of Divine attributes that emerge from a view of nature, but Mr. Jowett's attack upon the doctrine seems to imply some sort of belief in his mind that his opponents considered the religion of nature as embracing all the doctrines of Revelation, just as if natural theology were so perfect as to supersede the necessity of revealed. Upon the whole, we do not find any material fault with Mr. Jowett's description of the argument and the narrowness of its conclusion. What we think we have reason to accuse him of is, that he lives in such an isolated world of thought as never to have attended to what other people say, the consequence of which is that he misrepresents them, and then frequently speaks as if he thought men were dishonestly upholding a theory which they

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<sup>1</sup> See *The Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1857, pp. 79, 86.

do not believe, and this because the distorted image of their belief produced in his own mind seems too full of absurdities for any rational being to believe.

Perhaps one of the deepest and most comprehensive thoughts on this subject which has ever found utterance was enunciated by Plato, and afterwards modified by S. Anselm, viz. that our highest conception must have a true existence. This Mr. Jowett considers to be 'no more than saying, in a technical or 'dialectical form, that we cannot imagine God without imagining 'that He is.' We really see nothing technical or dialectical in the easy and intelligible language of S. Anselm. The technicality lies wholly in Mr. Jowett's version, which also may, for all we know, be dialectical, but certainly is not logical. S. Anselm's expression is equivalent to saying that we cannot imagine God unless He is; but Mr. Jowett, apparently unable to distinguish between the subjective and objective, thrusts in the words '*imagining that*,' and so spoils the whole meaning of the sentence. It reminds us of the miserable play upon the words *esse* and *esse miserum* in the first book of the Tusculan Disputations. As to any positive theory, either of natural or revealed religion, we are not to expect any such thing from this author. We do not profess to be able to find the focus to which all the vague hints thrown out in this Essay may be thought to converge. We cannot make a tolerably consistent theory out of his disjointed fragments, and we are sure that he cannot do so for himself. And what is especially worthy of blame in him is, that, being himself at sea on the wide ocean of truth, with no guide that he feels any reliance on himself, instead of asking for assistance from others, he disdainfully refuses all proffered aid, and contents himself with attempting to demonstrate that all others are wrong in trusting to the guides whom they have chosen for themselves, or in whom they have hitherto trusted. With extraordinary recklessness he attacks, now commonly received opinions, now the doctrines of particular schools; and, what is most distressing, he appears to have no scruple in criticising and setting himself above S. Paul, for whom he appears to entertain no more respect than for any other mere human being. Though he has not edited the Epistles to the Corinthians, he has, we suppose, read them. There is a remarkable argument in one of them on the resurrection of the body. Let the reader think of that, and then read the following passage, in which we will only remind him that Mr. Jowett uses the word *soul* and not *body*. 'Why, 'again, should we argue for the immortality of the soul from 'the analogy of the seed and the tree, or the state of human 'beings before and after birth, when the ground of proof in one

'case is wanting in the other, namely, experience.' Is it so very absurd, in a case where experience cannot be had, to have recourse to argument for establishing a conclusion? Mr. Jowett seems to think that if we had the experience the argument would be valid, and seems quite to forget that it would be useless. 'Again, because the dead acorn may a century hence become a spreading oak, no one would infer that the corrupted remains of animals will rise to life in new forms. The error is not in the use of such illustrations as figures of speech, but in the allegation of them as proofs or evidences after the failure of the analogy is perceived. Perhaps it may be said that in popular discourse they pass unchallenged; it may be a point of honour that they should be maintained because they are in Paley or Butler' (we must be permitted to add S. Paul). 'But evidences for the many which are not evidences for the few are treacherous props to Christianity. They are always liable to come back to us detected, and to need some other fallacy for their support' (ii. p. 485). We will make no further comment upon the passage than to remark that rhetoric is not logic; that the century which naturalists tell us is the period of the oak's reaching its maturity, and the enormous size to which, from small beginnings, it at length attains, though giving rise to very interesting thoughts, are not exactly the point of the argument which really rests upon the instantaneous change from the downward process of corruption to the springing up of life.

But we have yet to notice the last, and much the most painful, section of this *Essay on Natural Religion*. It professes to treat of that phase of it which is current in society. We have above stated our opinion of the absurdity of speaking of the mass of Christians, who do not seem much under the direct influence of Christianity, as living under a system of natural religion. And we do not wish to join issue with Mr. Jowett as to the essential difference between the state of those who have once been made heirs of the kingdom of heaven by sacramental grace, and the heathen who have not been made partakers of the same privileges. No doubt a wide gulf of belief separates us from him here, and we must be content to forego this part of the question, and rest the case only on the supposition of the belief in which such persons have been educated, and which they have retained; even thus, it seems a great absurdity to speak of ordinary Christians living under a system of natural religion. So far as the particular doctrines of Christianity have ceased to influence them, neither are such persons under the influence of religious belief at all. If they are kept in a respectable course, that is owing much

more to the mass of secondary motives by which they are influenced. But, indeed, it is probably a larger class of persons who are to some extent influenced by directly religious motives, and of these we can see no reason to suppose that the ruling motive owes its sanction to natural rather than to revealed religion. Take, for instance, the simple duty of almsgiving, as coming under the general head of doing as we would be done by, and excluding those who may be supposed to give from whatever complication of motives not directly religious, surely we should not be wrong in supposing that the motive which is most commonly effectual is the belief that we are bound to do so for Christ's sake, rather than the precept of natural religion, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, id alteri ne feceris*. If it is argued that the world at large is very much kept in the right way and saved from offending by considerations of policy, and by following natural inclinations, rather than by any strong sense of duty, that is a position which we do not feel any disposition to controvert. And this is the state of things upon which Mr. Jowett descants in the fifth head, under which he treats natural religion. The case seems to us altogether irrelevant to the subject of natural religion; yet Mr. Jowett has tacked it on, and we must not omit to notice it. If our next few remarks are on a different subject from that of which we have been speaking, the fault is his, not ours.

The hints thrown out seem to us neither more nor less than a profane attempt to solve the awful question, 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' The answer which is meant to be conveyed in this concluding section of the Essay amounts to this, that it is impossible to believe that the people with whom we are in habits of daily intercourse shall be lost, and the conclusion that this carries with it is, the comfortable thought that we too shall be included in their number. This conclusion is not definitely put out. It would have stood in too glaring a contradiction to well-known passages of holy writ. The many that are called, the few that are chosen; the one being taken, the other left; are texts which leave an indelible impression on every thoughtful mind, and we think there are many indications in Scripture that this is the impression meant to be left, and we may, without irreverence, venture to say, that there appears good reason why such an impression should be left. Mr. Jowett has most skilfully put out thoughts that we never remember to have seen in print before, but which have presented themselves, we doubt not, to every religious mind. He has given us a description, first, of the state of mind of people such as are usually seen in the world, and then, of the various feelings which from time to time we entertain with regard to such

persons, and of the comparisons we are in the habit of instituting between them and ourselves. The picture which he has presented is, in all its main features, a true representation of the case. The actual state of people in the Christian Church, as contrasted with what might have been expected by an enthusiastic mind, is forcibly put out, and, as nobody knows better than Mr. Jowett, has been the chief real or alleged cause of secession from the Church to the ranks of infidelity. If people are so impatient, that they must have a solution of all their difficulties, we do not see what place there is for them in the Christian dispensation. It is, perhaps, a strange anomaly, that Christians should be living side by side, not caring to inquire minutely into each other's state of mind, of whom Scripture speaks so often, under the designation of the Church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the children of light and the children of the world. It is true that of great numbers we cannot say in which of these divisions we should find a place for them; but that seems but a poor reason for ignoring, in our thoughts, the difference which it is not denied Holy Scripture represents as separating them. If Mr. Jowett would say the representations of Scripture are therefore false, we should understand what he meant, and at least assign him the praise of consistency. But he does not say this, neither does he place the conclusion, which fairly might have finished this part of his Essay, in this portion of the volume; it appears at a distance of 350 pages from its legitimate premises, and is linked on to an entirely different subject, viz. the universal brotherhood of the redeemed, as distinguished from the restricted offers of God's mercy under the old dispensation. We shall give it in the author's own words, premising only, that the pronoun with which the sentence commences refers, according to his own arrangement, to the latter view, but ought to refer to the picture of which we have been speaking. 'It relieves us from anxiety about the condition of other men, of friends departed, of those ignorant of the Gospel, of those of a different form of faith from our own; knowing that God, who has thus far lifted up the veil, will justify the circumcision through faith, and the uncircumcision by faith; the Jew who fulfils the law, and the Gentile who does by nature the things contained in the law' (ii. p. 141). This passage affords a fair specimen of the style of Mr. Jowett's teaching. We have already spoken of the vague manner in which his thoughts, in themselves extremely suggestive, are thrown out; the mode in which a conclusion is left untouched which seems inevitably to follow from the premises; the shrinking from stating explicitly, though probably

not from recognising in his own mind, the consequences to which his doctrines lead; but the passage just quoted indicates another and a much graver fault than any of these. He is fond of coupling together under the same category, things which, to say the least, will bear being looked at separately, and which most thinkers would prefer to view distinctly. We are far from charging him with designedly mystifying his readers, by linking together subjects which ought to be separate, for the dishonest purpose of involving in the same conclusion certain propositions which, if they had been kept apart, no one would naturally have placed in the category in which they are found in these volumes. For instance, in the passage just quoted, there is a very remarkable deficiency of accuracy (some persons might even have thought of candour) in classing together the perplexing thoughts as to the state of the heathen world, who have never had the opportunity of hearing the glad tidings of the Gospel; the various shades of doubt which different men—and, indeed, the same men, at different times—have felt on the subject of those who have known the true faith, and have acquiesced in some schismatical or heretical deviation from it; and, again, the harassing alternations of hope and fear with which all religious people have at some time or another regarded the future destiny of those whom they have been associated with on earth. The three subjects are almost entirely distinct in themselves. The first belongs directly to S. Paul's argument, the second is indirectly connected with it, whilst the last belongs altogether to a different phase of thought. The first belongs wholly to the subject of our ignorance of God's dealings with His creatures, *e.g.* how far His grace may overflow its regularly appointed channels; whilst most of the distress to which we are subjected by the last, is owing to our ignorance of persons' real characters and habits, how they have lived as regards that inner life of the soul into which no bystander can penetrate, howsoever piercing his glance may be, or how adequate the repentance may have been to atone for the past; whilst the case of the heretic and schismatic just serves to bridge over the interval between the two, because it belongs to both these subjects; and thus appears to introduce into the conclusion that which really has no business there. The author would have made the view which is in his own mind more conspicuous (but then that was not his object probably), if he had added to the enumeration of cases in which we are 'relieved from anxiety by the argument of S. Paul,' the still more important question as to our own state in God's sight. There are two ways of softening down the awful alternative of the awards of the day of judgment:



the one which has been adopted by Mr. Maurice and his friends, is to explain away the doctrine of future punishment, the other is by enlarging the sphere of the application of the province of God's mercy; and the whole tone of the notes and dissertations which we have been reviewing shows unmistakeably the conclusion at which Mr. Jowett has arrived, as plainly as if he had stated it in so many words. As regards faith, it may be expressed thus:—

‘For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.’

As regards practice—it is, that the ordinary life of people, who are not guilty of gross sins, is good enough. It would require many more extracts than we could afford space for to exhibit these points with any degree of clearness, and probably no amount of mere extracted passages would seem adequate to so grave a charge. But we do not doubt that such would be the impression left upon the mind of any fair reader, of whatever school, supposing him to have the ordinary amount of religious education, of the middle classes. Nor must we quit this subject without noticing in conclusion, what indeed is closely connected with this view, but which we do not want to put in evidence to justify our opinion of Mr. Jowett. We have said that we acquit him of the charge of dishonesty, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, especially as regards the suppressing of what he must see that his remarks evidently tend to. And the acquittal is undoubtedly justified by the bold and reckless style in which he occasionally puts out statements almost in irreconcilable contradiction to the very letter of Scripture. We do not profess, in this short notice, to give any account of the notes, either critical or explanatory, on the epistles, but we must quote part of a little dissertation on hypocrisy, which, though quite out of place as a note, appears in that capacity as an appendage to an explanation of the use of the particle *δὲ* in the third verse of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

‘Hypocrisy is almost always unconscious: it draws the veil over its own evil deeds while it condemns its neighbours; it deceives others, but begins by deceiving the hypocrite himself. It is popularly described as pretending to be one thing, and doing, thinking, or feeling another; in fact it is very different. Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence. A man does wrong, but he forgets it again; he sees the same fault in another, and condemns it; but no arrow of conscience reaches him, no law of association suggests to him that he has sinned too. Human character is weak and plastic, and soon reforms itself into a deceitful whole. Indignation may be honestly felt at others by men who do the same things themselves; they may often be said to relieve their own conscience, perhaps even to strengthen the moral sentiments of mankind, by their

expression of it. The worst hypocrites are bad as we can imagine, but they are not such as we imagine. The Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, were unlike what they seem to us; much more would they have regarded their own lives in another light from that in which our Lord has pictured them. Their hypocrisy, too, might be described as weakness and self-deception, only heightened and made more intense by the time and country in which they lived. It was the hypocrisy of an age and of a state of society, blinder, perhaps, and more fatal for this very reason, but less culpable in the individuals who were guilty of it. Those who said, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die," were not without a zeal for God, though seeking to take away Him in whom only the law was fulfilled. But although experience of ourselves and others seems to show that hypocrisy is almost always unconscious, such is not the idea that we ordinarily attach to the word hypocrite. This singular psychological phenomenon is worth our observing. The reason is, first, that the strong contrast we observe between the seeming and the reality, between the acts and words of the hypocrite, leads us to speak as though the contrast was present and conscious to himself: we cannot follow the subtle mazes through which he leads himself; we see only the palpable outward effect. Secondly, the notion that hypocrisy is self-deception, or weakness, is inadequate to express our abhorrence of it. Thirdly, our use of language is adapted to the common opinions of mankind, and often fails of expressing the finer shades of human nature.'—Vol. ii. p. 80.

In order to see the full force of the accusation we are now bringing against Mr. Jowett, the reader must read, or at least bear in mind the fearful denunciations of woe uttered by our Saviour, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel. To it we will add no further comment, with the exception of calling attention to the loose language in which Mr. Jowett clothes his ideas. He really cannot differ in a moderate degree from other people. He begins this note with saying that 'Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence.' This strong language is subsequently modified into 'experience seems to show that hypocrisy is *almost* always unconscious.' Mr. Jowett, no doubt, feels strongly; he has been accustomed to think of most people being unconsciously hypocritical; and he has probably often been ear-witness in cases of people speaking in a higher style than their lives seemed to warrant. He has heard people denounce hypocrisy, whom he thinks guilty of precisely the same kind of hypocrisy, and that mainly because he is utterly unable to throw himself into the feelings, and appreciate the state of mind of others. And the expression which perhaps politeness prevented him from uttering, 'You are all a parcel of hypocrites; there is not much difference between you and the persons you are condemning,' has lost none of its force by being pent up for a time, and issuing in a printed defence of hypocrisy on the ground that it is common. But the world will at least demand accuracy of him who sets up to be a philo-

sopher, and despises its opinion ; and certainly will not be convinced by such vague assertions, either that there are none so wicked as, for the sake of interest, habitually to practise themselves in that quality which has been so well described as the homage which vice renders to virtue, or that there is not a distinction between that self-deception which is common amongst people who in the main are virtuous, and the hypocrisy of those who voluntarily deceive themselves.

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ART. VIII. —Φιλολογικὴ καὶ κριτικὴ ἱστορία τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀμέχρι τῆς ἑκατονταετηρίδος ἀκμασάντων ἀγίων τῆς ἐκκλησίας πατέρων. Ὑπὸ Κωνσταντίνου Κοντογόνου καθηγητοῦ τῆς θεολογίας ἐν τῷ Πανεπιστήμῳ Ὁθωνος καὶ τῇ ἐκκλησιαστικῇ Ριζαρέῳ σχολῇ. Τόμοι πρῶτος καὶ δεύτερος. Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τύποις καὶ ἀναλώμασι Σ. Κ. Βλάχου κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν Ἑρμοῦ, Ἀριθ. 212.

It is curious to observe how the increasing strength and wide spread of the English Church has made some questions of immediately pressing importance, which, fifty years ago, would only have had an antiquarian interest. Had any one,—in the days, say, when the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were first set up,—sat down to furnish a paper to either of them on the nature and extent of metropolitical jurisdiction, he would have known that he was only writing it for those who took an interest in Ecclesiastical antiquities, and that the so-called practical man, whether concerned with the politics of the State or the Church, would pass it by. The case is now widely altered. The authority of metropolitans over their suffragans is a subject which must shortly be settled in some way or other; and the right or wrong settlement of which will further, or will retard, the welfare of the English Church and its various branches, more than almost any other that can be named.

Up to the beginning of the present century, what was the case with regard to our foreign possessions? When we had discovered, too late, that the want of a national Episcopate had been one of the causes which brought about the separation of the United States from the British Crown, we planted a Bishopric in Canada. The enormously increasing interests of India at length shamed us into sending a bishop to Calcutta. But with those two exceptions all our foreign dependencies were, or were supposed to be, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. Truly when one looks back to that time, and compares the then with the present state of the English Church, it is enough to make us exclaim, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The poor little 'United Church of England and Ireland,' out of communion with Scotland, out of communion with America, with only its two foreign bishops: that on the one side. On the other, the English

Church now, with its Scotch sister and American daughter, the latter outnumbering in its Episcopate the mother, and the colonial Churches in all parts of the world increasing in a ratio to which past Ecclesiastical history affords no parallel.

In those old times what was the Metropolitan system as regards ourselves? At one period,—for nearly thirty years, eight metropolitans held rule in Great Britain. The two of England, Canterbury and York; the four of Ireland, Armagh, Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel; the two of Scotland, S. Andrew's and Glasgow. The accession of William of Orange abolished the two last. Tuam and Cashel fell before Lord Stanley's spoliation bill. But, 'Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.'

And behold, we have already four, and ought to have five new metropolitans. Calcutta for India, Capetown for South Africa, Sydney for Australia; New Zealand; those we have already gained. It is clearly necessary that Canada should have its own metropolitan; and surely the West Indies are important enough to have a metropolitan of their own. The question, then, which will soon have to be solved is this: Do these new metropolitans owe any obedience whatever to the See of Canterbury? If so, what are its limits? In case—which is not only within the limits of possibility, but far within those of probability—that Australia shall some day contain within itself five or six independent republics, united only by goodwill and Anglo-Saxon blood with England,—and we may make the same supposition with regard to Canada,—and how should we stand in an ecclesiastical point of view then?

Notice further this: that while the primacy of Canterbury is almost, and that of York entirely, a dead letter, in the new metropolitanates the primatial power is a living and moving thing. The Bishop of Calcutta is bound to visit, metropolitically, the dioceses of his suffragans once in three years; and in order to do so with the utmost freedom, he is in the habit, when entering the diocese of his suffragans, of suspending the inferior bishop from all authority during his visitation. Also we must notice that, in consequence of their being unshackled by the State, the colonial dioceses, with their independent synods, with, in Canada, their free election of bishops, and with their further removal from the seat of political government, are sure to outstrip the Mother Church in energy and progress. The two questions, then, are: 'What authority has the Colonial Metropolitan over his suffragans?' and, 'What authority has the Archbishop of Canterbury over him?'

Now we will go back to the past, and see what we can learn from that. It is not worth while to carry our investigations

earlier than the fourth century; because, till the Church was at external peace, it was hardly at liberty to attend to its internal organisation. Look, then, at this organisation as it existed after the Second Œcumenical Council. In the time of S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine, and S. Jerome, what was it?

And first we have the three great patriarchates, though not as yet known by that name: Rome, Alexandria, Antioch. Next to them in position, though far inferior in power, Jerusalem. Next came the three exarchates: Ephesus, with the diocese of Asia, and twelve provinces; Cæsarea, with the diocese of Pontus, and thirteen provinces; Heraclea, with the diocese of Thrace, and six provinces. Next again to these came the primates of Thessalonica, Carthage, and Milan. Now let us see of what size were the metropolitan provinces which made up these patriarchates and exarchates; and as Asia Minor was then the garden of the Church, let us take that for our example. And first look at the diocese at Pontus. The first of its metropolises was that of Cappadocia, afterwards divided into three, but at this time one ecclesiastical province. This was something more than 330 miles in its greatest length, and 220 in its greatest breadth. Truly an enormous province, and with singularly few bishops. In this vast province we know but of fifteen sees; each of which must therefore have been considerably larger than English bishoprics of the present day. The next province was Armenia, afterwards in like manner divided into two, with its eighteen bishoprics. Then we come to Galatia, also subsequently divided into two; about 220 miles in length, by half that distance in breadth. Here we have nineteen bishoprics. Next comes the province of Pontus Polemoniacus, with eight bishoprics, and about two-thirds the size of Galatia. Next to this Helenopontus, with eight bishops also. After this we come to Paphlagonia, with Gangra for its metropolis. This, less in size than the other, had six bishops. Bithynia, afterwards split into three, holds the next place, with its metropolis Nicomedia; and could boast as many as thirty bishops. These compose the Pontic diocese; a total of seven, afterwards thirteen, provinces, and one hundred and four bishops.

If we go on to the Asiatic diocese, very much the superior of the others in wealth and population, we shall find the number of bishoprics increase in the same proportion. The province of Asia, which included nearly Lydia and Mysia, had forty-three bishops. Hellespontus, under Cyzicum, had seventeen. Phrygia, afterwards divided into two, had under the metropolis of Laodicea no less than sixty-two. Lydia, under Sardis, only a part of the secular province of that name, had twenty-six. Little Caria, under Miletus, had also twenty-six. The scattered



Cyclades, under Rhodes, had nineteen. Lycia, the smallest of the provinces, about fifty-five miles in breadth by sixty in length, that is, not half as big again as Sussex, had no less than thirty-two bishops. Pamphylia, under Side, had thirty-seven. Pisidia, under Antioch, also a small province, twenty-five. And lastly, Lycaonia had eighteen. This gives a total for the Asiatic diocese of more than three hundred bishops; a number exceeding all those of Roman Catholic Europe, Italy excepted.

Now at that early period we find the metropolitan exercising a veto on the election of a bishop, in some cases apparently alone, in some acting with a synod of the com-provincials. The twelfth canon of Laodicea speaks very plainly; 'Bishops are not to be instituted without the consent of the metropolitans and of the neighbouring bishops,'—by which last expression we understand the suffragans of the same province. But the Council of Antioch is the fullest in its Canons with respect to the duties and rights of a metropolitan. The ninth canon forbids that anything of great moment be undertaken without his sanction; he is to be the mover of all that goes on in the diocese; no bishop is to visit the Court without his metropolitan's leave. That of Sardica says much the same thing; while that in Trullo plainly lays down the rule that the Civil is also to be the Ecclesiastical metropolis. And it cannot be doubted that this was a very prudent regulation. The Proconsul, or Prefect, or Count, or by whatever other name he might be called, concentrating the civil power in a city which only possessed an ordinary bishop, would have been apt to overwhelm the Church with Erastianism: by the precaution taken, the Church concentrated her strength on the same place, and met the civil authority on more equal grounds. It is worth while considering whether in this country, from the very beginning, the neglect of that rule has not been attended with disastrous consequences. The position of our metropolitans in cities which, but for them, would be perfectly insignificant, has left the Church at a disadvantage in connexion with the secular power. So greatly was the inconvenience of a similar arrangement felt in France, that Paris, after long remaining suffragan to the metropolitan of Sens, at length obtained her own archbishop: who naturally, though not officially, has ever since been considered one of the highest ecclesiastics in the kingdom. The miserable state of Spain we all know; and there Madrid, far from being the seat of a metropolitan, has not even a bishop. The case was the same in Scotland, where the Primate was put away into a corner of the kingdom, if not very far from the civil metropolis, at least in a place not to be got at without extreme

inconvenience and difficulty; nor had Edinburgh a bishop till the time of Charles I. Ireland was better off; since if Armagh were primate, the Metropolitan of Dublin took precedence at least of the others. We may notice that it was in the fifth century that metropolitans attained their highest power. At that time they were not over-balanced by the absolute supremacy of the patriarchates. The three exarchs hardly claimed much authority: Antioch had so vast a diocese, that its further metropolitans were necessarily pretty well autocephalous: Alexandria was the only metropolis of Egypt: the primate of Carthage exercised no very great control over the other metropolitans, as of Numidia and Mauritania. We must not forget to notice, that in Africa that canon of Antioch was never observed. There the metropolis of each province was not fixed; the eldest or most influential bishop exercised the functions of metropolitan. The twenty-eighth canon of the third Council of Carthage forbids the bishops of each province to cross the sea without the leave of the *primæ sedis Episcopus*.

Let us draw lessons for ourselves as we go along. Surely it would be well if that canon were re-enacted for our colonial churches. The bishops of the suffragan sees there, seem to have the most singular vocation for being in England. In fact, judging from the proceedings of many of them, one should imagine that they had been consecrated prelates abroad, merely that they might preach charity sermons with greater emphasis at home. And besides the harm which the lengthened absence of the diocesan must effect among his own people, there is a serious question arising out of this very subject. It may very well happen that the presence of every bishop in the province, who is capable of travelling, may be necessary for the consecration of a new prelate. Either from objecting to an increase of the Episcopate, or from personal dislike to the newly appointed bishop, a suffragan takes himself off, and renders the consecration impossible. A metropolitan surely ought to have the power of saying, 'Go afterwards if you will, but at all events I will have you stay for this office.'

If we go on in the fifth century, we shall find its conclusion distinguished by an endeavour in the Western Church, among the greater metropolitans, to become primates. There surely never was a more vague authority than that which this much coveted office bestowed; and the absolute titularity into which it sank before long, would almost seem absurd if we were not so used to it. It served, however, as one of the many stepping-stones by which Rome attained to her present exaltation. In the fifth century the primacy of any kingdom

was little more than the attachment of the Legantine office to its holder. At this time Seville was, beyond all doubt, the primatial see of Spain. And how does S. Simplicius of Rome write to S. Zeno in 482? 'We have thought it fitting to support thee with the vicarial authority of our see, in order that, propped by its strength, thou mayest in no wise permit the decrees of apostolical institution, or the bounds of the holy fathers, to be violated.' And thirty-five years later, S. Hormisdas, writing to Sallust, Bishop of the same see,—it is the twenty-sixth epistle of that Pope,—appoints him his vicar through Bætica, the modern Andalusia, and Lusitania, which was then nearly conterminous with the kingdom of Portugal. He does so, he says, for the better observation of canons and ecclesiastical discipline: but then, there is a '*salvis privilegiis quæ metropolitanis episcopis detulit antiquitas*.' But then we find the same Pope in the same year appointing John of Tarragona his vicar over the rest of Spain. Seville, however, obtained the primacy over that see also; for S. Leander, in the Third Council of Toledo,—he that drew up the first rough draft of the Mozarabic Office,—took precedence of the other archbishops: and so at a later period, S. Isidore of Seville presided at the Fourth Council of Toledo, taking precedence of the Archbishops of Narbonne, Merida, Braga, Toledo, Tarragona. And their primacy continued at least till the Twelfth Council of Toledo.

We find a similar primacy attached in the fifth century to Arles, as regarded the Church of France. S. Hilarius, writing to Leontius of that see, constitutes him primate, with the power of assembling yearly national synods. By the strength of this commission, and as if to keep his hand in, we find the worthy primate calling S. Mamertus of Vienne to account for ordaining a Bishop of Die, which was out of the bounds of his province. S. Cesarius of Arles was in 514 made primate, not only of Gaul, but of the neighbouring provinces of Spain. It would appear that the consent of the civil power was necessary for these arrangements: thus Vigilius, continuing the primacy to Auxanius of Arles, does so at the request of King Childebert, and, what is more strange, with the permission of the Emperor Justinian.

There seems to have been no similar arrangement in the Eastern Church. There the rank of the different metropolitans was exactly ascertained, as indeed it is to this day; and changes were from time to time made in their precedence, but always by the secular power. When a patriarch attached a kind of vicegerency to any distant see, that see was sure in time to become virtually autocephalous. Thus Alexandria committed a

vicarial jurisdiction to Axum in Ethiopia: and the Ethiopic Church, except that it always applied to head-quarters for a new primate, became perfectly independent. So Constantinople appointed a vicar, whether at Kieff or Moscow, for the Russian Church; and the metropolitans of Moscow were virtually independent long before that city was raised to a fifth patriarchate. So again Georgia had its own autocephalous metropolitan; who for his part threw off another into Kartalena. Antioch did the same thing in two ways: in the one direction, the Catholic of Chaldæa fixing his see first at Seleucia, then at Mosul, became independent, and he formed another primatial shoot in Malabar. On the other hand, a second autocephalous primate for Armenia appeared first at Etchmiadzine, then at Sis and elsewhere. In fact, the different geniuses of the East and West appear in nothing more strikingly than in their different arrangements about primates. Yet doubtless 'all these worked That One and the self-same Spirit.'

To return to the West. It is difficult to say whether Rome gave or received most in the fifth and sixth centuries by the institution of primacies and the donation of the pallium. Now of course every metropolitan calls himself a primate of something or other. If York cannot be Primate of All England, he will at all events be Primate of England; and so Dublin of Ireland. In France they managed in a different way. Thus the Archbishop of Rouen is Primate of Normandy; the Archbishop of Auch, of Novem popuiania; the Archbishop of Lyons calls himself Primate of all Gaul; while he of Vienne, to be a step above the others, calls himself Primate of the Primates of Gaul. But these titles are infinitely less unmeaning than those of the East. Thus the Bishop of Cæsaræa calls himself Most Excellent of the Most Excellent; while the metropolitan of Heraclea contents himself with that of the First of the Most Excellent. The name of Primate is not in use, but every little prelate is Exarch of something or other. The Archbishop of Mesembria, having nothing better by way of a title, is Exarch of the Black Sea; and the petty bishoprics of Lemnos and Embros strive together for the title of Exarch of the Ægæan Sea; of the sea itself, that is, for the exarchy of the islands in it is already occupied. However, we are still writing of times when the primacy was not a mere title of honour. As Seville in Spain, and Arles in France, so Salzburg in Germany very soon claimed the like authority, though not quite so early. Arno, sixth Bishop of that see, obtained the pallium, the title of Metropolitan, and the primacy of that part of Germany, in 792. As say the tuneless lines:—

In quâ pontifices multos post rite sedentes  
Arn successit ovans rector ovile regens.  
Quem Carolus Princeps regni suprauxit honore  
Archi-sacerdotis, dignior ut fieret :  
Quem Leo Papa sui veste vestivit honoris  
Et privilegia dans mox solidavit eum :  
Ut regionis apex et summus episcopus esset  
Urbsque hæc metropolis tempus in omne foret.

One great work of the fifth and sixth centuries was the erection of new bishoprics; and in this the consent of the metropolitan, as well as of the bishop from whose diocese the new diocese was taken, was necessary; and this without any reference to the see of Rome. The metropolitan still had the right of putting a veto on the election of a suffragan; and this again without any appeal to the Roman see.

In the sixth century, a Metropolitan schism began, which continued for many years, and led to some curious consequences. The Archbishop of Aquileia, with the prelates of Istria, breaking off communion with Rome on the question of the Three Chapters, formed themselves into a distinct patriarchate; and as the Eastern emperors held the sea-coast of that part of Italy, the insurgent bishops were not easily to be reduced to the obedience of the Roman pontiff. After the extinction of the schism, the Bishops of Aquileia had the bare title of Patriarch left them, and a certain pre-eminence of honour above the other Italian metropolitans. These privileges were guaranteed by Leo VIII. in 980, and John XX. in 1023; and though withdrawn by Clement II. in 1047, who gave Ravenna precedence over Aquileia, they were restored by Alexander II. in 1049.

In the seventh century, Seville lost the primacy of Spain to Toledo as the residence of the Visigoth kings; and this was completely in accordance with the early principle that the chief city of the state should be the ecclesiastical metropolis. This primacy seems to have been bestowed at the request of King Cindasuinth, by the National Council, and confirmed by the see of Rome. In the same century, the Archbishops of Rheims had a kind of secondary primacy in the Church of France; so that, at all events, they were themselves exempt from any kind of subjection to the see of Arles.

As the first dynasty of French kings drew to its close, the state of the Gallican Church was most pitiable. The appointment of primates fell into disuse; every metropolitan was his own primate: by consequence, no one had any authority of convoking the others to a synod, and all kind of discipline fell to the ground. The few weak councils which met, made

canons, which were framed only to be broken; and it seemed as if the whole ecclesiastical and civil state of Europe were together verging to barbarism. Then came the marvellous era of Charlemagne, and the young life of the Church burst forth in all its vigour. Now, then, we find primates exerting their authority again. And first Bourges was made the primatial see of Aquitaine. This was done by Adrian I., at the request of Charlemagne, in favour of Ermenbert, a prelate whose sanctity of life and ecclesiastical learning rendered him well worthy of the dignity. But the Pope hesitated for a little while; for the old ecclesiastical divisions were so thoroughly broken up, that he was uncertain whether the proposed primatial see ought not itself to be subject to some other jurisdiction. That point having been made out to his satisfaction, the Archbishop of Bourges became Metropolitan of the provinces of Narbonne, Bourdeaux, and Auch. It is curious to trace how the fluctuations of secular affairs affected these primatial claims. When the kingdom of Aquitaine was broken up, and the duchy of Narbonne attained political importance, the Archbishop of that city shook off the yoke of Bourges, and under the auspices of Urban II. obtained the primacy of the province of Aix. After that, when the dukes of Occitania became powerful, the Archbishop of Auch in like manner refused to acknowledge the primacy of Bourges, which was now left with the single province of Bourdeaux besides its own. When the great schism broke out between Pope Innocent II. and the Anti-pope Anacletus, a bishop of Angoulême, a partisan of the latter, was raised to the see of Bourdeaux. On this, all the com-provincials of that province appealed to the Archbishop of Bourges as their primate against the sentence of excommunication with which they were threatened. But when the English obtained Bourdeaux and the adjacent country, this last relic of its primacy was snatched from Bourges, though the two strove together for many years, the one for liberty, the other for sovereignty. Gregory IX. tried a compromise by giving leave to the Archbishop of Bourges to visit the province of Bourdeaux, provided he concluded his visitation within the space of fifty days. But Clement V., who had been Archbishop of Bourdeaux himself, completed the freedom of that Church; and now all that remains of the primacy of Bourges, is a singular custom or privilege, which seems to be much valued in the diocese. The Archbishop appoints two vicars, one as metropolitan, the other as primate. Any appeal from one of his suffragans goes in the first place to the metropolitical vicar; if either of the parties is not satisfied with his decision, he can then appeal to the primatial vicar.

And now, in this same century, an event occurred which has



a bearing on our own ecclesiastical state at this time. Drogo of Metz, a simple bishop, was sent by Lothaire to Rome on political business. He was the uncle of the king, and obtained very great influence with Sergius II. then Pontiff. He returned with a brief, whereby he was appointed—but it seems to have been only personally and for his life-time—Primate of all the bishops of Gaul and Germany. The Council of Verneuil took the claim into consideration. They had, said the Fathers, the greatest possible respect for their brother Drogo; his learning and piety were known to all; his relationship to the king was an additional argument in his favour; personally, no one could be more fit for the dignity to which it had pleased the Holy Father to advance him. But they were bound to be careful guardians of the boundaries of the Church: it was an unheard of thing, that the possessor of a simple see should claim precedence over so many metropolitans, whose dignity was derived from remote ages; and therefore they begged to defer acting on the Pope's instructions till a larger council (it was then mid-winter) could be summoned. Drogo, on this, showed himself worthy of the dignity to which he had been appointed, by saying modestly, that he would do nothing which could offend his brethren, and resigning the primacy.

Now, it must have struck all English Churchmen as an anomaly, that the Metropolitans of Calcutta, Sydney, and Capetown should be Bishops. The question of title is said to have come before the highest authorities, and to have been deferred for the present. It may, of course, be asked, What is there in a name? A bishop, with the authority of a metropolitan, does just as well as if he had an appellation of finer sound. Now, most certainly, we place not the least value on a title which is a mere title, or a decoration which is a mere decoration. Nothing seems more contemptible to us than the privileges as some of the Spanish Churches have, where the bishop or dean is treated as a cardinal, the canons as bishops: nothing more silly than when prelates of this or that little island call themselves Exarchs of this or that See. But this is a very different question. We profess to follow the early Church in our organisation; we allow ourselves in a very comfortable contempt towards the darkness of the eighth or ninth centuries; but here we are doing what the prelates of those very ages knew to be contrary to early discipline. And besides this, there are two tangible reasons for the re-adoption of the title of Archbishop. In the first place, talk and reason how you will, you will not get people generally to see that the Metropolitan of Calcutta or Sydney is on a level with York or Dublin, unless he has the same title. People will naturally say, 'Oh, but he is only

a bishop!' And in one sense he is only a bishop; for we do not for a moment imagine that the Bishop of Capetown, for example, takes, *as he ought*, precedence of the Bishop of London. We know very well that, in the colonies there is a very great difference between the metropolitan and his suffragans; that the newspapers always speak of him by that title; and we imagine that he takes a very different precedence from theirs. But what we desire to see is, the rank freely given from the colony, freely allowed at home. Then, though the Church of England cannot in these evil days look for more than fair play as regards other communions, at all events she ought to have that; and it is not fair play with regard to Rome, that while *she* appoints an Archbishop of Sydney, we should only have a Bishop. Those who are always crying out against Roman encroachments and the like, would use their time much more profitably if, instead of raising an outcry against that which Rome has already obtained, they would enable us to obtain the same also. Remember, too, this. Where there is a difference between Metropolitan and Archbishop, there the former title is the highest; if, then, you have given the higher rank, why find any difficulty in bestowing the lower?

While on this subject we may relate a rather amusing incident which lately occurred in the Danish communion. There, as every one knows, the prelates are merely nominal—Tulchan bishops, as they call them in Scotland. The third centenary of the Reformation was celebrated at Copenhagen with the usual Protestant enthusiasm. On that occasion Dr. Mynster, the then Tulchan Bishop of Zealand, waited on the King, and with the proper preface, that he was actuated by no principles of ambition, but only from regard for the dignity of the Church, ventured to request that his Majesty would raise the Bishopric of Copenhagen to an Archbishopric in honour of the Tercentenary which they were then so happy as to be celebrating. 'There cannot be a happier thought,' replied the King;—Dr. Mynster bowed, looked modest, and prepared himself for what was to come;—'except in one little particular; it strikes me that 'this mark of dignity would be much better bestowed on the 'Church at the completion of the fourth centenary, and I have 'no doubt that my successor will be most happy to confer it on 'yours then.' So Dr. Mynster went away abashed.

We have wandered a great way from good old Drogo. We will return to that century again. Ansegisus of Sens obtained from John VIII. the Primacy of France and of Cis-Rhenane Germany. But at the Synod of Pontyon (*Concilium Pontigonense*) these letters were stoutly opposed, especially by Hincmar of Rheims, who naturally stood up for his own primacy.

However, favoured by Charles the Bald, Ansegisus became primate of Gaul and Germany as aforesaid; and to improve his title, tacked to it the addition of 'and Second Pope.' A worthy monk of Sens, Odoranus by name, celebrates this event in a poem, where he says:—

'Ut primas fieret Gallorum, Papa Johannes  
Concessit meritis hoc tribuenda suis.'

In the same century Hamburg was raised to the dignity of a metropolis, the largest at that time in the Christian world. It stretched right away from that city over Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Orkneys, Shetlands, and Färoes, to Iceland, and even to the Christian colonies in Greenland—those colonies so sadly and so mysteriously swept away in after years by the Black Death.

Again, as the Mahometans had now overrun the better part of Spain, though there was still a little kingdom in the mountain fastnesses of Asturias, Oviedo was raised to be its metropolis. The province extended, when at its largest, from Cape Finisterre to the mouth of the Mondego, then, narrowing as it advanced eastward, it abutted on the province of Narbonne. To this metropolis Leon was subject; and in consequence of its former dignity both Oviedo and Leon, though they would naturally be included within the limits either of Burgos or of Santiago de Compostella, are to this day autocephalous: you will find them entered in the Spanish Ecclesiastical guide as *Obispados Esentos*. In the same century the conversions of the barbarians requiring additional superintendence for the new folds, Prague became an archbishopric, pushing its jurisdiction to the confines of the Eastern Church. We have a very instructive detail of the ideas entertained at this epoch, regarding the authority of metropolitans, in the writings of one of its most celebrated ecclesiastics, Hincmar of Rheims, and, above all, in his fierce controversy with his namesake of Laon. Hincmar was one of the last metropolitans who seems to have retained the primitive idea of their power and dignity. The enormous encroachments which the See of Rome was so soon about to make, rendered them, at a later period, almost titular offices.

Let us now give a glance at the metropolitical division of Europe at the accession of Gregory VII.—that great epoch of ecclesiastical history.

We will begin from the south-west. Draw a line from the mouth of the Mondego to the city of Tarragona. All south of this, and a considerable indentation to the north, was Mahometan. Seville and Toledo retained some faint traces of their

metropolitical rights, but scarcely such as to deserve mention here. In the kingdom of Castile and Leon, beginning from the west, we have the province of Oviedo. This extended right across Spain, as far as the Ebro to the east. Here it was met by that of Narbonne, slanting away towards Arles. Above the Pyrenees comes Auch, bounded by Narbonne to the east, by Bourdeaux to the north. Parallel with Bourdeaux, and taking the whole centre of France, is the province of Bourges. Above Bourdeaux is Tours; then, forming a good part of Brittany, the schismatical province of Dol. To the east of this, Rouen; under Rouen, Sens. South-east of these, Lyons; still south-east, the five small provinces of Vienne, Tarantaise, Arles, Aix, Embrun. Returning northwards, east of Rouen and Sens, we have Rheims; still east, Cologne; to the north-east, the enormous province of Hamburg, stretching from Iceland, through Scandinavia, to pagan Pomerania. South of Cologne, Trèves; south of that, Besançon, which touches Milan. East of Cologne, the vast province of Mayence, reaching from Worms and Spires almost to Cracow; between this and Hamburg, Magdeburg; east of the latter, Gnesen. South of Gnesen is Strigonia, which touches to the eastward on the Pagans, to the south on the Eastern Church. South-east of Milan and Salzburg, Aquileia. The little point that runs out into the sea beyond Aquileia is Grado. Then, in Italy, Milan, Rome Proper, Beneventum, Salerno. To the south-east of Aquileia and Salzburg, and west of Strigonia, Dioclea. It may be worth while to put this into a tabular form.

At that time, the principal European kingdoms were thus divided:—

<i>England and Scotland</i>	Canterbury.		Strigonia.
	York.		Hamburg.
<i>Ireland</i> . .	Armagh.		
	Dublin.		
	Tuam.	<i>Italy, Savoy,</i>	Rome.
	Cashel.	<i>&amp;c. . . .</i>	Salerno.
<i>France</i> . .	Rheims.		Aquileia.
	Rouen.		Grado.
	Dol.		Ravenna.
	Tours.		Milan.
	Sens.		
	Bourdeaux.	<i>Spain</i> . .	Oviedo.
	Bruges.		Seville.
	Auch.		Toledo.
	Narbonne.	<i>Germany, &amp;c.</i>	Cologne.
	Lyons.		Magdeburg.
	Besançon.		Mayence.
	Vienne.		Salzburg.

Tarantaise.

Aix.

Embrun.

Arles.

Trêves.

Gnesen.

Dioclea.

Forty provinces in all.

Advancing now into the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we have to notice the rapid diminution of the rights of primates, on account of the exorbitant claims put forward by the papal legates. They completely superseded the ancient authorities in summoning councils. And, indeed, when the doctrine became gradually received, that a synod could not be convoked, much more, could not publish its canons, without the licence of the Papal See, it followed almost of necessity, that legantine, should take the place of primatial, authority. And it is curious to see how in this also, as well as in matters regarding simple bishops, the Court of Rome, and the secular powers of the various European states, played into each other's hands. This was the meaning of pragmatic sanctions, concordats, and to a certain extent also, of the so-called Gallican liberties. If you will only hinder your canons independently electing their bishops, said the Court of Rome to that of Paris, and your monks their abbats, we will allow you to nominate both. And the secular power was only too glad to comply with so pleasing a suggestion.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, the great city of Lyons obtained the primacy over four provinces; those, namely, of Tours, Sens, Rouen, and its own. This, however, occasioned disturbances, which almost ended in a schism. The Archbishop of Tours, who had no traditions of authority to fall back upon, made no objection to the new primate; those of Sens and Rouen, more particularly the former, refused in any way to acknowledge it. Philip the Fair brought the secular arm into operation, and reduced Sens to obedience; but Rouen pertinaciously stood out, and was gratified with the title of Primate of Normandy, though he had nothing but himself to be primate of. See what a mere title of honour the thing was becoming.

Not more than thirty miles from Lyons, is a city as ancient and as interesting, Vienne—Vienne, the holy, as it proudly calls itself, because thirty-eight of its archbishops are reckoned among the Saints, a greater number than that of any other see, Rome only excepted. This place had been capital of the kingdom of Burgundy, and the archbishop had been *ex-officio* chancellor, and afterwards arch-chancellor of the kingdom. Calixtus II., who had himself been metropolitan, advanced the see to the primacy of seven churches: Bourges, Bourdeaux, Auch, Nar-

bonne, Aix, Embrun, Tarantaise, the latter the metropolis of the Pennine Alps. Hence it is that the Archbishop of Vienne calls himself Primate of Primates, since Bourges had long been primatial, and Narbonne had been made so by Urban II. However, this Bull had not the least effect, except in the assumption of the strange title just mentioned.

When Alfonso VI. had liberated Toledo from the Moors, May 25, 1085, Urban II. immediately constituted the Archbishop, Primate of All the Spains; and after considerable resistance, especially on the part of Tarragona, so far as Spain itself was concerned, this precedence was established. But Braga, in Portugal, has never ceased to claim the primacy to itself; and every parish church of that interesting city has the double-barred cross, to indicate this right. The dispute was very wisely left undecided at Trent; but both Braga and Toledo have since sunk to a secondary position in their own countries by the institution of the patriarchate of Lisbon and that of the Indies. It was also in this century that the respective claims of Canterbury and York were settled, or rather, purposely left unsettled. The two Archbishops were first declared equal, and the right of York allowed to carry his cross even through the province of Canterbury. On the appeal of Canterbury, the latter privilege was withdrawn; but on a further representation from York, it was again allowed *pendente lite*; and finally, by the distinction of Primate of All England and Primate of England, peace was made. It must be remembered that the province of York had been larger than, and was even then as large as, that of Canterbury, embracing as it did the whole of Scotland till 1466. In fact, we must not forget that the present archbishopric of Canterbury contains three provinces: its own: that of S. David's, which till 920 embraced Wales; that of Lichfield, which in the time of Offa, king of the Mercians, embraced these sees: Worcester, Leicester, Sidnacheater, Elmham, Hereford, and Dunwich—all of which up to that time belonged to York, but were afterwards annexed to Canterbury.

As to metropolitans, those in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were fast multiplying; especially from the favour with which a pope, raised from some suffragan see, regarded his original Church.

It is curious to see how the tendency of ecclesiastical progress has served to break up the provinces into smaller fragments. Look, for example, at the Iberian peninsula. We have seen it, before the irruption of the Saracens, divided into the provinces of Seville, Toledo, Tarragona, Merida, Braga. How is it divided now?



<i>In Spain.</i>	Toledo.	Tarragona.
	Seville.	Saragossa.
	Santiago de Com-	Valença.
	postella.	
	Granada.	<i>In Portugal.</i>
	Burgos.	Braga.
		Lisbon.
		Evora.

Again; take North and Central Italy. We have:—

Bologna, made an Archbishopric in	1582.
Fermo	1589.
Urbino	1563.
Florence	1420.
Pisa	1092.
Sienna	1459.

After this period we hear very little about primates, but the great increase of metropolitans deserves notice. Thus the little island of Sardinia has no less than three,—Cagliari, Sassari, and Oristano; the two former call themselves alike, Primates of Corsica and Sardinia. These three archbishops have but eight bishops between them; and the eleven sees are contained in an island 130 miles long by about 40 in breadth; that is, in a space considerably less than the three counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and a population of about 500,000. Tuscany, again, about three-fourths of the size of Sardinia, has four archbishops and sixteen bishops, though the population amounts to 1,300,000. So again, the natural fondness of a pope for the see from which he had been raised, induced Sixtus V. to cut out a little slice from the patrimony of S. Peter, of some forty square miles, and to constitute it into a province for Fermo.

Never was a more fearful demolition of a national Church than that pressed upon the Pope by Napoleon, and brought to pass by him in the bull *Qui Christi Domini*. By that document,—to issue which Pius himself confessed that his right was very doubtful, he suppressed the following metropolitical sees: \*Paris, Rheims, \*Bourges, \*Lyons, \*Rouen, Sens, \*Tours, Alby, \*Bordeaux, Auch, Narbonne, \*Toulouse, Arles, \*Aix, Vienne, Embrun, Cambray, \*Besançon, Trêves, Mayence, Avignon, \*Malines, Tarantaise; and in their stead re-erected ten out of the twenty-three,—those, namely, which we have marked with an asterisk. Of the old sees, Tours, Bordeaux, Auch, and Narbonne had the greatest number of suffragans. Tours had eleven: Le Mans, Angers, Remus, Nantes, Quimper, Vannes, St. Pol de Léon, Tréguier, S. Briec, S. Malo, Dol. Bordeaux had nine: Agen, Angoulême, Saintes, Poitiers, Périgueux, Condom, Sarlet, La Rochelle, Luçon. Auch had ten: Bax, Lestoure, Comminges, Conserans, Aire, Bazas, Tarbes, Oleron, Lescars, Bayonne. And Narbonne had ten: Beziers, Agde, Nismes,

Carcassone, Montpellier, Lodève, Uzès, S. Pons, Aleth, Alais, Elne. Those that had fewest were Besançon, which had only Belley for suffragan; and Mayence, who had no one to be archbishop to but himself.

While on the subject of French bishoprics, it may be well to notice one or two historical facts connected with that Church that bear on our subject.

The last time, probably, that an appeal was made to a French primate, was by the Sisters of Port-Royal, when condemned by the Archbishop of Paris, their Diocesan as well as Metropolitan: they appealed from him to the Archbishop of Lyons, as his Primate—of course without any effect.

The Council of Embrun, held in 1727, for the purpose of crushing poor Soanen, throws some light on the question we have in hand. The province of Embrun contained but six suffragan sees; of these, Soanen himself occupied one, namely, Senez; and another, Nice, was not in French territory. But as twelve bishops are required for the degradation of a bishop, the question was how to procure a sufficient number. The infamous Tencin, who was president, applied to his brother-metropolitans of Arles, Aix, Besançon, Lyons, and Vienne, and ten more bishops joined the synod from those provinces. On this, Soanen protested to the new comers that they had no right to sit as his judges, except in a national council; and that they had no voice in any provincial synod save their own. But, persecuted and unrighteously overborne as Soanen was, and monster of iniquity as was Tencin, we cannot think that in this instance his protest was valid. The fourteenth canon of the great Council of Antioch says expressly: 'If any bishop shall be judged concerning certain crimes, and it shall fall out, that the com-provincials disagree concerning him, some of them believing him innocent, some of them holding him guilty; it has seemed good to this holy Synod that, for the settlement of the difficulty, the metropolitans should convoke other judges from a neighbouring province who shall hear the cause; and by them and the provincial bishops together, that which is right shall be decreed.' It is true that this canon does not exactly touch the case in question, because here there was no dissension between the bishops, and only a want of the canonical number; but the spirit of one seems to justify the other. And perhaps the third and fourth canons of Sardica, the latter of which speaks of the deposition of a bishop by the judgment of those prelates who live in neighbouring places comes still nearer to the mark. If Soanen's argument were just, there was not one province in France of which the synod could have deposed an unworthy bishop, the highest number of

suffragans being, as we have seen, eleven—twelve, that is, in all, but then the accused bishop must have been one of the twelve. Another appeal of a rather earlier epoch is worth relating, as taken in connexion with the question of metropolitans.

It was that which gave rise to the four Gallican articles. One part of the regale of the kings of France was supposed to give them the appointment of those benefices in each diocese which were in the presentation of the bishop or other dignitaries of the Church, during the vacancy of the bishopric or of those dignities. But this right had never been recognised in Languedoc and the adjacent provinces; and in 1675, Louis XIV., then at about the zenith of his power, resolved to extend his rights over that part of his kingdom also. He accordingly nominated a beneficiary in the diocese of Aleth, and another in that of Pamiers, contrary to the rights of those Churches. At that time Pavillon, one of the holiest of the French bishops, and a very aged man, was in possession of the see of Aleth; Caulet, scarcely inferior to him, was bishop of Pamiers. Now observe the regular course of proceedings and appeals. When Caulet found that the same violence was to be perpetrated on his diocese that had already been exercised on his brother prelates (he was at Paris at the time) he returned to his see, convened his chapter, and addressed them in our Lord's question, 'Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?' And with one voice they answered, 'We are able.' On this, after having prepared himself by public prayers and a fast, he commenced the proceedings, by excommunicating the beneficiary thus intruded, and all those who took any part in his institution. On this they appealed to the Cardinal de Bonzi, Archbishop of Narbonne, who annulled the excommunication. Act II., therefore, showed the regalists successful at its conclusion. But Caulet appealed from his Metropolitan to his Primate, namely, as we have seen just now, the Archbishop of Vienne. This prelate, the mere creature of the Court, as most of the French bishops were at that period, affirmed the Metropolitan's sentence. From the Primate the indefatigable Bishop again appealed to Rome, having taken all the intermediate steps which canonical discipline required, and not proceeding to the last appeal *per saltum*. Pavillon, for his part, had gone through the same steps; and both with the same result. The Metropolitan's decision was reversed; and the excommunication pronounced by the bishops sustained in its vigour. We are not concerned to continue the history of the struggle; nor how the Grand Vicars of Pamiers carried it on after the death of their Bishop; nor how it finally resulted in the famous assembly of 1682, which brought the Gallican Church

to the very verge of schism with the Roman. We merely quoted it as a good example of an appeal carried through the different stages of bishop, metropolitan, and primate.

Again: we may refer to the attempt of Dol to erect itself into the metropolis of Brittany, as another fact bearing on our subject. It was clearly prejudicial to the dukes of Bretagne, who were in the height of their power, kings in all but name, that their dukedom should be subject to a foreign metropolis; that of Tours. With all their might, then, they upheld the claims of Dol; and for more than a century that see, disregarding the censures of Rome, exercised metropolitical power over the province. In this very year Bretagne has at length been constituted a separate province; only Rennes, not Dol, is the seat of the metropolis. It happened to the writer of this paper to be in Brittany at the erection of Rennes to its new dignity; and also at Valladolid when the intelligence arrived that the Holy See had consented, at the request of the Spanish Government, to erect it into a metropolis. The contrast between the sensations occasioned in the two places was not a little curious. In Valladolid no one seemed to care about the change—not one decoration did we observe in any church, not one peal did we hear from any tower. But in Brittany it was perfect ecstasy: every parish sermon seemed to dwell on the happy event; the bells announced it perpetually; and, indeed, it almost rivalled Solferino in attracting public attention.

Again: that was a remarkable erection of metropolises which occurred just before the outbreak of the war which made the Seven United Provinces independent. The enormous extent of the sees of Utrecht, Liège, Osnabrück, Münster, and others in that part of Europe, had been the destruction of the Church. Warriors instead of prelates, secular instead of spiritual potentates, these bishops waged their own battles, made their own treaties, marched at the head of their armies, in all points as any margrave or Free Count might do. By one stroke of his pen, Pius IV. made three metropolises for the Netherlands: Utrecht, Cambray, Mechlin. The two former had been sees before; the latter was a new episcopate, but it was endowed with the primacy of the three, probably on account of Rome's old jealousy of Utrecht. If these new provinces and dioceses could not preserve Holland, they were at all events effectual to the saving of Belgium.

A rather curious creation of a metropolis was that of Funchal, in the island of Madeira. At the time when the Portuguese discoveries both in Brazil and India were raising that little kingdom to a high rank among the states of Europe, Funchal in Madeira was erected into a bishopric, and one Lobo

appointed to its incumbency. On his death, at the request of Dom João III., D. Martinho de Portugal was appointed by Paul III. Archbishop of Funchal and Metropolitan of All the Indies,—the Indies, be it observed, embracing Brazil as well as India. Such was the knowledge of geography at that time, that a little island, only four or five days' sail from Lisbon, had a province which embraced about one-half of the known world! The absurdity of this arrangement was soon discovered. D. Martinho, finding it, we suppose, impossible to look properly after his province, determined not to visit it at all; and accordingly never even took the trouble of going to Madeira. On his death, the primacy of the Indies was transferred to Goa; and Funchal obliged to content itself with its own diocesan rights. The bishop, however, has on certain solemn occasions a crozier borne before him instead of a pastoral staff, in remembrance of his short-lived metropolitanical dignity, in the same way that the Bishop of Meath, alone of all simple prelates, terms himself Most Reverend.

We have said that in the West there is absolutely no difference between the titles of bishop and metropolitan. Every archbishop is a metropolitan; every metropolitan is an archbishop. But in the East the case is widely different. There an archbishop is merely a title of honour given to some prelates in order to distinguish them from the common herd, but not implying the existence of a province or the possession of any metropolitanical rights. The reader may probably remember Mr. Curzon's account of the astonishment expressed by the Œcumenical Patriarch, when presented with letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury under that title, instead of the proper name of Metropolitan. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'a simple archbishop to have, as you tell me he has, authority over so many prelates and so vast a tract of country!' The adoption of the other name would have prevented all mistake. In point of fact, the first eighty-three prelates, reckoning in order of precedence from the protothronos of Cæsarea down to the metropolitan of Velessa in Thrace, who are subject to the see of Constantinople, are all metropolitans. Then come the archbishops; and there are only two, Lititza and Carpathus. In the Ionian Islands, again, there are three metropolitans and two archbishops. But in the dioceses of Alexandria and Antioch there are no archbishops at all; in that of Jerusalem there are six. In Russia, however, the case is very different. Here all the sees are divided into eparchies of the first, second, and third class. The eparchy of the first class consists of metropolitans only, in number four; but virtually only three: Kieff and Novgorod, which are at present united; Moscow; and S. Petersburg.

Eparchies of the second class are almost all archbishops, but with a few bishops intermixed. Eparchies of the third class consist of bishops with a few archbishops intermixed.

But when we speak of metropolitans throughout the Eastern Church, we must not imagine that now they have each their suffragans; or that their title, in most cases, is anything more than one of honour. Out of the whole number there are not more than fifteen or sixteen who have any bishops; and the greater number of these have but one or two. The greatest number of suffragans possessed by any metropolitan belongs to Thessalonica: here there are eight. Crete comes next, with six; then Larissa, with four; then Tirnova, Wallachia and Servia, with three each. Nor must it be imagined that the so-called bishops in Russia owe obedience to any metropolitan. Those who do so—and they are very few—are called vicar-bishops. Only one metropolitan, namely, he of Lithuania, has two of these: Brzezsch and Kovin.

Such being the case, a remarkable difficulty occurred at the political organization of the Roman Church—we mean as distinct from the now happily extinct Uniats in Russia. It was in the time of the Empress Catherine, and the circumstances are singular enough to merit relation. After almost endless negotiations, it was resolved by the Concordat that there should be five bishops, Vilna, Samogitia, Luceor, Camensk, and Minsk. These were placed under the Archbishop of Mohileff—and a most disreputable Archbishop he was, as the reader shall hear. There was, at that time, in the light cavalry of the Prussian army, a young Protestant officer of the noble Polish family of the Siestrenezewitch-Bohüsz. This man lost two fingers of the right hand in a sabre duel; was thereupon forced to leave the army; and happening to have picked up a smattering of Latin and Greek, he offered himself as tutor in a rich Roman Catholic family in Poland. When the youth whose education he superintended had grown up, the father, who had no other way of recompensing Bohüsz, offered, if he would embrace the Catholic faith, to present him to a living which he happened to possess. Bohüsz, who had never troubled himself much about forms of religion, consented. In the occupation of Poland by Russia, he made himself useful to the governing powers; and Catherine, who saw in him the able unscrupulous minister whom she loved, offered him the archbishopric of Mohileff. Then there arose a difficulty with respect to Rome. 'I will have the possessor of this see,' said the Empress, 'a metropolitan as distinguished from an archbishop.' 'We have no such distinction,' Rome replied; 'an archbishop will have the authority you want, and it will be just the same thing.'



'I will have it my own way,' returned Catherine: 'he shall be 'a metropolitan and not an archbishop, or there shall be no see 'of Mohileff at all.' And so the Pope gave way. Paul further demanded that this metropolitan should wear the costume and receive the title of a cardinal; and this also was conceded. His province extends from Poland to the frontiers of China—certainly the largest in the Catholic world. With respect to Bohüsz himself, his life was a scandal to his flock. He had a brother who remained a Calvinist. This man he made superintendent of his finances, and married his daughter to a Greek priest. The archiepiscopal table was usually filled by the Calvinist brother, the orthodox son-in-law, and one Fessler, an apostate Capuchin, who had turned Lutheran, and was made nominal Bishop of the Lutherans in Russia. This amalgamation of religion gave unutterable offence in a country so scrupulous as that in which it occurred.

If we desire to see the grandest specimen which has ever been exhibited to the Church of the metropolitical system, we must turn our eyes to mediæval Asia. It is very difficult to realize what was the state of the Nestorian Church at the time of its glory, before Jenghis Khan commenced and Tamerlane finished its extirpation. Certainly, it presents the most marvellous history of any Church in the world. At the time of the First Crusade, the Nestorians formed a larger communion than the Eastern and Western Churches put together; and now they are reduced to a few hundred families, in an obscure corner of that continent which once they dominated. We are accustomed to marvel at the sudden fall of the African Church: in the time of S. Augustine, the most flourishing communion in the world; two centuries later, non-existent. Its disappearance we are accustomed to attribute to its failure in action as a missionary body; to its forgetfulness that the charter by which every Christian communion holds its life is aggressiveness; that as soon as it ceases to propagate, it ceases to exist. This cannot be laid to the charge of the Nestorian Church, whose missionaries went out into all parts of Asia; whose blood was poured forth by pailfuls on the steppes of Tartary, and amid the jungles of India. Here we have the mortal effects of heresy. What could it matter, a reasoner might ask, whether the Blessed Virgin were called Mother of God, or merely Mother of Christ; whether our Lord were in two Persons or in one? It mattered just this: that the one united body of the eleventh century has disappeared from the face of the earth, while the two, together not its equal, have gone on and increased, subjugating to themselves one whole continent, and the half of another, since that period.

However, let us attend now, not to the heresy, but to the

wonderful discipline, of the Nestorian Church. And first, think of its patriarch, seated at Mosul, with a province of his own, as any other archbishop; and with twenty-five metropolitans, each of them ruling over fifteen or twenty bishops, dependent on him. There in the rich country of Irâk, the paradise of Persia, is the metropolis of Gondisapor, Protothronus of all: then, further west, is Nisibis: there, ruling over Chuzistan, is the Bassora with which the 'Arabian Nights' familiarized us in the nursery: there is Arbela, with its remembrances of the overthrow of the Persian empire. Then, as we advance further into the continent, is Holwan: if we go west, we have Aleppo and Damascus: if we go to the Caspian, we have Raia, the Rages of Tobit: still farther, and among all the romance of Prester John and the Tataric Khans, we have Samarcand: pass into the Persian Ocean, the fertile island of Zocotra has its metropolitan: go south-east, there is the province of India: still pass eastward, and we come to China, which we now know to have had a flourishing Church in the year 780: and then returning west, Central Tataria and South Siberia had their own archbishop. This was a patriarchate indeed! scorning comparison as it did with the territory of even Constantinople or Rome! And then, for the most part, it was unbroken by schism, or any kind of division. In its western portion, indeed, the Jacobites were mingled among the Nestorians, but as an altogether inferior communion, and without any hostile feeling. Once every year, the nearest metropolitans (Nisibis, Seleucia, Gondisapor, Diarbekr, and the like) came up to pay their respects to the patriarch, and to receive his blessing. Once in three years, came those at a middle distance, such as ruled in Samarcand, Beloochistan, and Zocotra; and once in six years the distant and virtually autocephalous metropolitans of India and China crossed those intervening mountain ranges and trackless deserts, to give and to receive a realization of the feeling that the great Nestorian Communion was one Church. Nothing in the annals of Rome ever equalled this. The most distant prelates in mediæval times could make the journey to St. Peter's son in eight weeks: it took the Metropolitan of China eight months to reach Mosul; thus his sexennial visit involved a two years' absence from his diocese, including his rest at Mosul and the synod which he attended.

Let us now, in conclusion, see what lessons we can gather for ourselves from the facts that have been stated before.

In the first place, we may observe that, having four colonial metropolitans, we ought also, in the judgment of those who established them, to have at least a fifth. Canada, as the most enterprising and most thoroughly Anglo-Saxon dependency of the British Crown, ought to claim its own archbishop. His see

would, of course, lie in the civil metropolis of the kingdom; and the Archbishop of Ottawa would, for the present, have the metropolitical supervision of all British North America. As that enormous district continues to people—a district which may expect the finest future of any country in the world—more metropolitans will be needed. And another reason why that province more than any other stands in need of that supervision is to be found in the fact, that Canada, first of all the British possessions, has obtained a free election of her own bishops.

Then the next thing to be endeavoured after is the change of name. Those who are so nobly interesting themselves in the development of our Colonial Church, can scarcely consult her real interest more than by pressing this on the Government of the day at the next vacancy of Calcutta, Cape Town, Sydney, or New Zealand, that the next prelate should assume the title of archbishop. If in the life of the present incumbents, so much the better; but it stands to reason that this is exactly the one step in advance which those bishops themselves would be less willing to take. Men who will spend and be spent for their provinces, like the Bishops of New Zealand and Cape Town, whose one end and aim is the welfare of those infant Churches which will probably increase and multiply so vastly, would yet find it a difficult and delicate matter to propose the bestowal on themselves of the name of archbishop. It might have a look, in the eyes of those who are determined to suspect evil, of a desire of self-aggrandizement. They are too well acquainted with the real benefit of the title to refuse it when offered; it must be the part of their friends to press its offer on those who have the power of making it. If report is to be trusted, it was a very near point when Sydney was constituted a metropolitical see; probably a little more effort in this direction would gain the day.

Again: the patents of institution give the metropolitan the largest possible power over his suffragans, even to suspend them, if it shall seem necessary. Now the question is, how far this power may be, and when it is to be, exercised.

There are some cases in which the metropolitan may, no doubt, by his own individual act, reverse the judgment of his inferior; there are some in which he could scarcely venture to do so without the authority of the provincial synod. Let us take an example of each.

Imagine that a priest, accused of immoral life, is suspended by his diocesan. He forthwith appeals to the metropolitan, who re-hears the case, finds him innocent, and reverses the suspension. This is a mere matter of fact, on which no further appeal should be allowed.

But imagine, what we know unfortunately to be the case in one of the African dioceses, that the Bishop and the Diocesan Synod have ruled a point, which is abominable in the eyes of the minority. There, for instance, it has been ordered, that a candidate for Christian baptism, if married to more wives than one, need not put away all except one. Imagine that a chief in this condition offers himself for baptism, but declares his intention of retaining all his wives. The priest refuses to receive him as a catechumen. The chief complains to the bishop, who, for his part, admonishes the priest, and the latter remaining firm, suspends him. The priest appeals to the metropolitan. Now, a point of general discipline like this is one that the metropolitan could hardly rule on his own mere dictum. He would receive the appeal with a promise of laying it before the provincial synod as soon as it could be assembled: and in the meantime, the appeal having been received, and its reception notified to the original diocesan, the priest would continue his functions as usual till the case was heard and decided. And this kind of cases is most likely to occur in the first settlement of any heathen country.

An even more objectionable course was, if we remember right, proposed, if not carried, in New Zealand; namely, that a heathen wife and husband, if both converted, and desirous of having the Church's benediction on their marriage, should not be allowed to receive it unless they had lived apart for some time—we think it was thirty days—by way of penance, their former marriage being regarded as merely legalized adultery. Any priest might well feel indignant at, and resolved to oppose to the last, so cruel an enactment: and thus would have arisen a question for a provincial synod.

We have seen before, how desirable it would be that no suffragan should be allowed to cross the sea without the leave of his metropolitan: a canon which seems to have been universal in primitive times.

Again: another point which is likely to be invested with more importance as the rights of chapters become better known, is this: whether the metropolitan chapter possesses over the province the same right which the episcopal chapter has over the diocese.

It has always been held, that the bishop, *quâ* bishop of a certain diocese, forms one body with his diocesan chapter; does the metropolitan *quâ* metropolitan form one body with his chapter? This may be a point of the greatest importance, as it has been before now. For, as every one knows, a diocesan chapter, or its vicars, may perform, the see vacant, everything which a bishop may perform, those acts which require the episcopal

character alone excepted. Can a metropolitical chapter claim the same rights with regard to a metropolitan? It has been held by the best canonists that they can.

Now, here are two most important acts which belong to the metropolitan.

In the first place, the designation of bishops to heathen countries beyond the British dominions. Many have been the services which the Bishop of Cape Town has rendered to the Church. This is the greatest benefit of which, under God, he has been the cause, and it will carry down his name to all future generations. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, it has now been conceded by the law officers of the Crown, that no English law is broken if a colonial metropolitan, without applying for any leave or licence, consecrates a bishop for extra-British territory. In this way, the proposed mission to Central Africa may be headed by a bishop; in this way, the Metropolitan of Calcutta might supply prelates to Java, or Sumatra, or Celebes. Now, in this case, the metropolitan has the pure and simple right of choosing the bishop-designate; and—let this point also be marked—the metropolitical chapter, the see vacant, would have the same right of designating a missionary bishop, and requesting one of the suffragans to consecrate him. This is a right of inestimable value. For it might so happen, that he who was about to become, or was expected to be, the new metropolitan, might, through private feelings or prejudices, be unwilling to nominate for prelate him whom the chapter knew to be the best man; and, therefore, without waiting for his consecration and arrival, they designate him themselves.

Again, everything seems tending to this: that the prelates of colonial dioceses will be elected by the diocese, but nominated by the Crown. May we be permitted, leaving our own immediate subject for one moment, to say a word or two on this subject of election? It has been our duty to oppose, so far as we were able, the intrusion of the laity into offices to which they have no claim,—as, for example, into diocesan synods. We have always endeavoured to show that this is not a clerical question; that it is not a right which the clergy might concede to the laity if they so would, but one which by the institution of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself has been forbidden to the *Ecclesia discens*, and confined to the *Ecclesia docens*. So much the more bound are we to stand up for the rights of the laity when they really exist. And that one of these rights is a voice in the election of a bishop, as much their bishop as that of the clergy, it needs little knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity to allow. Every communicant of age, and not under Church censure, has a voice: the only question which may admit of discus-

sion is, whether the laity and clergy should vote together, forming one majority, or whether they should be divided into two houses, and a majority in each be essential to election. What was the primitive custom is less easy to be certainly known; but the modern custom, which forms two houses, is surely by far the wisest; and, apparently, has been found to work well. Otherwise, when the clergy are very few, their influence would be entirely swamped by that of the lay communicants.

The election over, needs confirmation by the provincial synod. And in this another question arises: has the metropolitan merely his vote among the other bishops,—a casting vote if need require, and such influence as his station will necessarily give him,—or has he a vote external to, and independent of, that of the synod, so that after they have approved, he can veto? The primitive canons certainly seem to give him this; since they always mention the metropolitan as distinct from the com-provincials, and lay down that the elect must be approved by both.

One more question still remains to be discussed; namely, what authority of supervision the See of Canterbury has, and whether it ought to have any, over the colonial metropolitans. The terms of the act by which Calcutta was made a metropolis, and those of the patent which conferred the same dignity on Cape Town and Sydney, are not exactly the same, and are both very vague: the act, perhaps, seeming to attribute more to the English archbishop than the patent does. We have already seen that there is nothing contrary to mediæval practice, at least, in an appeal from Cape Town or Sydney to Canterbury. Regard the latter as primate of these sees, and he would then bear the same relation to them that Bourges did to Bourdeaux and Tours: Toledo to Seville and Tarragona, and the like. But then there is this vast difference: the distance that separates Canterbury from the Australian sees is so infinitely greater, even with all our increased facilities for locomotion, than was that which intervened between the primate and other metropolitical sees of the Middle Ages. There seems no reasonable hope that we shall live to see New Zealand brought within less than five weeks of Canterbury; and at present, as every one knows, the distance is far greater. Let the distance, however, be shortened as much as steam can do it, there will always be the expense: and an appeal case, so important as to be taken half round the world, must almost always involve a considerable number of witnesses. Add to which, it is certain, if the present rate of possession increases, that Australia must, ere long, be divided into more metropolises



than one. One metropolitan for that island will in time be no less absurd than one metropolitan for Europe. Adelaide, no doubt, will have its own cluster of bishoprics: Victoria, the same: Perth, the same. Four metropolitans at least in that one island. How far more natural to make one of them primate of the others, than to attribute the primacy to a bishop thirteen thousand miles off! And there never can be such a thing, except in name, as a primate of primates: you get to a patriarch at once: and nothing but the authority of the Œcumenical Church can establish that dignity. It might not, perhaps, be an impossible, or even undesirable arrangement, supposing Ottawa to be the archbishopric of the Canadas, Barbados of the West Indies, Cape Town of South Africa, that Canterbury should have the primacy over these; but the time must come, and the sooner it comes the better, that all appeal from Australia to England should be done away with.

What then must be done in case of an appeal against one of these primates? The only authority which could adjudicate on such a case, would be a national council of the English Church, and those Churches which are in communion with it. True, such a body could not pretend to infallibility; but yet the united voice of at least a hundred and forty bishops ought to have no small weight. Though not infallible, it would be entitled to as much respect as such councils as those in Trullo, and of Sardica, and Trent, and Bethlehem.

And this brings us to one brief observation with which we will conclude. It is more to be desired than words can express that the American and Scotch Churches should submit themselves to metropolitical jurisdiction. What precedent have they for the aggregation of autocephalous bishops, owing no obedience except to a synod? None, but the example of Russia; and that example the invention of Peter the Great. The Scotch Church may, indeed, in some degree refer to the pattern of the African, where the chief bishop in each province was rather a primus than an archbishop. But surely the miserable fall and sudden extinction of that Church, notwithstanding its most glorious saints, Cyprian, Augustine, and Fulgentius, ought to make it a warning to, rather than a pattern for us. As to Scotland, in point of fact, the Church has its metropolitan: only at Lambeth, instead of S. Andrews. Since the removal of the penal acts, the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland has been a very sham affair. No one, we suppose, imagines that the episcopal synod would venture to propose or to veto any measure which was known to be disliked by or desired at Lambeth. Much, much better to lean on themselves: to nominate one see,—and why not S. Andrews again, unless Edinburgh

should seem more convenient for the metropolis? The objection would be, that in that case the presbyters of that one diocese would give a head to the Scotch Church. But surely, while the episcopal synod hold, and that very properly, a veto in their own hands, this objection is of small consequence. And truly, however objectionable is the system of translations, it is preferable to the anonymous condition of a Church without a metropolitan.

From the present state of affairs it follows that America and Scotland are governed by bodies which are neither councils nor yet committees; which must be without the promises divinely attached to the former, or the regularity by organization certain to attend the latter. 'I have heard,' said an eminent prelate to the writer, 'of the grace of God promised to an individual; I 'have also heard of its being promised to a council; but I never 'heard of its being promised to an episcopal committee.' And truly, judging from late occurrences in Scotland, we do not think that it is often found there.

ART. IX.—*Works of Abraham Cowley.* Tenth Edition.  
3 Vols. 8vo. London: Tonson. 1707.

WE have before us an advertisement sheet of Tonson's, affixed to the tenth edition of Cowley's poems, which, post-dated by about thirty years, well represents the literature and literary society in which that poet was *facile princeps*. It is a regular obituary of departed literary reputations. The wits of Button's and Will's, the courtiers of Whitehall, and literateurs from Grub Street, satirists, playwrights, pseudo-travellers, divines, and the great blind bard himself, make this single leaf a page of history. There are Dryden, Milton, Waller, Denham, Suckling, Rochester, Etherege, Garth's Dispensary, Addison's Campaign, the fanatic tory L'Estrange, a 'Voyage to the Island of Love,' by Afra Behn, 'our envy, her own sex's pride,' as the moral Cowley calls her. The list is completed by congratulatory poems by Rowe, heavy booksellers' histories by Lawrence Echard, scandalous 'Memoires,' by S. Evremond, a semi-learned life of Pythagoras, by Madame Dacier, and, finally, various translations from the classics, the favourite reading of that lazy, spuriously scholarly era, and probably fully bearing out in letter, though not in spirit, Cowley's recommendation that men should not servilely copy the original. It is curious to look on a muster-roll of dreary battalions from the Dunciad mingled with giant names, and still more curious to think how many of these antitheses are even now in annihilation not divided. Some volumes are seen just trembling into fame, some already illustrious, though with the seeds of quick decay in them, others destined to shine forth unexpectedly, far beyond and above the rest, when these, their coevals, should have become mere names of history, curious as representatives of a very peculiar social epoch, but with no distinct literary lustre. There Waller shows his seventh edition, put forth in an age when the court and the bar were an author's public, and Denham his fourth; and there, where Milton has apparently not yet passed beyond his first impression, Cowley overtops them all with the glories of a tenth. Where now are those 'celebrated hands,' nay, those 'most eminent hands,' great in society and the coffee-houses, who joined in Dryden's translations? Where are the much belauded patrons of literature, those courtly men of letters and plagiarists of Horace, the Dorsets and Godolphins, the Rochesters and Sucklings?

Cowley has been, perhaps, the most unfortunate of all, as he was as their chieftain then far the most renowned. The rest deserved their fate. It is hard for us to put ourselves into the proper position for comprehending our ancestors' care for them; but in him are seen glimpses of glorious poetry, and a poetical, though not, it may be, a philosophical depth and truthfulness, which should have preserved him, as a politico-poetical vigour has saved Dryden. He could not, perhaps, be now a text-book; he deserves to be still a classic. Cowley is a kind of proverb for the instability of popularity. Each successive age has stolen away one of the ornaments of his chaplet, till the present scarcely comprehends why the infallible Doctor should have thought it worth his while to accumulate reasons why men do not study a bard whose very name they but seldom hear. We know well the contour and bulky air of the volumes of the *eminent*, the *most incomparable*, or as old Wood loves to call him, that *prince of poets*, Mr. Abraham Cowley. They lie dispersed in every old library, on each sequestered book-stall, like the beams and keels of wrecks, or the huge masses of drift-wood, which were once green trees shadowing the banks of the Mississippi. The larger fame and the central position in literary history of Dryden, give him the power still to put forth green branches from a decaying trunk and root amid the morasses of this great dismal swamp of departed celebrity. But there are, besides, and Cowley is one of the great types of the class, many noble logs of timber lurking beneath the waters, unseen and almost unsuspected, though students piloting their way through the history and literature of the times, suddenly strike upon them, and are startled at the bulky mass which rears itself up and confronts them. The whole surface of literature rests upon a basis of such submerged heaps, as Snowdon and Ben Nevis, and Mont Blanc itself, are only the highest peaks of gigantic chains and ridges. Some patience and resolution, however, are necessary before these relics of other systems can be properly appreciated, so thick a barrier of temporary prejudices has first to be surmounted. Of all of them, Cowley most needs forbearance; and requires perhaps the determination to discover something precious in him as compensation for wading through the deliberate eccentricity of his style and versification. At the same time, when one has bound oneself apprentice to his handicraft or put on his fetters, it is not difficult to discover how much harmony is consonant with art and stiffness, and what grace may be shown in dancing in shackles.

It is possible that not a little of what we think so forced, unnatural, and costly artificial in Cowley's poems, may be traced back to this precocious facility of versifying, which by out-

running his power of conception, tended to tempt him to look to novelty in manner for originality, and the realization of the great problem of his life—

‘What shall I do to be for ever known?’

Probably, next to Chatterton, he is the most remarkable instance of success in the ambitious imitativeness of childhood, which sometimes develops into poetry, sometimes proves to be nothing but the effervescence of youth and passion. His ‘Pyramus and Thisbe’ was produced at the age of ten, ‘Constantia and Philetus’ at twelve, and ‘Love’s Riddle’ shortly after. It would be too much to say that we can read these poems with pleasure, but at least, for rhythm and sentiment, they seldom offend the ear or judgment.

Cowley’s poetical power was hardly hereditary, unless the narrow circumstances of his parents may be supposed to indicate that though bad grocers they were literary geniuses. His father was,—Dr. Johnson infers from the absence of any note of the poet’s baptism in the register of his parish church, S. Dunstan’s,—a dissenter; and Aubrey adds, a grocer. The latter statement, a reference observed by us in the Calendar of State Papers of the reign of James the First to a bond owing by a certain *Cowley, a grocer*, to two other citizens, would seem to corroborate. The son of an insolvent tradesman, born within the democratic city of London, beneath the shadow of Temple Bar, just where Chancery Lane strikes the end of Fleet Street, he did not start under very favourable auspices for winning the smiles and patronage of a Jermyn and a Buckingham. Mrs. Cowley, to whom was left the task of bringing up three sons, the poet being a posthumous child, was a tender mother, and gifted with the power of exciting an affection in her children which no years or fame could diminish. But his friends confess she knew no more about poetry than her neighbours, and possessed no larger stock of books. It so happened, however, that in her window, along with the whole of the family library, lay a volume, the most Italian and gracefully artificial of English classics, Spenser’s ‘Faëry Queen.’ Amid its bright pictures, Cowley tells us, he basked and grew up into poetry, till the solicitations of Mrs. Cowley, and the interest excited with the head-master by some powerful patron, removed him to the great school at Westminster and the hard business of life in the shape of Latin grammar. It was the most aristocratic school of the day, and, from particular circumstances, the especial home of a political party; yet it does not seem that the boy was looked upon as an intruder, or exposed to unkindness from masters or scholars, on the score of his humble birth. His

name was long and proudly treasured up among them, and his boyish poems heralded in stately rhymes by eulogistic school-fellows.

Very quietly indeed did he vindicate his claims to consideration there, though juvenile fits of poetic rhapsody did not at first exactly harmonize with the quaint hexameters of the pre-Busbeian grammar. Sprat has recorded Cowley's natural and boyish aversion for hard technical rules in, it is true, a somewhat high-flown style, as a portentous token of his friend's genius. He has been rebuked by the greatest master of the art of putting down, and the paragraph treated as a bombastic intimation that Cowley was no better than other boys. It seems to us, we confess, though nothing out of the common way, on a par with Wordsworth's equal dislike for the same kind of learning. There was, doubtless, no lack in the days of James the First, any more than in our own more prosaic ones, of idle schoolboys or of rods, the maiden Queen's perennial benefaction from the royal forests, in the purlieus of the Grey Cloisters of Westminster. The poetical aspirant's prophecy of his own future glories, in a juvenile dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby,—

‘The birch that whipt him then would prove a bay,’

intimates that he had scarcely as yet experienced the results of so agreeable a botanical eccentricity. But the disgust of the lad at those jingling prosodical barbarisms might well proceed from no want of application, or even of classical taste, but simply and strictly from the desire, fostered by his previous process of self-education, of grasping at the results without going through the stages of mastering details prepared for the use of more favourably trained minds. At all events, he speedily exhibited the very highest classical taste. An ear for Latin verse, in our opinion, decidedly inferior to Milton's in sweetness and delicacy, but stronger, and showing on the whole, greater freedom and greater power of thinking in the language, is sufficient testimony to his application at school. Hand in hand, as in his subsequent life, advanced his power over both English and classical diction. In that famous year, 1628, when the Parliament gained its first triumph over the King, and in those more advanced days of 1630, when the sovereign's violence was procrastinating and so increasing the mass of the growing passion for liberty, Cowley's muse burgeoned forth. His ‘Pyramus and Thisbe,’ and ‘Constantia and Philetus,’ poems composed in those years in an English dress, but with little else native about them, were, so envious contemporaries often whispered, superior to his mature works. His masters



were proud of him, and cherished the genius from which they expected yet riper fruits. One, Mr. Jordan, Cowley's gratitude, and not the necessities of a school exercise, led him to commemorate in an elegy for his kind sympathy.

It might have happened, had he remained exposed to the feelings and influences most powerful, both in his own home and his school, that the future professional, it is true, rather than impassioned Royalist might have developed into an associate of Milton and Andrew Marvel. Westminster itself was a hotbed of Parliamentaryism. In a seminary supervised by the great Dean Williams, once Lord Keeper, and successor of Bacon, now Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, and Laud's rival, and taught by Osbaldeston, alias Osbolston, alias, and as Cowley writes it, Osbalston, the poet was indeed in the way of becoming imbued with the popular spirit. It looks strange to see the earliest preserved poem of the confidant of Lord St. Albans and satirist of Cromwell, dedicated to the schoolmaster, who, even then suspected, was no long time after sentenced, for an unpublished libel upon the Archbishop, to stand in the pillory at his own school-gate. It is placed near a general dedication and congratulatory verses to the Bishop of Lincoln himself, on his release from the Tower, to which he had been sent for his part in this very transaction. But a time was coming when all were to be compelled to take a side, when it was no longer possible to praise the private virtues of a statesman without denouncing his political adversaries. It was not simply Cowley's youth, or the circumstance of the general feeling among the undergraduates of the two Universities in favour of Charles, as opposed, at least at Cambridge, to a powerful party in the neighbourhood on the side of the Commons; but something also in Cowley's disposition, which developed his politics in a very different direction to what might have been anticipated from the pupil of Osbaldeston and extravagant eulogist of the late Lord Keeper. He belonged to that section which will always comprehend many men of literature in a time of popular commotions. Like Waller, like Selden, like Falkland, Cowley had a good deal of aversion for despotism, though scarcely with the fervour or judgment of the latter two. But he had with this a slowness in seizing on the salient points in the proposed changes, and a dread of the consequences. He could praise *excellent Brutus*, and flatter and co-operate with a mean-spirited Jermyn, without the least consciousness of inconsistency.

At Trinity, whither he proceeded in 1636, he had to fight his way without any regular patron. It is, however, probable, considering the incapacity of Mrs. Cowley to equip a son for

college, that he may have been aided while there by the Lord Dorchester, whom he commemorates, or the son of the Sir Everard of Guy Faux and Gunpowder-plot notoriety, the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom the gossip-mongering Aubrey speaks as 'ever very kind' to our poet. For some reason unknown Cowley had failed to be elected to a scholarship on the Westminster foundation, but it would seem that the prestige of his school successes procured for him almost immediately an open one. He was soon distinguished favourably by the notice of the fellows of his college, especially the learned Mr. Fotherby, the uncle of his future friend, Matthew Clifford, and by the Master, Dr. Comber. But his chief friends and associates seem to have been William Hervey and the famous Crashaw, one of the sweetest of religious poets; though, like the rest, far too artificial. It is pleasant for us to have a glimpse into the academical life of the poet and his friend—how they were in the habit of taking long walks among the meadows and dykes of that green region, which should lie sullen all winter and autumn, to emerge amid floating lime-blossoms in spring-time and summer.

'Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,  
Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
Was there a tree about which did not know  
The love between us two?'

In the same poem, written in honour of his friend's memory, he appeals to the reminiscences of long winter nights,—

'Spent not in toys, in lust or wine,  
But search of deep Philosophy,  
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry;  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

His own assertion of his assiduity as a student can have been no vain boast. His continuous devotion to Latin scholarship was evinced by the production of a rough sort of play, '*Naufragium Joculare*,' in the manner of Plautus and Terence, but with even less of rhythm. Besides this, he found time for the composition of the greater portion of that ponderous poem, the '*Davideis*,' which, water-logged by the long tedium of generations of readers, has so hardly floated down the stream of time to us on the fame of its author. It was no doubt commenced in the boyish belief that it is the doom of all great poets to compose epics; but, we are sorry to say, however venial the original self-delusion, it was not regretted properly in after years by its author as waste of time. It is, of course, not devoid of grand lines and noble sentiments, or of bright, happy conceits; but, on the whole, is as heavy as its copy, Prior's '*Solomon*,' which was probably designed, in emulation

of its repute, as at once a continuation and rival. More cannot be said against it. It is crowded with unblushing plagiarisms, such as 'So a strong oak,' and so on, *ad nauseam*; and these are not like Milton's imitations of the ancients, so beautified with new hues and shades playing over them, that we begin to compare Virgil's with his, rather than his with Virgil's. Sir John Denham could scarcely have perused the 'Davideis,' if he wrote of his friend seriously,—

'Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
He did not steal but emulate.'

Besides all this, there is a sad want of soul and spirit—plenty of sense, but none of the fire and energy to vivify the dead bones of rhymes in this ponderous epic. We miss, too, any power of imagining a scene. How vague is Cowley's description of Hell, in comparison with that in 'Paradise Lost'! The latter is intentionally vague and misty; but we feel with it, as men groping in the dark, that there is life, and that there lurk ghostly forms behind the veil, fashioned as exactly as the dæmons in Gothic cathedrals, though like them, meant to remain hidden. In the description of the same in the 'Davideis,' there is a veil with nothing to hide, or thrown on merely to cover the barrenness and baldness of the author's conception. Sometimes, but rarely, the guardian angel of English poesy, the spring-tide spirit of Chaucer, breathes through and animates the struggling verse. 'Uprose the Sun and Saul,' perhaps betrays even more than sympathy with the patriarch of our literature. Again, we have a few pleasant surprises in lines like these:—

'Queen of the flowers who made that orchard gay,  
The morning blushes of the Spring's new day;'

or we may chance to stumble on the racy vigour and earnestness which is never entirely wanting to political poetry; as, for instance, in the passage beginning,

'It is jest to tell a people they are free.'

But instances of natural feeling and power are few and far between. If the Bishop, his biographer, were not misled by friendship, or the wish to turn a sentence, the *dictum* that, 'with all the faults of the "Davideis," it is a better instance 'and beginning of a Divine Poem than he [Sprat] ever yet saw 'in any language.' We can only account for it on grounds injurious either to Sprat's reading, or to the religious feeling of epic bards. We may be excused, too, a slight wonderment how far the poet can have believed the result to have harmonised with his own lofty and most terse prelude of invective against 'the cold meats of the ancients' dragged into sacred

verse; or the 'turning of a story into rhyme, which so far from 'elevating Poesie is only abasing the Divinity.' It is somewhat equivocal sublimity, in this keen critic, to have pictured the Mars, Milton's war-demon, kingly Moloch, as a monster who—

'Still did eat  
New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.'

In fact, as a version of Giant Fee, Fo, Fum.

Men's opinion respecting the volume when it subsequently appeared, as that of the Bard's friends at an earlier period, by no means accorded with ours. He was hailed as the coming poet by the University and his College, of which he proceeded major fellow in 1642. Neither did his open Royalism disqualify him, if it did not point him out as the proper person to be selected for planning a dramatic piece (then an University's customary way of showing honour) for the entertainment of the young Prince of Wales, when passing, the memorable year of 1640, through the University on his way to join the King at York. The result was, 'The Guardian,' a rough-drawn farce, he himself tells us, not written out, but learned by the *dramatis personæ* from his extempore dictation; and which he was only induced to publish, at a subsequent period, by the circumstance that during his exile an incorrect transcript had circulated in London.

But the progress of the troubles now brought evil days upon him. In 1643 he was, with his friend Crashaw, expelled from his fellowship and the University by the Parliamentary Commissioners, for delinquency in refusing the oath then tendered to all members of Cambridge. St. John's College, Oxford, the college successively of Archbishops Abbot and Laud, afforded him shelter, while the friendship of Lord Falkland gave him distinction with the courtiers assembled at Magdalen and Christchurch. He appears to have thus drifted into confirmed partisanship, with no very active zeal for party politics, and probably—though some of the links for proving this are wanting—from the influence of Sir Kenelm Digby, who had certainly long been his friend, or some other powerful patron. Poets and scholars in those days occupied a more dependent, though at the same time less laborious, condition than now. In the general revolution of political and social ideas they had naturally a commanding influence. The result was not fully attained till the reign of Queen Anne, when the golden age of literature became the golden age of literateurs. They were still part of the great man's household, and still looked to his purse and countenance for support as of right, but he began to use them for the political ends which were monopolising his

own energies; till, often, from the condition of retainers of his, they were transferred to that of retainers of the public. We do not mean to say that these men, such as Cowley, hired themselves out as party tools; but when, as literary men, they had been attracted within the sphere of some patron's orbit, and exposed to all the influences which surrounded him, it was but natural that, on his being converted into a statesman, their neutrality should be modified in accordance with the only theory on the subject with which they had had an opportunity of becoming imbued.

On the death, shortly after Cowley's migration to Oxford, of Francis Cary, Viscount Falkland, he appears to have betaken himself to the protection, not of the latter's chief friends, Hyde and Culpepper, but of the opposite faction, the following of Jermyn and the Queen. In that focus of partisanship, Oxford, his own speedily became confirmed; though, apparently, it was always more the partisanship of habit and the accident of association, than of passion. 'The Puritan and the Papist,' a virulent satire, delighted his companions, though it subsequently terrified himself. It was only at Dr. Johnson's earnest instance with the publishers that it was at length inserted in a complete edition of the Poet's works. But he chiefly devoted his time to the composition of a heroic poem on the civil wars. Much of it was compiled from his own note-book; for he seems to have attended the King on several of his expeditions, besides being employed in others as a confidential agent. It was continued down to the time of the second battle of Newbury, when the approach of the catastrophe of Royalist hopes became too apparent to admit even of a poet's favourable interpretation. When his locality and circumstances were different, the violence of the sentiments of the composition appalled himself, conscious as he was of a most uncavalier-like coolness in the matter, and the poem was carefully suppressed. Soon after this calamity which thus damped his political enthusiasm, the cause became so desperate, that, along with a throng of compromised courtiers, divines, and authors, he went over to Paris.

It was fortunate for him that he had gained the countenance of Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, for it was a matter of notoriety and scandal, that this nobleman alone of the refugees in France kept open house, living in comparative splendour, while the Prince of Wales was half destitute. Into his household, and consequently the Queen's, whose chamberlain and favourite Jermyn had long been, Cowley was admitted as a favoured servant. The prestige of his name which, though no remarkable work had proceeded from him, had long resounded throughout both the republican and royalist camps, as that of the coming poet, while *L'Allegro*,

and *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*, were either too great an anticipation of the future dawn of greater poesy, or too much a reflex of the serene sunset of the Elizabethan era, to excite permanent observation, made him a welcome inmate. Indeed, Jermyn, with all his bad qualities, had, at least, sufficient taste to judge of literary power, even independently of selfish motives. The guest on his part appears to have used his advantages so kindly and benevolently, as to escape the envy so liberally dealt out to his host. By his help Crashaw, who had lost his fellowship at Cambridge at the same time and for the same reason, was kept from starving. Eventually, the latter, who in disgust had, when an exile in France, turned Roman Catholic, was despatched into Italy with such warm recommendations from Henrietta, procured by his friend's intervention, as to induce Pope Innocent X. to give him one of the richest benefices in Italy, a canonry at Loretto. Cowley himself found active employment as Jermyn's secretary, in the routine but confidential employment of cyphering and decyphering the correspondence between the King, now a captive, and the Queen, and other royalists. It may seem a practical refutation of the arguments for supporting poets and men of genius in public offices, that this employment of an illustrious writer was not merely the most commonplace drudgery, but so incessant, as to take up all his days and two nights every week. When so distinguished a copying clerk was no longer required, his services were put in requisition in various other ways; the intervals between political journeys being filled up with poetry and meditations over some far off halcyon refuge in the mastership of the Savoy, of which the reversion had been promised him both by Charles and his son. He still retained the post of private secretary to Lord St. Albans, and managed the correspondence between the little courts of Henrietta and her son, in his various removals to Bruges, Spa, and Cologne. Certain grave letters which have been preserved from Mr. Secretary Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington, one of Charles's favourite ministers, from April 1650, show that the poet readily became a serious man of business; disappointing as this may be to those who would have a bard's eye always in a fine frenzy rolling. The consideration which he, a man of no pretensions to nobility or wisdom in camp or council, enjoyed in the Queen-mother's court, is of itself a sufficient indication, not only of his poetical renown, but also of a somewhat dignified character always keeping its place. We are told, both by himself and Sprat, that he had peculiar opportunities for becoming conversant with courts and the splendour of palaces: that he was not, in short, merely one of the instruments for lending grace to royal establishment, but himself partook in the magnificence.



When not writing letters to Charles's councillors or spies in England, he was principally engaged in political missions to the young king from his mother. Whenever some plan required fuller exposition than was safe or possible through the medium of an ordinary council letter, the poet seems to have been despatched to communicate the opinion of the Queen and her chamberlain. We know, as a fact, that with this object he visited successively, Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland. No records, however, of the end of his journeys or the incidents to himself have been preserved, with one exception, consisting of an answer sent by him from the first-mentioned island, to a copy of verses addressed to him when there. In his epistle he endeavours to emulate the *Sweet Melody of Native Insular Rhymes, written by — Esq. the year of our Lord, sixteen hundred, thirty-three*. Perhaps enemies of his Pindaric verse may say, that it was in this expedition that finding himself, as he himself tells us, without any books but Pindar, he was induced to study that poet's dithyrambic poems, the result of which was, the introduction into the English Helicon of a rivulet of harshest Jersey-bred verse, appealing for aught like melody *ad misericordiam* of the kindly reader. While settled in France in the year 1647, he thought it his duty to show his conformity with the principles, though not the practice, of the cavaliers, by composing his 'Mistress.' It must have been the subject which so quickly made it popular, rather than the special beauty or special application of verses like these:—

'Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,  
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,  
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,  
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.'

It is interesting, too, to catch at times a turn or a tone which appears an anticipation of the poetical development, of which Tennyson is the chief representative; but the general impression on the modern reader, is one of systematic monotony. Cowley's own explanation of it is enough to reveal the causes of its barrenness. He declares it was written because no poet can be esteemed a freeman of his company till he has sacrificed to Venus. A capacity for concerting systematic, cold-blooded conspiracies, for winning the smiles of men, was the great taint on Cowley's poetical character. The initiatory line—

'What can I do to be for ever known,'

is an index to all his poetical cravings. He wrote the 'Davideis' as Haydon painted his finest pictures, because an Epic has the supremacy among poems, and Cowley must, therefore, put himself in a position to emulate Virgil, and Homer, and Tasso.

So he wrote the 'Mistress,' not because the subject, or the thoughts rising out of it, suited his tastes, but because the poet of the Jermyns and Wilmots must pretend to have analysed love; and because, finally, each master poet had shown himself a votary of Cupid. What can be expected from such a confessed theory? The whole subject is exhausted as to its topics, though not on one does he penetrate below the surface. He was, in fact, unwilling to leave room for pointing out a single defect in his treatment of it, or not to have occupied the whole ground, just as Spanish navigators were unwilling to sail away without planting their foot on every barren rock. It may be argued on the other side, that at least this predetermined and superficial completeness serves to vindicate the author's morality, and to show that the laxity which he was at so great pains to display existed in profession much more than in reality; no light offence this, however, and especially a reproach on the age, or at all events, the party of which grossness was so naturally the substratum, that it cropped up occasionally even in characters so respectable as Clarendon and Cowley.

A tradition preserved among Pope's sneering remarks upon his predecessors, says, that the lady who was meant to be overwhelmed by all these panegyrics, which any one would now esteem insults, was the Leonora of whom he speaks as his last and enduring love, in that sparkling, but scandalous 'Chronicle' of his flames, which seems to have taken Johnson's admiration by storm. Disappointment at having his addresses rejected by her in favour of the poet's future friend and biographer, the Bishop of Rochester, is said, on the same authority, to have soured his temper against the whole of woman-kind, and contributed mainly to his disgust at a court. It seems unlikely that this lady can have suggested some of the feelings of either poem; at all events, he had soon an opportunity of enjoying her society, for in 1566, the stagnation of the royalist counsels in France, and the little hopes of the speedy dissolution of the Protector's power at home, led to a sort of breaking up of the nucleus in Paris, and a disposition among the exiles to make compositions with the revolutionary government. Cowley had no estate to compound for; so it was supposed that he would have little difficulty in returning to England, and that while there, he might still be able, as opportunity served, to co-operate with his friends. It was not then thought dishonourable for a partisan to take to the profession of a spy (for such, it is said, was to be his position), or, in fact, to do anything, not even stopping short of murder, which might disturb the Usurper. It was esteemed a most innocent thing for Cowley, who hoped for nothing from Cromwell but to be overlooked,

to do what Evelyn, who was protected in his estate, thought perfectly becoming. It had been thought advisable that he should remain incognito; this indeed is the chief circumstance revealing that his duties were to consist in espionage. His own character would have led us to suppose he had meant now, to throw off all political obligations whatsoever, and live for literature and science; but, as it happened, almost immediately upon his landing he was seized as a returned refugee, by mistake for another, against whom the warrant lay. His real name quickly became known; and the famous court poet and confidant of the Queen and the detested Jermyn, whose plot to raise the troops against the Parliament had made the quarrel between Charles and the Commons irreconcilable, was looked upon as a prize. Several times was he examined before and menaced by the Protector and his council, but to no purpose. It nowhere appears, except from an obscure report of a saying of Clarendon's, that the enemies of Cowley hinted that he had betrayed any secrets to the Usurper, to whom they accused him of unworthily truckling in other ways. Perhaps he had no secrets to reveal. Notes of application by the exiled prince to every sovereign in Europe for a little ready money could scarcely have interested the mighty *parvenu* much. At length he was dismissed, but only on bail to the amount of 1,000*l.*, a sum which vastly raises our notion of the poet's political value. His surety was the celebrated Dr. Scarborough, of whose loyalty to the Protector there was no doubt, and whose resolute protestantism—so the scandal of June, 1688, whispered—was the reason for concealing from him, though royal physician, the accouchement of James the Second's queen.

Now at last the poet was free to make trial, if he chose, of some poetical realization of the hope breathed in the drawing-rooms of Paris:—

' Ah! yet, ere I descend into the grave,  
May I a small house and large garden have,  
And a few friends, and many friends, both true,  
Both wise, and yet delightful, too! '

He really did betake himself from town into Kent, to study botany and rival Virgil's Georgics. With the earnestness and covetousness after universality which distinguished his character, medical and natural science soon absorbed his attention, and he even sought for and, probably by the influence of Scarborough, obtained from the government a command to the University of Oxford to grant him the diploma of M.D. There was, probably, in his application for a degree in medicine, some desire of manifesting his determination to leave politics, and live quietly as a man of science. It was, however, thrown in

his teeth by some enemies as a species of apostasy. Whatever the motive, he really devoted himself to the pursuit, and the result was the poem on flowers and plants. In the same year, 1656, he brought out a complete edition of his poems. The measure was rendered necessary, as well by the unscrupulous abuse of his name by the English publishers to screen paltry rhymes, such as a collection called the 'Iron Age,' as by the numerous and defective editions both of his juvenile and his later poems. But the edition scandalised his friends, for it had a copy of verses to the Protector inserted in it by way of dedication. It is hard for us to judge properly on this matter. Certainly eulogiums addressed to his master's rival by a minister of the exiles, moreover by one with a commission to spy out the actions of the government, are suspicious. Our aversion to his conduct, however, is scarcely inflamed by the recollection that it was his clear interest to conciliate him they called Usurper, now that he was a kind of prisoner upon parole. It might be an apology for his conduct, that it was now his friend Scarborough's 1,000*l.* which he had to protect. We are sorry to say that the Bishop extenuates the obnoxious preface on the ground of the necessity under which the author was of allaying the fears of government, in order more fully to discover and betray its counsels to his employers. The subject of Sprat's theme had a better apology, even if such were the excuse for the biographer's own 'Pindaric Ode, dedicated to the happy memory of the most renowned Prince Oliver, Lord Protector,' wherein it was declared, rather equivocally if by way of compliment, that

' His fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,  
Will of itself turn whiter too.'

Cowley's dedication brought him no profit; his bond still remained uncanceled; and the feeling of the Royalists against verses, which after all, only expressed admiration of that energy in the Protector's rule which had elevated the national character, was so violent that the poet was weak enough to suppress them after the Restoration. Altogether the visit was a failure; if he came to collect information, his detection and the suretyship of Scarborough effectually prevented his scheme. He had become an able botanist among the Kentish hop-gardens, and was recognised through the introduction of the friendly physician as a man of science, and the chief of English poets: but the *res angusta domi* and the cold looks of friends and foes embittered his life at this period. Such was his despondency that he even used to consult his friends on a migration to some of the American plantations, to study botany and medicine, and write poetry at leisure. His genius was of

a more practical turn than Coleridge's, it is true, and he was wise enough, while sighing for the society of red Indians, to include a good library in the list of necessities for Virginia and Maryland. Still it was fortunate for the poet, wearied with the world, that he could never put his vision to the test.

As this fancy floated off his mind the disasters of the time made the distant vision of the Savoy less dream-like, and he accepted an invitation to resume his duties in Jermyn's household, at Paris. They do not seem to have been obtrusive, for there is no appearance of the poet having been mulcted for this new delinquency. At last came the joyful day of the Restoration, and, of all men, the poet and author of 'The Mistress' expected that in the 'cheerful fit of folly,' which was to do away with the remembrance of 'the twenty years of melancholy,' he should not be passed over. But so it was, that, on his application for the long-promised boon, his prayer was rejected. Wood declares this arose from some 'enemy of the Muses.' A mysterious assertion, which may refer to the dull George Monk, mis-named 'honest,' and the Royalists opposed to Jermyn, or even to the ultra Royalist cavaliers of the Queen Mother's household. The doubtful story of Charles's repulse to the poor bard, 'Mr. Cowley, your pardon is your reward,' is in favour of the latter supposition. He would have been scarcely a poet not to have exclaimed at such treatment. His lament was temperate and loyal, but the complaint and its author, 'Savoy-Seeking Cowley,' was ridiculed in Suckling's witty poem of the day on the choice of a laureat, as exhibiting a pitiful incapacity for proper indignation. As it was, he remained a dependant of Lord St. Albans, a poet by trade, and man of general science by taste. His professional character of M.D. had been thrown off after the publication of the poem on plants. In 1660, came out his 'Vision of Oliver Cromwell,' a majestic composition, in which one's indignation at the renegade-like vehemence of the revilings is tempered by the feeling that the praises which are there given as ironical, might have been the outburst of his admiration. Hume has, with scarce the change of a single word, borrowed them for a panegyric; they were probably, indeed, in substance identical with 'The Lament of the Death of that Great Sovereign,' a poem of which Wood records the existence, but which is no longer extant, except as now inserted in a setting of abuse. It is, indeed, a most noble laudation, and full of the fervour of a man exulting that his country had produced such a man, however much he might disapprove his actions. We know of few compositions in prose more perfectly akin to poetry. Interpolated, as it was, by the writer, it shone but poorly beside the concealed rich vein of

poetry in the prose. We do not think the cavaliers could have been at all satisfied with a work in which every epithet and reproach revealed such a sense of the gigantic in the deceased. The favourite phrases of scurrilous songsters and pamphleteers, the 'Red Nosed Noll,' 'Brewer's Son,' and such like, seemed to have evaporated amid the strong stream of the poet's execrations. By the side of the enumeration of the great national glories, won by the dead Protector, the flattery of the young King's locks—

' If gold might be compared with angel's hair,'

reads sufficiently tame and bald.

This composition elevated the poet to an undisputed supremacy among not only the Royalists, but the national poets: still it gained him no rich sinecure. He remained a follower of Lord St. Albans, though passing his time chiefly with men of literature and science. Round him gathered Evelyn, from Deptford; Boyle, the most modest and abstracted of philosophers; Sir Kenelm Digby, who frequented the society of the sages at Gresham College in a long mourning cloak, peaked hat, and oriental beard; Hobbes, in his selfish green old age; Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant; Lord Broghill; Denham, cherishing regrets for his beloved Cooper's Hill; Sprat, somewhat pompous, but a fervent and affectionate admirer; and Matthew Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse and man of taste. A little further off in this circle of his intimates might be seen men of fashion like Waller and Buckingham, and great John Dryden, and, tradition says, greater John Milton, were among his fervent admirers. His life is connected with the times before and the times after the troubles and their representatives; with Falkland at home, the Queen Mother in France, and Charles the Second, and the gossip of restored Whitehall; with the men of science and the court, the fashionable votaries of literature, and taste, and leisure, and the philosophers and divines. Besides all this, there were great domestic duties which the poet never neglected. His mother, probably still alive at the Restoration, and brothers, one at all events, in good repute, and living in King Street, at Westminster, shared in the advantages, such as they were, of his fame.

Though not one of the six or seven founders of the Royal Society, as he has been termed, Cowley was on the list of the men who were to be first asked to join. His general repute and his acuteness in experimental science, especially botany, made him a valuable acquisition in the sagacious designs the society had on its outset, when Bacon's method seemed to have opened the doors to unlimited repair of the miseries of the human race.



Doubtless the experiments of restoring youth by infusing the blood of the young into the old, as well as divers perplexing questions how they were to find zealots in the cause of science to act as good subjects, and other strange novelties in experiment, which justified the King's practical joke against them, found from his ready imagination perfect sympathy. Nor was it only his co-operation in that way which might be useful; the philosophers hoped from his social rank and pen to get fashion, and to be screened from the popular ridicule they met with, and which irritated even the serene philosophy of Evelyn. He acceded to the invitation of the latter to give them 'a divine song,' to vindicate them from the satire, and the songs of the drunkards, producing for them, in the year 1667, a poem which it is a shame on our age to have forgotten. What can be finer than those lines to Bacon, beginning,—

‘Bacon, like Moses, led us on,’

and the apology for the great theorist's failure in practice; or, than the bitter retort on the men who were trying to laugh down science—

‘The things which those proud men despise,  
And call impertinent, and vain, and small;  
Those smallest things of nature let me know,  
Rather than all their greatest actions do!’

After verse like this it is hard to think that the blame of neglect is only Cowley's. Is it not partly our own reproach that we will not now give time or thought enough to understand him?

The praises of the Royal Society were indeed undertaken by him *con amore*, for the whole scheme of that Institution somewhat approached a design which he, in common with Milton, Evelyn, Boyle, Sir William Davenant, and the famous Sir William Petty, were always debating, viz., the erection of a philosophical college in accordance with the suggestions of Bacon, in the ‘Advancement of Learning,’ for the promotion of general, but especially experimental, knowledge. As might have been expected, Cowley's designs were not very practical; scarcely so much so as Evelyn's. The latter would, indeed, have been content with 400*l.* a year as a foundation; but then, apparently, each member was himself to furnish all the little ornaments and elegancies fit for philosophers, who were to bring their wines and hold medical soirées. Cowley's scheme required an annual expenditure of 4,000*l.*, but there is something much more tempting and pretty in Evelyn's description to Boyle, in 1659, of the hermit-like cells embosomed in fragrant gardens, and the monkish exercises inter-

spersed with, every Thursday evening, a re-union, than in the poet's more elaborate design. He proposed to erect two quadrangles, the second opening upon gardens and green lawns, together with no contemptible income for science in the shape of, for those days, the sumptuous appointments of 120*l.* a-year for each of the professors, and 20*l.* for each scholar, exclusive of incomes for travelling fellows to collect rarities. The plan was branched out into details respecting the division of the profits of new discoveries between the college and the inventors; the grammar school and boarding-house for rich pupils, whence gradually a foundation was to be accumulated for the maintenance of the poor men's sons, 'as plentiful as for the rich, there being nothing to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.' In one point, indeed, the poet breaks out, as compared with a man of the world like Evelyn, when the former gravely lays down the rule for his seminary, that the professors should 'all keep inviolable and exemplary friendship with each other.' It is curious to observe the sympathy between the great men of the age as to the proper instruments of education. Greek and Latin, especially the latter, were to be taught, but Varro and Cato, Columella, Celsus, the Georgics, and Manilius were prescribed as the medium for carrying out the design that the students should learn things as well as words. Amid the convulsions of politics and society, myriads of Utopias of the same sort were being thrown up, all with the same negative results. While the Harringtons and Sydneys were constructing the Oceanas and perfect polities, the other theorists of the age, the men of science, were planning how to turn the political changes to the advantage of philosophy. They had all looked with unselfish greediness to the funds from sequestered bishoprics and royal domains, and Cromwell's proposed foundation of Durham was looked upon as but a mere instalment of future donations to learning. Even on the Restoration, in the crowd of eager individual claimants, the philosophers put forth their collective requisitions. So late as Queen Anne's reign, and in the acute mind of Swift, hope was harboured of persuading cunning ministers to make colleges for the improvement of the language, something on the plan of Petty's philosophic college, the nation's care. Each successive proposer, however, prudently settled down into the conviction of the impracticability of such projects.

While the mass of the public mind, as well as of its guides and instructors, was in this state of fermentation, about the same time (1665) with the composition of the panegyric on the Royal Society, we learn from the diaries of the time that Cowley and his friends had entertained a design akin to that of Boling-

broke and Swift, of improving the language, and generally directing attention to literary subjects. They used to walk through what were then pleasant fields to talk literature, at Gray's-Inn, probably. They thus, it seems, anticipated the Kit-Kat Club, which itself existed for purely literary purposes, under the great booksellers' auspices, long before it was taken up as a party organ. There were but few meetings, but they seem to have been continued at intervals during two or three years, being finally interrupted by the great plague, and above all, writes Evelyn, 'the death of the incomparable Mr. Cowley.' He was the centre of the whole, the most fashionable of poets, and esteemed then the greatest; nor was such reputation then so entirely without foundation, for it was prior to the appearance of Milton's '*Paradise Lost*.'

Besides all this, Cowley had a general repute like that which Dryden afterwards enjoyed, and an allowed supremacy, as a cotemporary writes, independent almost of the merit of his published works. Yet this must have been mainly based on his literary fame, for his biographer tells us that 'he did not surprise at first in his conversation,' and further, that none but his intimates would have discovered that he was a poet. There was nothing brilliant or showy to make up for this in his general demeanour. When his eulogist declares that he was possessed of perfect natural goodness, great integrity, and plainness of manners, though living in France; that there was 'nothing affected in habit, person, or gesture;' that 'he understood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them 'without burdening himself;' finally, 'that he was modest and 'humble excessively even to appear dissimulation, unless for 'other equal virtues,' we have no great difficulty in representing to ourselves a person who was destitute, like Addison, of external graces, but without Addison's capability of warming into eloquence and fire with wine. It is not necessary to go so far as to believe in the truthfulness of his friend Denham's epigram—

'Had Cowley ne'er spoke, nor Killigrew writ,  
They'd both have made a very good wit.'

Perhaps it was this brilliancy of fame, as conjoined with such perfect unconsciousness of it, which charmed by its contrast with the affectation and pretentiousness of other literary men of the day. Davenant, for instance, in these pleasant congresses met men of various ranks, but all united by a like love of literature. There was the notorious Duke of Buckingham, constant to nothing but patronage of literature; there too was Waller, from whom the memory of friends betrayed to the hangman, and

an affectation of lamentable hypocrisy, had easily glided off, not only from his memory, but from that of friends and foes, whom his gentle wit at the age of eighty attracted; there too were politicians, who excused no variableness, except in themselves, like Clarendon; there were debauchees, who tolerated no one else if not a drunkard, like Wilmot and Rochester; there were men of honour and piety like Evelyn. With these was joined Sprat, the high Tory prelate, and Dryden, soon about to take up, as it were, Cowley's sceptre, and rule literature after him. Matthew Clifford was of the party—co-author with the Duke of Buckingham and Sprat of the 'Rehearsal,' and deemed worthy of the dedication of the life of Cowley, one of those anomalous men of literature who are admitted as honorary members into its guild, without performing any of its exercises, and who sometimes, as did this very connoisseur himself, with his coarse strictures on Dryden's fables, so miserably disappoint their friends when they have been flattered into authorship.

Cowley's popularity, like Dryden's, though general, had met with one or two rebuffs. While association with courtiers gave literature fashion, and taught literary men how to adopt the tone which would make their compositions popular with their patrons, not only did they sometimes find that '*ipse facit versus*,' and that the noble forgot the patron in the rival, but any deviation from the tone which the great man believed himself fully competent to prescribe, or any appearance of isolation in life and severer morals, exposed them to the chance of a persecution. The courtiers sympathized with his brother authors in degrading Dryden, by assuming a rivalry between him and Settle, and in cheering on Montague and Prior, subsequently, from a sort of jealousy of any literary dictatorship which obtained among the wits, whether professional or amateur. The attack on Cowley was more of a political or party character. In 1663, he had remodelled and produced upon the stage, 'the Cutter of Coleman Street,' a play originally represented before Charles, when Prince of Wales, at Cambridge, under the title of 'the Guardian.' It is a witty and well-managed comedy, with abundance of brisk action; and adapted, it seemed, to please the cavaliers by a great deal of illiberal caricaturing of the Puritans. To the horror and surprise of the poet it was hissed off the stage. That seemed to him the catastrophe, not only of his social, but his literary aspirations. He feelingly laments, in a preface to a library edition of it, that, 'for all he had ever written he had never received 'the least benefit or advantage, but on the contrary, had felt 'sometimes the effect of malice or misfortune. He himself 'ascribed the misfortune to an incongruous and predetermined 'consent of all parties against him. He was condemned,' he

writes, 'by a faction before hearing; of profaneness, for attacking hypocrisy; of disloyalty, for excusing disorder; by Royalists for showing up a few who had joined the party, and this 'in spite of his sufferings for ten years.' Besides the reasons grounded on some unexplained jealousy of the poet's fame (for his own character does not seem to have been of a sort likely to expose him to such assaults), it appears probable that the doom of the play was owing to the fact that it was an anachronism. It impliedly sought praise for the roystering qualities on which the cavaliers had, as a party, once prided themselves; and held up the Puritan sobriety and love of constitutional liberty, as the sentiments of canting rogues, putting personal loyalty in the place of all the virtues. But now already all sensible royalists were beginning to get disgusted with these qualities of their old associates, especially as backed by a tendency in those who held them, to promote despotism, and to make a boast of laughing at all religion.

The poet, though he had always been personally moderate, and averse to the extreme practice and doctrine of the cavaliers, had not been prepared any more than Clarendon, to discover that the radicalism of the beginning of the troubles was become the liberal conservatism of the conclusion of them. He had written *bonâ fide* according to the sentiments which he had always heard, and did not comprehend the ramifications of the court and country parties. This party spirit was merely personal. It seems probable that if he had been free to study the matter for himself, and then to take sides, he would have been against the cabal and such principles. He had assumed, without investigation, the folly of all but simple royalism, thinking only of the late troubles. As it was, he was thoroughly disheartened by his reception, though the play was subsequently, when a new cavalier party was reviving, acted with applause. Perhaps he was even conscious of having sinned against his conscience, by stretching his dislike to fanaticism and austerity to the appearance of a boon-companion's love for debauchery and riotousness, to please the courtiers; anyhow he discovered that what suited the atmosphere of Bruges or of Prince Rupert's camp, was out of place in the vicinity of St. Stephen's and the City of London. We are told by the sneering Dennis that Dryden expressed his surprise at Cowley's not bearing the news of the fall of his drama, when conveyed to him by himself and Sprat straight from the theatre, with anything like the philosophy to be expected from so great a man; as though, bitterly exclaims Johnson (who himself had experienced the same sensation once), they had a right to anticipate haughty tranquillity at such a reception of a piece produced in the hope of popular applause.

More vividly than ever had recurred to the poet his intermittent longings for leisure to realize the old and earnest poetic plans of rearing woods and flowers, and search out the secrets of nature. He seems to have been unwilling to quit all hopes of advancement from the court, while unwilling to reside longer in town. With the view of adopting an intermediate course he had already, very soon after the Restoration, when his hopes of the Savoy were not yet blighted, taken up his abode successively for a short time at Deptford, where he had the pleasure of being the neighbour of the sympathetic Evelyn at Saye's Court, and at Battersea, then dignified by several noble mansions; more especially by the splendid inheritance of the S. John's. But these were only temporary residences, and afforded no scope for putting in execution regular schemes of rural retirement, till at last a glimpse of prosperity made his plan feasible. Yet even now it was not from the direct bounty of the King, whom and whose cause he had served so long and so faithfully, however calmly and without enthusiasm, but his preferment was due to the solicitations and influence of Buckingham, and Jermyn, Earl of S. Albans, his constant friends. Through them he was pensioned in the year signalized by the catastrophe of his comedy, with a lease for life of the Queen Mother's dower lands in the manor of Chertsey, on terms so favourable as, with prudent management, to secure him 300*l.* a year net income.

Aubrey gives the following pleasant account of the preliminary negotiation, by which the chief merit of the gift is attributed to Villiers, whose memory stands in woeful need of a few such kindly traditions. 'The Duke of Buckingham, hearing that at Chertsey was a good farm of about fifty pounds a year, belonging to the Queen Mother, goes to the Earl of S. Albans to take a lease of it. They answered that it was beneath his Grace to take a lease of them. That was all one, he would have it, paid for it, and had it, and freely and generously gave it to his dear and ingenious friend Mr. Abraham Cowley, for whom purposely he bought it.' Now at last he was free to exhibit the ideal of a poet and man of science, for in all his Utopian schemes he was sufficiently wise not to expect happiness from pursuits perfectly alien to those amid which he had spent his youth and manhood. It seems, however, not to have been till about 1665 that he finally quitted town. Previously he had been in the habit of resorting to London and the Court occasionally, and there indeed the failure of the 'Cutter of Coleman Street' had found him. Now he resolved to reside altogether in the country, though glad to admit the visits of old friends. It is not quite true, as Sprat relates it, that 'his house only



'complained, but never his mind,' or that 'he gave over thoughts 'of honour and riches when he might have gratified them;' nor, lastly, is it very probable that 'he refused many invitations (at least serious ones) to return to business.' Neither his character nor his talents were at all fitted for doing the work, or pleasing the capricious humours of that capricious Court. But we are ready to give all credence to the Bishop's assertion of his friend's disgust at a Court like Charles's, 'which sort of life, though his 'virtue had made innocuous to him, yet nothing could make it 'quiet.'

It is a pleasant picture which we have of his retirement on the banks of the Thames, with his thoughts not of the past but of the future, a few friends, many books, and a good conscience. That 'unaffected modesty and natural freedom, easy vigour, 'cheerful passions, and innocent mirth, which had found themselves under constraint in the miserable squabbles of the exiled 'Stuarts, could now display themselves in a life which admitted 'the cultivation of all such qualities.' Gardening was one of his staple employments; he writes to Evelyn from Barn Elms, acknowledging himself his reverent disciple, and full of gratitude for a gift of plants and seeds, and of curiosity respecting the success of some which he had already set. During this period the last two books of his didactic poem on plants were composed and published. They testified to the experience which he had gained in the rich soil of those low river meadows. A modest letter to Dr. Busby, chief of all schoolmasters that ever were, accompanying a presentation copy of his Latin poem, has been preserved by Nicholls, the antiquarian. Poetry, which he had never intended, in all his schemes for the future, to abandon, he now made, 'together with himself,' says his friend, 'an anchorite dedicated to drive evil spirits from the human heart.' His solitude continued to be crowded with silent aspirations after fame in literature. Then were produced those serene, delightful essays, which we can well believe to have been 'real characters of his thoughts on the point of his retirement,' though they appear to be fully as much designed to persuade himself as others of the delights of isolation. He had meant, though they were never sufficiently completed to admit of such an end, to dedicate them to his early patron Lord S. Albans, who appears, from what Sprat says, to have felt displeasure at the poet's retirement. Doubtless the 'eminent and celebrated 'Mr. Cowley was an ornament in those days of Mæcenases 'even to Jermyn's household, and the lease of the Crown farm 'may have been intended as a pledge and retainer rather than 'a reward for the past: prose and verse are happily preserved 'in these compositions.' There are none of those sketches of

society which so charm us in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*; none too of their wit and humour. But gardens with green pastures, and solitude, are described so prettily, and over all is spread such a clear transparent flow of sentiment, as even to have extorted the praises of an author of a far different school, a sort of anticipation of Addison and Steele.

Another large design, which at intervals occupied his attention, was a history of style, which Sprat and Clifford and others of his admirers had persuaded him to undertake. The religious hue of his meditations also led him spontaneously to attempt a general analysis and review of the original principles of the primitive Church, as they might be gathered from its records of the first four or five centuries, and with a view it seems both to satisfy his own mind, and that of his old companions in exile, of the truthfulness of Anglican doctrines, as well as to vindicate their sincerity in professing them, of which opposition to the Parliament and the connexion of many of them with Queen Henrietta had made them objects of suspicion. He probably formed a plan far too vast for his learning or leisure, for it was never prosecuted. In preparation for the history of style, some rough characters of ancient and modern authors were drawn up, but never fitted together. His mind and ambition appear to have been somewhat similar to those of Gray and Coleridge. They all three had the academical development of intellect arising from literary curiosity, uncorrected by the feeling of what is practicable. There is the same largeness of literary aspiration in their plans. The mere records of their schemes read like the catalogue of the labours of a literary society. Gaps for huge out-of-the-way histories are scattered up and down their conceptions like the craters of extinct volcanoes far within a chain of mountains. Great schemes of philosophy were to be constructed to join together sequestered settlements lately reclaimed from the backwoods of metaphysics. Wherever it seemed to them that the student would have to make researches for himself among a dozen works, or infer a principle from a hundred scattered instances, there a necessity appeared to be imposed upon them for composing a book which should contain dissertations on all those points, or give in a few pages the results of scores of chains of inductive reasoning. Cowley was not satisfied that a scholar should learn from Demosthenes and Cicero themselves the secret of their eloquence. In like manner Coleridge designed an epic on Titus's capture of Jerusalem, because it ought to be done; a score of dramas merely to fill up the void in Shakespeare's national scenes illustrative of English history; and for the same reason a gigantic corpus of philosophy or register of every possible dogma

or shade of a dogma which could find birth in a German mind.

These literary cravings were not likely to diminish in the rural retirement of Cowley. But they were powerfully checked by the healthier cares of his farm, and his taste for natural philosophy. This latter was an abiding love, as compatible with his poetry as Akenside's pursuit of medicine, with his not so very dissimilar muse. Yet he did not find all the leisure for these studies which he had expected, though now just in the position relative to London, and especially Gresham College, which he had designed for his philosophical College. But farming was a more anxious pursuit than gardening, and making a living out of a leasehold estate, let at however low a rental, was not the same as having a foundation of 4,000*l.* a year to fall back upon. Sickness also interfered with his plans, though it did not destroy them, or make him miserable. We are told that probably in his disgust at the reception of his comedy, he was in too great haste to quit London.

Hence, he did not select his place of residence with sufficient caution, taking up his abode successively in three villages on the Thames, all more or less unhealthy from damp. Barn Elms, whither he removed from Battersea, was an old manor-house, once belonging, by the gift of King Athelstan, to the canons of S. Paul's; but leased, by compulsion, as was the custom then, by Queen Elizabeth. By her, it was assigned to her sagacious councillor, Francis Walsingham; and there he had the expensive honour of entertaining her and the court. From him it devolved upon the famous Earl of Essex, in right of his wife, Walsingham's daughter, and widow of Sir Philip Sydney. Old mulberry-trees, which love old country seats, still bear witness to the times of Walsingham, but the more modern traces of Cowley have long since disappeared. Rich meadows spread about it, and the river glistens near at hand, overshadowed by tall elms, whence the name. Beneath them was a fashionable promenade, where Pepys loved, on a summer's evening, as he often recounts, to display his newest and gayest plumage to the admiring and admired company. We fancy that Cowley must have often thus caught, not so unwillingly, an echo from the town he professed to have abandoned for ever, and gossip with his old associates on the reversion of the next rich post. 'Barn Elms 'no longer has,' says Lysons, 'the reputation of being damp and 'marshy.' In Cowley's time such appears to have been its state. He was prostrated there by a bad fever, from the effects of which his constitution never entirely recovered, though he soon resumed his old pursuits after it, and put the last touches to his poem on 'Plants.' Thence he removed to Chertsey, still

by the Thames, and in Surrey, but in a healthier situation. The park-house attached to his farm is still shown, with a verse from Pope's 'Windsor Forest,' slightly modified, inscribed over the door:—

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

It was just within the town, but surrounded with ample gardens, and skirted by a brook, with St. Anne's precipitous sides rising at a little distance over Fox's flowers and shrubberies. There he determined to make his final stay, and to settle himself and his plans of life for good. He very seldom, if ever, now visited town, but was always glad to receive his old friends, and speedily, it seems, made new ones among his neighbours. One especially, with the *soubriquet* of the 'Dean,' appears to have been a merry companion. The poet's love for society is a practical confutation of any vague notion we might have had of Cowley's being an active admirer of his model Pindar's taste, at least in one respect. Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's-hill, had long been his acquaintance.

Many interesting records of a true poet's life should we, no doubt, have discovered in letters passing between himself and his friends, had not Sprat's and Clifford's, for us, ill-timed scruples about the propriety of publishing compositions designed for those only to whom they were addressed, made them suppress the entire correspondence. Whether the letters were destroyed or only secreted, is still a curious question. The aversion to burn what contains precious information, though, in the opinion of the depository, not adapted for publication, makes us hope they may yet be lying concealed among old family archives either of Sprat or Clifford. It might reward the investigations of some antiquarian to endeavour to clear up the problem. It has been the fashion to bewail or ridicule Cowley's resolution to retire from London, as though it had resulted only in disappointment. There is a sort of popular understanding that he became a hermit, or a ploughman, instead of indulging his passion for flowers, and inhabiting a cheerful villa within an easy journey from town. He has, indeed, now so long occupied the poet's reserved niche among the disappointed great, along with emperors reduced to merchants, schoolmasters, or market-gardeners, premiers made into graziers, and court beauties into lady abbesses, that it would be, in fact, rather perplexing to have to find another bard of fame for the vacant post, or a proper station, high enough, yet properly sequestered, from the necessity of finding readers for him, for the late occupant. As 'the melancholy Cowley,' he is always sufficiently before the eye of the literary public to satisfy the requisitions of his celebrity in his own age. He is dismissed with a well-turned phrase, and

people suppose they know all about him, without searching into his actual merit, in order to rank him suitably. It might be otherwise, if the conscience of the student were burdened with a 'celebrated,' a 'most incomparable' Mr. Cowley, and obliged to allow the epithets handed down from a former generation; while, confessedly, altogether ignorant about whom they thus praise on trust. Yet, certainly, we have but slight authority for asserting that he was a disappointed man. There are three trustworthy bodies of evidence as to him, and those three are, Sprat's Life, Evelyn's, and Pepys' invaluable Diaries. The Bishop says, 'his retirement suited his mind better than his body;' but surely this is scarcely to the purpose. Evelyn and Pepys speak of his fame as pre-eminent; and the former refers to his life with invariable respect, but nothing like pity. In that very doubtful authority, Spencer's amusing colloquies of Pope and his friends, a disappointment in love is mentioned, and consequent inclination to get, 'in each remove, further and further from town.' But neither is that to the point, whether true or not. In his own poems and essays do not appear any records of a feeling, that his cravings after rustic retirement had been premature. All the indications there, and even when he had now quitted the Court, are of a contrary sentiment. The one basis of the epithet, is the application of it to himself in the 'Complaint,' a poem with the one single design of reproaching the government for not rewarding his long fidelity; but certainly with no reference to a country life, on which, at least since the Restoration, he had not yet entered. On this, not to say slight support, with whatever supplementary corroboration it may be supposed to be furnished by the fact of his retirement having followed shortly on the expulsion from the stage of his play, Cowley has been converted into a proverb, and a warning to all who happen to think the charms of a villa in the country exceed those of a house in London, or Paris. One of his then extant letters, on personal matters, viz., that to Sprat in May, 1665, preserved by Peck, having been very appropriately communicated to him by William Cowper, Clerk of the Parliament, and familiar to the readers of any sketch of the poet, has been thought to confirm the report of his dejection in his suburban retreat. We do not see how this can be at all inferred. Surely, the catalogue of ills in this epistle must have been compiled by a very cheerful mind, and the sorrows of the amateur farmer over trespassing cattle, and the rest, appear to have had a remarkably great capacity for disappearing by the side of expectations of a ramble over the healthy slopes of S. Ann's Hill. The register of this accumulation of misfortune appears, we confess, rather to be meant in sport. With Sprat, a

frequent guest, and cheerful country neighbours, he could not have been so very woe-begone.

However this might be, he had not many years for carrying on his rustic schemes. His constitution had been impaired by the fever at Barn Elms, and this was succeeded, on his removal to Chertsey, by another illness of some months' duration. All these warnings he appears to have neglected, and to have continued his usual way of life; being, perhaps, tempted by his new situation and pursuits to increased ardour. We learn that he was in the habit of staying out late with his reapers, in the energy of his amateur farmer's character. Hence, a defluxion of rheum, and a stoppage in the breast and throat. This he refused to treat, spite of his medical training, as though it were no more than a cold. It was thus suffered to increase, till it resisted all medical aid, and resulted in his death, at the age of 49, after a fortnight's illness.

Pope's malignant memory retained a story of the occasion of Cowley's death of a different complexion, but of no particular authority. He declares that, with Sprat, then on a visit to him, he went to visit a convivial neighbour, who would not let them go till evening had come on. The two friends set out, bewildered by the country lanes and the claret, till they irrecoverably lost their way, and were compelled to pass the night in a ditch; whence the poet's cold and mortal disorder. We are told that the parish still talks of the 'drunken Dean Sprat.'

Perhaps this tale may have grown partly out of the *soubriquet* of some noisy friend of Cowley's, the same whom he names to Sprat in the letter to which we have alluded already. Pope, or his informant, would be unaware of this; and having heard that the poet died from complaint brought on by his accidentally having to spend the night in the open air, might suppose, and not so unreasonably, Sprat to have been the 'drunken Dean' (though not appointed to the deanery till 1683), and the poet's associate in intoxication, as well as in straying from the road.

Thus ended the life of the then acknowledged head of England's living poets, though later times have rescinded the verdict. It excited something like sorrow in the Court which had neglected him. The Duke of Buckingham reared his monument in Poet's Corner; Sprat composed his epitaph, and Denham his elegy. Nobles attended on his bier on its passage up the river to the Abbey,—

'Tears the river shed,  
When the sad pomp along its banks was led.'

And Charles's unaccustomed lips passed on him the well-known eulogium which sounds like a piece of irony, that 'Mr. Cowley



had not left a better man behind him in England.' It is strange to find how quietly his fame and authority had made their way. He had been passed over in the distribution of honours, and abused in the theatres; and yet it was assumed by all, when he was gone, that he had been and was at the head of cotemporary literature. Part of this, to us exaggerated, praise, may be ascribed to his serene, gentle disposition; which, as it prevented him generally from arrogating precedence, saved him from exposure to the first breath of envy. He was rather a centre for literary men to group themselves round than their captain of literature. The same spirit was discernible in his poems. He initiated new metres and novel kinds of rhythm; but still men, while their ear was caught by novelty of sound, heard nothing to excite their conservatism against him as an innovator. His biographer declares that 'his rough verse was his choice, not his fault,' that he affected variety to divert men's minds. It is no great merit in a poet to hunt after variety in this way. It is not to be got by an artificial turn of a verse, any more than the subtlety of a long train of demonstrative reasoning by an Alexandrian. But it helps and explains not merely his subsequent neglect, but also his favour with his cotemporaries, when taken in connexion with his general style. He allowed no affectation, the bishop tells us, in his language; that is to say, 'he neither went before nor came after the use of the age.' He forsook the conversation, but never the language, of the city and court. This was not the way of Milton any more than Shakespeare, though Sidney's it might be. It was not their mode of escaping from affectation. They discovered how to speak in the language of the nation, not of any section of it. *Good society* was not to them the nation as to language any more than as to life and manners. But in Cowley's time, as well from the aristocratic tone even then prevalent, as especially from the puritan assumption of indifference to such things, all the national taste for literature was completely absorbed within the narrow boundary of the court and aristocracy. They might have understood a poet speaking to the whole nation, of which they were a part; but they appreciated him with far greater zest, and he lost no readers or admirers, by addressing himself to their peculiar habits and sentiments in their own every day language. Thus Cowley appears antiquated to us, though not equally so with Waller, because his greatness and want of exclusive sympathy with his party and the court prevented his learning their ways alone. But this antiquated tone, such as it is, explains his popularity then as compared with his neglect now. It is not against this view that the great bards of our own age show no signs of losing their place among the

classics; that such, too, is not the case with Pope, fashionable poet as he is as contrasted with the classics for all ages, and classics such as Shakespeare and Milton. For, let alone the fact that Cowley preserved his place for a century, and that it is for a coming generation to discover whether the Coleridges and Wordsworths and Keatses will, as it is to be hoped they may, keep theirs so long; Cowley and Waller, and even Pope himself, little exclusive as he personally was, wrote, however designedly to attract a special class, yet at a time when there were class distinctions, but no caste isolations. It might be only a section of the people which would take the trouble to examine their writings, but all who did so could comprehend them without serving a tedious apprenticeship to the language of the theatres and Whitehall, and to habits of life and thought unlike their own, and for which they would have had almost to change their very being and individuality. The age from the Restoration to the accession of the Georges, (for Pope belongs to this latter era as a writer,) is one by itself. It was an age of literary tastes and development, but this did not extend, or hardly become a class; it is even termed, and with an appearance of plausibility, the golden age of literature. It might not be the very happiest time for literary men individually;—an epoch of patronage never, we believe, is. They might be liable to be insulted as a sort of miserable parasites, or to lose their personality in that of their benefactors. They might feast, it is true, with a Buckingham, but they were liable to the chance of being beaten, like Dryden, by the hireling gang of a Wilmot. Still it was a proud time for the men of literature as an abstraction, for they then floated above the heads of the nation along with their patrons. Rank and literature lorded it together, and were equally paramount, though it was only known to the band of authors themselves how galling many such a relationship became.

The qualities which made Cowley the fashion have proved a bar to his posthumous fame. He had attributes which must have otherwise secured him permanent favour. He whom Milton, spite of party hostilities, ranked with Spenser and Shakespeare, greatest of English poets, whom Rochester, chief of wits and courtiers, made the pure gold standard to try base poetry by, whom the jealousy of Pope allowed to be a poet in spite of all his faults, attempting to transfer in sign of approbation some of his peculiar traits to the lost Alexander of Rhodes, and whom Dryden revered,—a writer, lastly, whose works ran through ten editions in twenty years, must have had solid claims to admiration. Certainly he has no pathos, and little of the fulness of genius and power of conception fitted for the

wide canvas of an epic, and but an untuneable lyre; but in his verse we find ingenuity in conceiving, depth of thought, and an astonishing earnestness of intellectual fervour, coloured with passion. His variety is inexhaustible. An epic poet, whom his cotemporaries admired, though we cannot, he has naturally attained a high rank in the neighbouring class of solemn didactic bards. Thence he suddenly passes on to almost the splendour of his original Pindar, in narrative. What can be finer in his model than the tale of the infancy of Hercules? Now he soars upwards, high as ever poet went, in those noble elegies on Crashaw, Hervey, Lord Balcarras, and Vandyke; then again flutters off to the brisk vivacity of the 'Chronicle'! What can be more Anacreontic in Anacreon than the song, still a favourite, 'To a Grasshopper,' and that to drinking, ending, 'Come Man of Morals;' or what prettier, strained conceit in Waller, than the verses 'On a Lady tiring herself;' or lastly, what freer or more splendid gush of fancy than the poem 'On the Chair made from Drake's Ship at Deptford'? His translations of congenial passages are elegant and spirited; those from Pindar are often something more. When he met with a suitable material, as an epistle of Horace, he could all but outdo his original. His rendering of the little ode to Pyrrha seems to us superior to Milton's. But perhaps the neutral territory between poetry and philosophy, tinted with cross lights from fancy and reason, is more peculiarly his own. Bacon stands on the one side of the boundary line, Cowley on the other. Each seems to catch a glimpse of a light from the opposite shore, so that the *Novum Organon* appears to suggest the 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which in its verse tries to interpret in poetry thoughts which were verse disembodied in the mind of the great reformer of science. We should not attempt to raise Cowley to an equality with a mind like Wordsworth's. But, while the latter was more of a philosopher himself, the earlier poet had a faculty for enduing with verse grand philosophical ideas not his own discovery, or peculiarly and exceptionally his own. He is not so much a metaphysical or philosophical poet, as Akenside attempted to be, as the poet of science and philosophers. We have already referred to that famous 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which men when they hear seem to recognise, though they never read it—it rings through our literature. In those to Hobbes and Scarborough and Harvey, and the Hymn to Light, there are other lines equally grand, though rarer. They cry shame upon our neglect.

It is good now and then to travel up the stream of Time, to examine our list of celebrities, thus rendering an account of the reasons for their former fame and present obscurity. At first

we see all as through a veil of prejudices from time and circumstances. But gradually those lines and bars, with which our minds, dazzled, as it were, by the novelty of all about us, suffused the scene, dissolve away; and we begin to discover that the beauties which our forefathers saw in it were not wholly imaginary. It would be melancholy indeed to think that they were perfectly blind, for what guarantee should we then have for our correctness of judgment in appreciating the genius of the present day? We should endeavour to learn, while we feel in accordance with our own fashions of thought, to understand why they felt in sympathy with theirs. To perceive, in short, that greatness is an absolute quality, not relative to the fashion of an age; that the great are always great, though not always famous.

We began by wondering why his cotemporaries loved Cowley; we seem to end with wondering why we do not at least admire him. The renown of the leaders of literature is like a fire, smouldering now in Shenstone and such writers, now fitfully flickering in Waller and his compeers, now blazing more distinctly in Dryden and Pope, but never extinguished, always fed by the same fuel, the substratum of national feeling. There may be peculiar and more brilliant fires; but those, as in the case of Shakespeare and Milton, are off the road, beacons and lighthouses for all ages; they have not been kindled by popular feeling in its encampments, and left to the chance attention of passing travellers and temporary fashion.

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ART. X.—*Ennianæ Poeseos Reliquiæ*. Recensuit JOANNES VAHLEN. Lipsiæ: sumptibus et formis B. G. Teubneri.

THERE can be no doubt that the greatest loss that Latin poetry has sustained is that of the works of Ennius. One can quite echo old Scaliger's wish: 'Would that we had kept Ennius, and had lost Statius, Silius Italicus, Lucan, *et tous ces garçons-là!*' But it is marvellous what German energy can do. The few fragments which we possess of the great work of Ennius, 'The Annals of the Roman History,' are such as are quoted by the grammarians for the illustration of some remarkable or archaic construction. We have two pieces, one of sixteen, the other of twenty lines; but by far the greater number are single lines or half-lines. Our editor's diligence has collected out of the eighteen books of Annals six hundred and fourteen lines; of these, he professes to place in the right position of the right book four hundred and forty-two; the rest he is compelled to call '*incertæ sedis fragmenta*.' Certainly, so happy a piece of mosaic work we have never before seen: it is perfectly marvellous how, tracing from Livy the subjects which must have occupied Ennius, and helping himself here and there by the very few places in which the grammarians have named the particular book from which their quotation is taken, he contrives to put together a very satisfactory whole. Let us take an example from the Third Book; and we will weave together the remarks of the editor in the Prolegomena with the fragments in the text of the work.

'The third Annal,' says he, 'comprehends the actions of the three last Roman kings, and the destruction of the kingdom. True, this cannot be proved from the fragments themselves, but an equal partition of the whole narration seems to demand it. From the fragments themselves, we may, in a sort of dim way, discover some particulars with respect to Tarquin,—his coming to Rome, and the omen which occurred to him on the way:—

"Olim de cœlo lævum dedit inclytu' signum."

And "Et densis aquila pinnis obnixa volabat  
Vento quem perhibent Graium genus aerata lingua."

'The kingdom offered to him by the people after the death of Ancus:—

"Postquam lumina sis oculis bonus Ancu' reliquit."

And

"Tarquinio dedit imperium simul et sola regi."

'It is probable that in our fifth fragment the confederation of the Latins against Tarquinius was described:—

"Circum sos quæ sunt magnæ gentes opulentæ."

‘ In the sixth fragment, the poet would appear to tell of the complete subjugation of Etruria to Rome :—

“ *Hac noctu filo pendebit Etruria tota.*”

‘ The seventh, I allow, might apply to other battles as well as this :—

“ *Postquam defessi sunt stare et spargere sese  
Hastis, ansatis concurrent undique telis.*”

‘ Then we have the funeral of Tarquin :—

“ *Tarquinii corpus bona femina lavit et unxit.*”

‘ And

“ *Prodiunt famuli : tum candida lumina lucent.*”

‘ Then we have two verses in connexion with Servius Tullus :—

“ *Et qui Sextus erat Romæ regnare quadrate.*”

‘ And, which seems to me to apply to the temple of Diana, built at the instigation of Servius by the Latins, in conjunction with the Romans, at Rome (compare Livy, i. 45) :—

“ *Inde sibi memorat unum superesse laborem.*”

‘ In the next fragment, the poet probably speaks of the character who, at the command of Tullia, drove over the dead body of Servius :—

“ *Atque gubernator magnâ contorsit equos vi.*”

‘ The next is probably to be referred to the dream of Tarquin, concerning which we find him in the tragedy of Accius consulting the soothsayers :—

“ *Somnia vera aliquot, verum omnia nænu necesse est.*”

‘ The two last appear to refer to the story of Sextus Tarquinius and Lucretia :—

“ *Cœlum suspexit stellis fulgentibus aptum.*”

‘ And

“ *Vosque lares tectum nomen qui funditu curant.*”

We have merely given the general meaning of the Prolegomena, leaving out all the quotations from other authors.

Now let the ordinary reader remember that all the absolute facts on which our editor had to go were these :—that the 3, 8, 10, 12, and 15 of the above fragments came from the Third Annal of Ennius ; but what that Annal was about, or in what order the fragments came, or to what circumstance each applied, is a mere discovery of the editor—happily conjectured at first, and worked out with true German diligence. We take the Third Book because it is one of the shortest ; but the same



diligence runs through the whole work. The fragments which we possess of the First Annal are by far the fullest. Here we have seventy-five; containing a hundred and twenty-two lines.

At the conclusion of the Annals we have, in like manner, the fragments which have been preserved from the Tragedies of Ennius, containing about 450 lines: then those from the Comedies, and the other poems, especially that strange one called *Heduphagetica*, on good eating.

On looking through these miserably tantalizing ruins of a great building, we make all allowances for such lines as—

‘Cives Romani tunc facti sunt Campani.’

and

‘Volturnalem Palatinalem Furrinalem.’

and that never-failing source of ridicule—

‘O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tyranne tulisti.’

but we come every now and then on a passage which shows how beautifully the poet could write. For example:—

‘Olli respondit suavis sonus Egeriai.’

Or, again, that passage in the Alcæon:—

‘Incedunt, incedunt: adsunt adsunt adsunt: me expetunt.  
Fer mi auxilium, pestem abige a me: flammiferam hanc vim quæ me  
exeruciat:  
Cæruleo incincti angui incedunt, circumstant cum ardentibu’ tædis.’

Or, again, those noble anapæsts:—

‘O Pater, O Patria, O Priami domu’,  
Septum altisono cardine templum!  
Vidi ego te, astante ope barbaricâ  
Tectis cælatis lacuatis,  
Auro ebore instructum regifice.  
Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,  
Priamo vi vitam evitari  
Jovis aram sanguine turpari.’

Or, yet again, those pleasant verses from the Eumenides:—

‘Cælum rubescere, arbores frondescere,  
Vites lætiferae pampinis pubescere,  
Rami baccharum ubertate incurvescere,  
Segetes largiri fruges, fluere omnia,  
Fontes scatere, herbis prata convestirier.’

These last two fragments show how very nearly the earliest Latin poetry had, like its latest, that most glorious development of rhyme. In other respects, too, we are reminded often enough of the Neo-Latin school; for example, by the prevalence of iambic tetrameters, a metre unknown to the Greeks, also so common in Plautus, as here in Ennius:—

‘O magna templa cœlitum, commixta stellis splendidis:’

It was afterwards broken up into two, to form the usual ecclesiastical stanza:—

‘Nox et tenebræ et nubila,  
Confusa mundi, et turbida,  
Lux intrat; albescit polus:  
Christus venit; discedite.’

We may remark that another Ennian use is not unfrequent in the Mozarabic hymn—*sos, sam, sis*, for *eos, se*, or for the possessive pronoun:—

‘In somnis vidit priu’ quam *sam* discere cœpit.’

So in a quasi Sapphic Easter hymn:—

‘Nam videt ore Salvatorem læto  
*Sum* resurgentem.’

We must, however, make one remark more. Among the *Saturarum reliquæ* our editor finds, in the words of Aulus Gellius, the amusing fable of the *Lark and her Young Ones*, which, that author tells us, Ennius related in trochaics, giving the two last. We throw the passage into a note.<sup>1</sup> It is marvellous that

<sup>1</sup> We break the passage up into lines to show how little we have altered it:—

‘cassita in sementes forte congegesserat  
tempestiviores; propterea frumentis flavescentibus  
pulli etiam tunc involucre erant. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum  
pullis quesitum, monet eos, ut, si quid ibi rei novæ  
fieret dicereturve, animadverterent idque uti<sup>1</sup> sibi,  
ubi redisset nuntiarent. Dominus postea segetum  
illarum filium adolescentem vocat, et: “videsne,” inquit, “hæc ematuruisse,  
et manus iam postulare? idcirco die<sup>2</sup> crastini,  
ubi primum diluculabit, fac amicos eas et roges,  
veniant operamque mutua dent et messim hanc nobis adiuvent.”  
Hæc ubi ille dixit, et<sup>3</sup> discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita,  
pulli<sup>4</sup> tremibundi, trepiduli, circumstrepere orareque  
matrem, ut iam statim properet inque alium locum sese  
asportet, “nam dominus,” inquit, “misit, qui amicos roget,  
uti luce oriente veniant et metant.”  
Mater iubet eos otioso animo esse: “si enim  
dominus,”<sup>5</sup> inquit, “messim ad amicos reicit, crastino seges  
non metetur neque necessum est, hodie uti vos auferam.”  
“Die,” inquit, postero mater in pabulum volat.  
Dominus, quos rogaverat, opperitur. Sol feruit et fit nihil;  
it dies, et amici nulli erant. Tum ille rursum<sup>6</sup> ad filium:  
“amici isti magnam partem,” inquit, “cessatores sunt.  
Quin potius inus et cognatos  
adfinesque nostros oramus, ut adsint eras tempori  
ad metendum?”<sup>7</sup> Ibidem hoc pulli pavefacti matri nuntiant.  
Mater hortatur ut tum quoque sine metu ac sine cura sint,  
cognatos adfinesque nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles

(1) Why this word, unless it were actually taken from a verse?

(2) Clearly an Ennian phrase.

(3) Notice the poetic force of the *et*: simply because the trochaic demanded it.

(4) A pure Ennian trochaic.

(5) Two trochaics together: and notice the *reicit*, manifestly occasioned by the metre.

(6) Why not *rursum*, except for the metre?

(7) Another trochaic.

Dr. Vahlen should not have seen that Gellius quoted almost literally from the poet. Not only has the whole a trochaic run, but many of the actual lines remain without alteration: in one place two together. We will venture to throw it back into verse. The archaisms and quaint terms of expression are sufficient in themselves to show how literally Gellius was quoting. Most of the lines, it will be seen, only require the slightest touch; some none at all; only three or four need the least violence:—

‘Cassita in sementes forte fortuna congegesserat  
Tempestiviores: ideo frumentis flaventibus  
Pulli erant tunc etiam involucre. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum  
Eis quæsitum, monet eos ut, si quid ibi rei novæ  
Fieret dicereturve, animadverterent id, uti sibi  
Ubi redisset, nuntiarent. Dominus segetum postea  
Filium vocat; et, “Videsne hæc ematuruisse,” ait,  
“Et manus jam postulare? Idcirco crastini die  
Ubi primum diluculabit fac amicos eas, rogans  
Veniant, operam mutuam dent, messim hanc nobis adjuvent.”  
Hæc ubi dixit, et discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita<sup>1</sup>  
Pulli tremebundi, trepiduli circumstrepere, orareque  
Matrem ut jam confestim properet: inque alium sese locum  
Asportet: nam “Dominus,” aiunt, “misit. quæ amicos roget  
Ut diluculante luce segetes veniant et metant.  
Mater animo jubet eos esse otioso: “fac enim  
Dominus,” inquit, “messim ad amicos reicit, crastino seges  
Non metetur; neque necessum est hodie uti vos auferam.”  
Postera igitur luce, ut ante, in pabulum mater volat:  
Quos rogârat, opperitur: fervit sol, et fit nihil.  
It dies, et amici nulli. Tum ille rursus ad filium:  
“Isti amici magnam partem,” ait, “cessatores sunt mihi:  
Quin potissimum rerum imus, et cognatos denuo  
Adfinesque oramus nostros, ut cras adsint tempori

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ait, ut ad laborem capessendum nihil cunctentur et statim dicto obediant: “vos modo,” inquit, “advertite, si modo quid denuo dicetur.” Alia luce orta avis in pastum profecta est. Cognati et adfines operam quam dare rogati sunt, supersederunt. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio: “valeant,” inquit, “amici cum propinquis. Afferes primo<sup>1</sup> luci falces duas: unam egomet mihi et tu tibi capies alteram et frumentum nosmet ipsi manibus nostris cras metemus.” Id<sup>2</sup> ubi ex pullis dixisse dominum mater audivit, “tempus,” inquit, “est cedendi et abeundi: fiet nunc dubio procul, quod futurum dixit. In ipso enim iam vertitur, cuius res est, non in alio unde petitur.” Atque ita cassita nidum migravit, seges a domino demessa est.

Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm  
Né quid expectes amicos quod tute agere possies.

<sup>1</sup> Cassita is given, though without authority, as long. Its use through the whole fable seems to prove that Ennius, who has so many peculiar quantities, made it short.

(1) Manifestly an Ennian phrase.

(2) All but two trochaics.

Ad metendum." Itidem hoc pavefacti pulli matri nuntiant.  
Sos hortatur tum quoque ut sint et sine curâ et sine metu :  
Cognatos adfines nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles  
Ait, ut ad talem laborem nil cunctentur, et statim  
Dicto tam sint obedientes. "Vos modo," ait, "advertite  
Si quid denuo dicetur." Aliâ luce oriente, avis  
In pastum profecta est. Illi operam, quam dare rogaverat,  
Eam supersedere. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio ;  
"Valeant," inquit, cum propinquis. Primo luci afferes  
Falces binas : unam egomet mihi, tu tibi capies alteram  
Et frumentum nosmet nostris manibus cras secabimus."  
Ex pullis id ubi dixisse dominum mater audiit :  
"Tempus," inquit, "est cedendi : fiet nunc dubio procul  
Quod futurum dixit : in ipso enim jam versum est, cuja res  
Est, non in alio, unde petitur." Atque ita nidum cassita  
Commigravit, atque a domino demum demessa est seges.  
Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm :  
Ne quid expectes amicos quod tute agere possies.'

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## NOTICES.

A GOOD deal on the art of speaking and writing, as well as of delivering Sermons, may be learned from a book entitled the 'Speaker at Home' (Bell and Daldy), of which the title gives an inadequate notion of the contents. Preaching and writing are arts; not that any rules will give brains and matter, but the manner of preaching is to be learned, and the English clergy are perhaps the only ecclesiastics who, as a body, think that the maxim of what is worth doing at all is worth doing well need not be applied to sermons. In this work, which we owe to the united labours of Mr. Halcombe and Dr. Stone, and in another and a kindred publication, the 'Art of Extempore Speaking,' translated from the French of M. Beautain, the young preacher will find everything both as to the principles and practice of the homiletic art; and we should be glad to find the Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oxford making this a text-book for that branch of preparation for Holy Orders, in which we stand at a comparison so disadvantageous with every religious body in Christendom.

'Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer,' by Mr. Hercules Dickenson, a Dublin incumbent (Hodges, Smith and Co.), is a common-place compilation, common-place in information, and common-place in tone; but it is remarkable that it is on the whole pitched to so a fair key. Years ago, a chaplain of Archbishop Whately and a Dublin rector would have produced a much worse series of lectures on the Prayer-book. That he has taken the subject at all, and treated it so moderately, is all that we could expect, and, considering the quarter from which it issues, is a great gain.

A second edition of that most delightful and practical work, 'Thoughts during Sickness' (J. H. and J. Parker), calls us away from much which at the present moment is disheartening, and reminds us that, after all, a great work has been done, and while such deeply religious books are in use, assures us that the same work is going on.

In 'The Holy Child Jesus' (Masters) we find a manual of practical devotion, which seems to be well suited to the class for whom it is intended. It is warm, simple, and affectionate, without mere sentimentalism, and in an unpretending way it is fairly and suitably illustrated.

In the 'Oxford Lenten Sermons for 1859' (J. H. and J. Parker), we have the form and type of what a real revival should be. It is remarkable enough that in the present Irish revivals, we never hear of means except those of the most meagre and attenuated kind. Now it is an undeniable fact that sin displays itself in many aspects and shapes, and takes its form from every variety of character, age, and experience: it seems to follow, then, no single or solitary motive or exhortation can, if it proceeds upon either moral or intellectual grounds, suit the various facts of humanity. It is impossible, unless God acts without means, that any single topic or aspect, even of truth, can utterly rouse any existing moral state. A revival of religion, therefore, must be in practice long, varied, tentative,

experimental, and continuous. It is on this principle that the Bishop of Oxford's Sermons and Missions are planned, and we are certain that they must bear more fruit than the physical, external, and hysteric stimulants, which are the *rationale* of the Belfast and Coleraine fanaticism.

'The Conflict of the Nations now Impending' (Seeley); 'The Future of France and the World' (Hatchard); 'Three Letters on the Prophecies, by J. Hatley Frere, reprinted from the edition of 1833' (Hatchard); to these we ought to add, Dr. Cumming's coming volume, 'The Great Tribulation coming on the Earth,' in which it is understood he fixes on 1867 as the final consummation. We group these publications together, not only because they are on a kindred subject, but because they show a certain, and in its way not an improper, aspect of the religious mind of the day. If, as is unavoidable, the subject which must pre-eminently occupy men's minds is that of Foreign Politics, we cannot regret that they should look at it as Christians, and invest it with a religious significance. But substantially all that these respective writers come to by way of conclusion is one in which political persons would at once agree; viz. that there are remarkable indications of a great aggrandizement of France. These writers say, and not without plausibility, that this is an express fulfilment of prophecy. This line of argument, however, they press to another conclusion, that the coming fulfilment of this prophecy is the final fulfilment of the apocalyptic vision. We believe that prophecy is susceptible of various fulfilments, and that the particular prophecies have been often fulfilled, and that in very various stages of history the ambition of France or of imperial sovereigns has fulfilled prophecy. It is quite possible that the present policy, or if so be the future success of French ambition, may be such a fulfilment: what we demur to is the assertion that it is the exhaustive and final fulfilment.

'He said, Come.' This is the title of a very able and curious sermon, by Mr. Neale, preached at Stoke Newington. (Masters.) Its value consists in the circumstance that it is an adaptation of the manner and of the matter of the great mediæval preachers; and it deserves attention not only as a good specimen of a particular form of application of Scripture, but as a literary composition of uncommon excellence.

A remarkable series of tales illustrative of Church History is now in course of publication by Mr. Parker of Oxford. We have received four or five: 'Cecilius Viriathus,' 'The Chief's Daughter,' 'The Lazar House of Leros,' &c. They are written with great attention to historical truth, and are placed on the literary stage with much attention to scenery and elaborate accuracy of costume. They display, with a style somewhat ambitious, considerable powers of composition and dramatic effect, not without a grasp of pathos and amount of feeling, very unusual in compositions of this class.

'Buchan,' by Mr. Pratt (Smith, Aberdeen), is an excellent specimen of a topographical monograph; profusely illustrated, and erring, perhaps, in excess of minuteness, but exhibiting much research and occasional beauty of description.



The Society instituted some years ago, and more than once alluded to in this Review, for making known on the Continent the true character of the English Church, is pursuing its useful work in a series of documentary publications, which almost amount to the dignity of a library. We have received two recent instalments of the useful labours of the Society, and both due to the pains and skill of Dr. Godfray, who has translated Bishop Jebb's 'Treatise on the Church of England,' and Massingberd's 'History of the Reformation.' (J. H. and J. Parker.)

Mr. Galton, of Exeter, is by no means a systematic expositor; and we cannot pronounce that his 'Course of Lectures on the Book of Revelation' (Masters) is a success as a specimen of exegesis; but he exhibits very good principles, and a great hold of practical teaching. His object has been the more useful but less scientific one of using the Apocalypse of S. John as a medium for good pastoral instruction on the tendencies and facts of evil characteristic of the present stage of society.

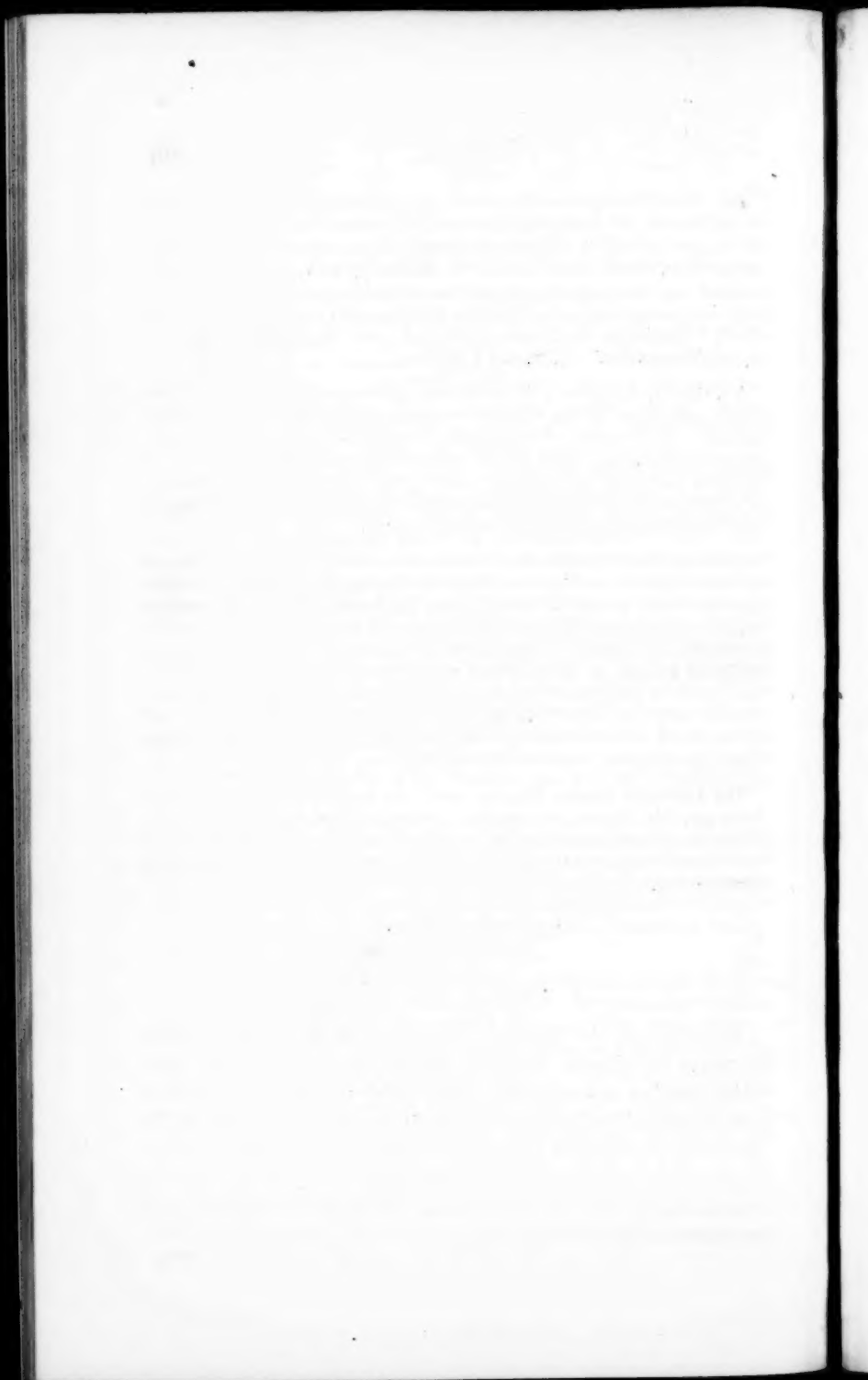
Although Mr. Baron Bramwell has set the example of a Judge feeling it to be his duty not to attend the Assize Sermon, we trust that that eccentric gentleman will remain an exception to the learned Bench. It perhaps requires an occasional Bramwell to make us feel what reason we have to be proud of English judges. Justices Willes and Byles, it appears, were old-fashioned enough to go to church at the Oxford Summer Assizes, when they heard a very good sermon from Mr. Basil Jones, which has been printed under the title 'The Responsibility of Man to God,' (J. H. and J. Parker), in which the fallacy of Mr. Borwell, of the necessary and cyclical recurrence of crime, is successfully exposed.

The Additional Curates Society, under the auspices of its indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Cosens, is publishing a very satisfactory little Quarterly Paper, which almost assumes the dignity of a Magazine or Review, called the 'Home Mission Field' (Rivingtons). We can recommend it highly for parochial use.

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## POSTSCRIPT.

*The Editor of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER finds himself unable to answer individually the very many and always favourable replies which have been returned to a recent Circular. The object aimed at both by himself and his Correspondents can be at once attained by the IMMEDIATE fulfilment of the promises conveyed in the communications which he has received: and the most convenient form in which to embody those promises will be by taking additional copies of the Work to which the Circular alludes.*



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